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THE

Old English Drama.

An Ancient Theatre,

Copied from a rare Print, prefixed to Roxana, *a Latin Play,* 1632.

The Old English Drama.

A SELECTION OF

PLAYS

FROM THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

VOLUME II.

LOVE'S MISTRESS, OR THE QUEEN'S MASQUE.
ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN.
DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.
THE LADY'S PRIVILEGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.
5, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL;
AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO., EDINBURGH.

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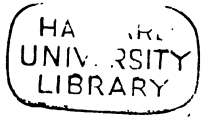

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street.

LOVE'S MISTRESS;

OR

THE QUEEN'S MASQUE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWYN, NEWGATE-STREET.

MDCCCXXIV.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

If we were to estimate man's life by the number and extent of his works, we should say, that Thomas Heywood had not been gathered to his fathers, until he had arrived at a ripe old age; but whether, according to the ordinary mode of calculating human existence, he lived to any great length of days, the few materials within our reach do not enable us to ascertain. The time of his birth and death are alike unknown: the place of the first may be collected from his works, but as to the last we are unable to trace him to his grave. We learn from a funeral elegy, entitled, *On the Death of Sir George Saint-Poole, of Lincolnshire, my Countryman*, that he was a native of that county; and from the dedication of Cartwright's edition of his *Apology for Actors*, that he was a Fellow of Peter-House, Cambridge. Heywood himself, in the work just referred to, speaks of the "time of his residence" in that University. From the manner in which he alludes to his family, it may be inferred, that it held a respectable rank in society: in the Dedication of *The English Traveller*, addressed to Sir Henry Appleton, he speaks to that gentleman of the "alternate love and those frequent courtesies which interchangeably passed between yourself and that good old gentleman, mine uncle (Master Edmund Hey-

wood), whom you pleased to grace by the title of father;" and, in the same place, he alludes to "my countryman, Sir William Elvish, whom, for his unmerited love, many ways extended to me, I much honour."

From the following memorandum in Henslowe's MS. Book, quoted by Malone, we find that Heywood had written for the stage so early as 1596. "October 14, 1596, Lent unto them (the Lord Admiral's servants) for Hawode's booke XXX *s.*" and that, in 1598, he was a "hireling, by which name all the players, who were not sharers, were denominated." The memorandum of hiring is in these words: "Memorandum, that this 25th of March, 1598, Thomas Heywood* came and hired himself with me as a covenanted servant for two years, by the receiving of two single pence, according to the statute of Winchester, and to begin at the day above written, and not to play any where public about London, not while these two years be expired, but in my house. If he do, then he doth forfeit unto me, by the receiving of the two pence, forty pounds; and witness Anthony Munday, &c."

From the same authority we learn, that in December in this year, he wrote a piece called *War without Blows, and Love without Suit;* and in the February following another, entitled *Joan as good as my Lady.* This agrees with what Heywood says in the Dedication prefixed to *The Four Prentices of London,* which was published in 1615, that it was "written many years since, in my infancy of judgment, in this kind of poetry, and my first practice; yet, understanding (by what means I know not) it was in these more exquisite and refined times, to come to the

* Spelt Hawoode.

press in such a forwardness ere it came to my knowledge, that it was past prevention, and then knowing withal that it came short of that accurateness both in plot and style, that these more censorious days, with greater curiosity acquire, I must thus excuse—that as plays were then, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, it was in the fashion." In the *Apology for Actors*, which was published in 1612, he describes himself, even then, as "being the *youngest* and wakest of the nest wherein he was hatched:" in another place he says, "it becomes my juniority to be pupilled myself rather than to instruct others;" and he apologetically remarks, with great and characteristic modesty, that he is loth "to soar this pitch before others of the same brood, more fledge, and of better wing than myself; but though they whom more especially this task concerns, both for their ability in writing, and sufficiency in judgment (as their works generally witness to the world) are content to overslip so necessary a subject, and have left it as to me the most unworthy, I thought it better to stammer out my mind than not to speak at all; to scribble down a mark in the stead of writing a name, and to stumble on the way rather than to stand still, and not to proceed on so necessary a journey."

Heywood "had more traffic with the stage" than any of his contemporaries, and, indeed, than any man who ever lived, if we except the Spanish author, Lope de Vega: he must, indeed, have been a man of prodigious industry, having, besides numerous other works, and attending to his business of an actor, had either "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in 220 plays.*

* Preface to the *English Traveller*.

To give variety to such a numerous offspring, he had recourse, as he informs us, in the Prologue to *The Royal King and Loyal Subject*, to all possible sources of information.

> "To give content to this most curious age,
> The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage,
> And figur'd them in planets; made even hell
> Deliver up the furies, by no spell,
> (Saving the muse's rapture:) further, we
> Have traffick'd by their help; no history
> We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipt
> As well in opening each hid manuscript,
> As tracks more vulgar, whether read, or sung
> In our domestic, or more foreign tongue:
> Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
> The lawns, the groves, no number can be scann'd
> Which we have not given feet to; nay, 'tis known
> That when our chronicles have barren grown
> Of story, we have all invention stretch'd,
> Div'd low as to the centre, and then reach'd
> Unto the *primum mobile* above:
> Nor 'scap'd things intermediate." * * *

Of this great number of plays, no more than twenty-three have come down to us. The author himself accounts for this circumstance in various parts of his works. "My pen," says he, in the *Apology*, "hath seldom appeared in press till now; I have been ever too jealous of mine own weakness, willingly to thrust into the press: nor had I at this time, but that a kind of necessity enjoined me to so sudden a business." "It hath been no custom in me," he remarks, "of all other men, to commit my plays to the press; the reason, though some may attribute to my own insufficiency, I had rather subscribe in that to their severe censure, than, by seeking to avoid the imputation of weak-

ness, to incur greater suspicion of honesty; for, though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part, I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty of the last."* In the preface to *The English Traveller*, he assigns additional reasons for his plays not being printed. "True it is," says he, "that my plays are not exposed unto the world in volumes, to bear the title of works, as others; one reason is, that many of them, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it never was any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read."

As a dramatist, Heywood is extremely unequal. Possessing great power of moving the affections, he frequently falls below mediocrity; his plays are occasionally deformed by low buffoonery; and, now and then, tainted with indecency. His notion of what constituted comedy will, in a great measure, account for his sometimes substituting buffoonery and low jests, for a nice discrimination and just delineation of character. "A comedy," he observes, "is pleasantly contrived, with merry accidents, and intermixed with apt and witty jests, to present before the prince, at certain times of solemnity, or else merrily fitted to the stage. And what is then the subject of this harmless mirth? either in the shape of a clown, to shew others their slovenly and unhandsome behaviour," &c. But the inequality to which we have alluded, may be more properly attributed to the rapidity with which he must have written

* Preface to *The Rape of Lucrece*.

his dramas; probably, spurred on to their precocious production by necessity; for, according to the author quoted by Langbaine, he was not so rich in purse as in brain.

> * * * "Heywood sage,
> The apologetic Atlas of the stage;
> Well of the golden age he could entreat,
> But little of the metal he could get."

This author has, however, left a few plays behind him, which are not only free from the objections before mentioned, but arrive at a high degree of perfection in dramatic art; such as—*A Woman killed with Kindness,—The English Traveller,—A Challenge for Beauty,—The Royal King and Loyal Subject,*—and, *Fortune by Land and Sea.* In the next grade we may place,—*Love's Mistress,—The Rape of Lucrece,*—and *The Lancashire Witches.* The rest of his plays, which will be found in the subjoined list, are of a very inferior order.

List of Heywood's Plays now known:—

1 & 2. Edward IV. Historical Play. 2 Parts. B. L. 4to. no date, and 1626.
3 & 4. If you Know not me, you Know Nobody. Hist. Play, 2 Parts. 4to. 1605—1606, and 1633.
5. Fair Maid of the Exchange, Com. 4to. 1607—1637.
6. The Rape of Lucrece. Trag. 4to. 1608—1609—1616—1630—1638.
7. Golden Age. Hist. Play. 4to. 1611.
8. Silver Age. Hist. Play. 4to. 1613.
9. Brazen Age. Hist. Play. 4to. 1613.
10. Four Prentices of London.* Hist. Play. 4to. 1615—1632.
11. A Woman killed with Kindness. Trag. 4to. 1617.
12 & 13. Fair Maid of the West. Com. 2 Parts. 4to. 1631.

* Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* is a burlesque of this Play. Warton, in a note to *The Second Part of Henry IV.*, remarks, that "Heywood's *(The Four Prentices)* is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently written to ridicule the reigning fashion of read-

14 & 15. Iron Age. Hist. Play. 2 Parts. 4to. 1632.
16. The English Traveller. Tragi-Com. 4to. 1633.
17. A Maidenhead well lost. Com. 4to. 1634.
18. Lancashire Witches. Com. (assisted by Richard Brome.) 4to. 1634.
19. Love's Mistress; also known by the title of Cupid's Mistress, Cupid and Psyche, and Love's Masterpiece. Masque. 4to. 1636—1640.
20. A Challenge for Beauty. Tragi-Com. 4to. 1636.
21. The Royal King and Loyal Subject. Tragi-Com. 4to. 1637.
22. Wise Woman of Hogsdon. Com. 4to. 1638.
23. Fortune by Land and Sea. Tragi-Com. (Assisted by William Rowley.) 4to. 1636.

The following Plays are attributed to him in Henslowe's Book.

1. War without Blows, and Love without Suit. 1598.
2. Joan as good as my Lady. ——
3. Albeke Galles. (Assisted by Wentworth Smith.) 1602.
4. Marshal Osrick. (Assisted by Smith.) ——
5. The Blind eats many a Fly. ——
6 & 7. Lady Jane. 2 Parts. By Heywood, Chettle, Dekker, Smith, and Webster.
8 & 9. The London Florentine. 2 Parts. (Assisted by Chettle.)

In addition to the above list, pieces have been ascribed to him which are not only inferior to most of his acknowledged productions, but which actually do not belong to him; as, *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, which was written by Thomas Drue; and the two dramas on Robert Earl of Huntingdon's downfall and death; the first of which was

ing romances." This opinion does not appear to be quite correct. One uniformly-serious tone, in our judgment, prevails throughout this Play. That the author intended it to be serious, although it is as fine a subject for burlesque as ever was produced, we think there can be little doubt—it is written in that "huffing style" which distinguished our early dramas; such as Marlowe's *Tamburlane*, and others of that class; and as the author himself says, in a serious dedication to the Prentices of London, "was as plays were then [when it was written] in the fashion."

written by Anthony Munday, and the second by that author, assisted by Chettle.* The last two plays are still erroneously spoken of as being written by Heywood, in the edition of Warton's *History of Poetry*, just published, as well as in the recent collection of *Old English Plays*. Langbaine is also of opinion, that *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* was not written by Heywood, notwithstanding the authority of Kirkman, who attributes it to him; and although Langbaine is no wizard in such matters, we are inclined to think that, in this instance, he is right. Heywood's name is not affixed to it; and it is characterized by a greater poverty, both of ideas and style, than is usual with him, even in the worst parts of his plays.

Besides plays, he wrote *The City Pageants*, for several years;—a translation of Sallust, fol. 1609;—*Great Britain's Troy*, fol. 1609;—*An Apology for Actors*, 4to. 1612;—*The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, fol. 1635;—*Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637;—*The Exemplary Lives and Acts of Nine Women Worthies*, 4to. 1640;—*The Life of Merlin*, 4to. 1640;—*The General History of Women*, 8vo. 1657; and several smaller pieces. *Eromena, or Love and Revenge*, fol. 1632, has been attributed to him, but erroneously: it is a translation from the Italian of Biondi, and was executed by James Hayward, gent.

Heywood had also formed the design of writing the lives of all the poets, ancient and modern, from the time of Homer to his own: a design in the execution of which it does not appear that he ever made any progress.

* Henslowe's MS.

LOVE'S MISTRESS.

THIS is, perhaps, the most favorable specimen of the class of dramas to which it belongs: it is not only poetical, but invested with considerable interest.

The reader will observe, that the author has deviated in one or two instances from the usually received classical mythology.

LOVE'S MISTRESS;

OR

THE QUEEN'S MASQUE.

AS IT WAS THREE TIMES PRESENTED BEFORE BOTH THEIR MAJESTIES, WITHIN THE SPACE OF EIGHT DAYS,

IN THE PRESENCE OF SUNDRY FOREIGN AMBASSADORS.

PUBLICLY ACTED BY THE QUEEN'S COMEDIANS,

AT THE PHŒNIX, IN DRURY LANE.

THE SECOND IMPRESSION, CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare ——

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN RAWORTH, FOR JOHN CROUCH.

1640.

TO THE READER.

GENEROUS READER,

For this dramatic poem I need not much apology, it having past so many tests of approbation; yet, for commendable custom's sake, I follow the tradition of all or most authors, who were never deficient in this kind of compliment. The argument is taken from *Apuleius*, an excellent moral, if truly understood, and may be called a golden truth contained in a leaden fable; which, though it be not altogether conspicuous to the vulgar, yet, to those of learning and judgment, no less apprehended in the paraphrase, than approved in the original; of which, if the perusers hereof were all Apuleians, and never a Midas amongst them, I should make no question. So much for the subject itself; but for the rare decorements which new apparel'd it, when it came the second time to the royal view, (her gracious Majesty then entertaining his Highness at Denmark House, upon his birth-day) I cannot pretermit to give a due character to that admirable artist, Mr. Inigo Jones, master-surveyor of the king's work, &c. who to every act, nay, almost to every scene, by his excellent inventions, gave such an extraordinary lustre; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of all the spectators, that, as I must ingenuously confess, it

was above my apprehension to conceive; so to their sacred Majesties, and the rest of the auditory, it gave so general a content, that I presume, they never parted from any object, presented in that kind, better pleased, or more plenally satisfied: but these I leave to your judgment to guess at; the thing itself I propose to your eyes to censure; which, if you judge as favorably as I express it freely, I shall ever remain, as heretofore,

Studious of your best opinions,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. EDWARD, EARL OF DORSET,

Lord Chamberlain to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

IT having pleased her most excellent Majesty, to grace this, though unworthy Poem, so often with her royal presence, I was emboldened the rather, though I dare not commend, yet to commit it to your noble patronage: neither are Dramas of this nature so despicable as to be held unworthy the countenance of great men, when there is frequent precedent that the like have been dedicated to and entertained by emperors, and the most potent princes of their times. If your honour shall deign the acceptance of a plain man's love and observance in this presentment, as you grace the work, so you shall much encourage the

author, who humbly takes his leave of your lordship, with that borrowed from the excellent poet, *Nemesianus, Ecl.* 1.

———o dignus senior quem carmine Phœbus,
Pan calamis, fidibus Linus modulantibus, Orpheus,
Concinerent.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THE PROLÔGUE TO THIS PLAY,

The first time it was presented on the Stage;

CUPID, DESCENDING IN A CLOUD, THE SPEAKER.

It was a custom 'mongst the Romans, when
State ladies they invited, or great men,
As if their doors were all too base and vile
To entertain them, their large roofs t' untile,
And their unbounded welcome more to crown,
In artificial clouds to let them down;
Their superstitious love so far extending,
Receiving them as gods from heaven descending.
  Although we cannot meet you with like state,
As ent'ring hither at our public gate,
You are as welcome; 'tis Love bids you so:
And, as their use was, to their guests to shew
Their best and costliest jewels, (without boast,
So Cupid will) what he affecteth most,
His sweet and dearest mistress; or, if aught
Were more in valuation, or in thought,
That you should see: she is both fresh and new;
Then, bid her but as welcome as I you.

Her Majesty inviting the King to Denmark House, in the Strand, upon his birth-day, being November the 19th, this Play, bearing (from that time) the title of The Queen's Masque, *was again presented before him :*

CUPID SPEAKING THE PROLOGUE.

WHO's so un-read doth not of Plato hear,
His *Annus Magnus*, or his vertent year,
In which the stars, and planets, moon, and sun,
Tir'd with continual labour, having run
So many ages' long peregrination,
Return, fresh and new, to their first station ?
This is that year, sure ! rather, this the day,
Able to change November into May :
This day's in heaven a jubilee of joy,
Where angels sing in quires, *Vive le roy !*
This is the royal birth-day of a king,
Then men with angels *Io Pean !* sing.
I'd almost lost myself, when my intent
Was to tell why I come, and from whom sent.
From one, to whom I 'm but a shadow ; she,
The very soul of amiability.
One, that without my quiver and my bow,
Commands the hearts and eyes of high and low ;
Whose name, inscribed here, did you but behold,
'Twould change the sooty ink to liquid gold
Of fulgent beauty ; but so pure a mind,
As if tinctur'd from heaven, and so divin'd.
I, Love, from Love am sent ; but she the right.
Then grace, Great King ! the triumphs of Love's night.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Cupid, pointing to the several Planets.

Now, Royal Princes, let me turn to you:
Deign from Love's mouth to take this night's adieu;
Think all these planets, that on earth here move,
Shadows of those celestial ones above,
Breathe on you their best influences; Vulcan, he
Shall henceforth take charge of your armory;
Juno, the Marriage Queen, shall bless your bed;
The Sun shall take the bright beams from his head,
T'encrease your glory's lustre; and the Moon
Attend on you, to make your midnight noon;
And Mercury shall roam from shore to shore
Upon your errands, prove your happy ranger,
Home-bred to spy, and foresee foreign danger;
Venus, with sweets, and I with love will charm you;
And after all these, Jove with power shall arm you.
I've kept you waking long; good night! 'tis late;
And many birth-days may you celebrate.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

The second time it was acted the same week:

SPOKEN BY CUPID.

YES; sure 'twas here, where some few hours I past,
The very time that I descended last;
Aye, here it was; I know it by one face,
To which my mistress, Psyche, must give place:
A presence, that from Venus takes all power,
And makes each place she comes in Cupid's bower.
Though in their several spheres each planet ride,
With all the gods, to feast me and my bride
With nectar and ambrosia, yet, that waste
Of godly fare could not my palate taste;
But I must all celestial sweets forbear,
To review earthly Jove and Juno here;
Whom having seen, hail to you once again:
Long as the spheres continue, may you reign
In majesty, in power, in issue blest,
Be all these with your fortunate years encreas'd;
'Till Cupid, ever young, with Time grow old,
And you, this iron age changing to gold,
Re-pur'd by your two virtues, these etherial
May change to brighter chairs in th' heavens imperial!

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

APULEIUS, } *The Chorus.*
MIDAS, }

ADMETUS, *King of Thessaly.*

ASTIOCHE, }
PETREA, } *His Three Daughters.*
PSYCHE, }

MENETIUS, } *Husbands to Astioche and*
ZELOTES, } *Petrea.*

VENUS.	RHADAMANT.
CUPID.	CHARON.
PAN.	CERBERUS.
APOLLO.	ZEPHYRUS.
MERCURY.	BOREAS.
VULCAN.	FURIES.
PLUTO.	FOUR CYCLOPS.
PROSERPINE,	THE CLOWN.
MINOS.	AMARYLLIS, *a she Swain.*
ÆACUS.	FOUR SWAINS.

MESSENGER, &c.

LOVE'S MISTRESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter APULEIUS, *with a pair of ass's ears in his hand.*

Apu. How art thou, Apuleius, re-transform'd?
Or else how cam'st thou metamorphos'd first
Into an ass? why to so dull a beast,
Of slow, and so obtuse a memory?
I had a brain aim'd at inscrutable things
Beyond the moon; what was sublunary,
Methought was for my study all too mean;
Therefore, aye, therefore, was I thus transhap'd:
That knowing man who keeps not in his bounds,
But pries into heaven's hidden mysteries
Further than leave, his dulness is increas'd,
Ceaseth to be a man, and so turns beast:
And thus I fell; yet, by the self same power,
That calls all human wisdom foolishness,
Am once more to my pristine shape restor'd;

Only to show how vain my ambitions were,
This folly's crest I still about me bear.
I fain would know the way to Helicon:
Can none here tell me? will none silence break?
It seems these sit to hear then, not to speak.

Enter MIDAS.

Here's one I hope can tell me! reverend father,
How lies my journey to the Muses' hill?
Mid. Follow thy nose.
Apu. Thou most unreverend groom—
I hope my ass's shape is quite shook off,— [*aside.*
Why in this churlish manner speak'st thou then?
Mid. The Muses? hang the Muses.
Apu. Can'st thou conduct
My wand'ring steps to Aganippe's spring?
To the Muses' temple I am travelling
And must to them perform a sacrifice.
Mid. An ass head of thy own, thou must perform.
Apu. If men be grown thus savage, oh, you powers,
Re-metamorphose me into an ass!
'Tis less inglorious, and less grief to live
A beast amongst wild beasts, than to see man,
Brute-like, to blemish his creation.
Mid. I tell thee once again, I know no Muses;
No Muses' hill, no Aganippe's spring;
And, which is more, I care for no such toys.
Apu. And which is worst, none wise will care for thee.
O grief, that silver hairs should crown his head,
By whom the Muses are dishonoured:

Say, Idol, what's thy name?

Mid. What's that to thee?

Yet was I sometime king of Phrygia,
To whom god Bacchus was beholden once;
And, therefore, bade me ask what I would have,
It should be granted. Instantly I begg'd,
That whatsoe'er I touch'd might turn to gold.
At first, it pleas'd me:—when I sat to eat,
I touch'd the table, and it straight was gold,
The trenchers gold; I call'd for earthen vessels,
Which by my touch were alchemis'd to gold,
All which I hugg'd; but when I came to carve,
Even as the dishes, so the meat was gold;
The liquid wine, but touch'd, was straight congeal'd;
And had not Bacchus freed me from my wish,
Amidst my gold I had been starv'd ere this.

Apu. Dull, covetous fool!

Mid. The shame of this made me resign my state;
And where before I was a king of men,
To fly the harshness of fools' bitter jests,
I made this wool crown, and am king of beasts,
And my name's Midas.

Apu. Then, O king of beasts,
Be this thy curse; when thy base life's out-worn,
No sacred poet name thee but in scorn:
But wilt thou sit with silence?

Mid. Thou prat'st and babbl'st, what would'st thou have me do?

Apu. Seest thou this sphere spangled with all these stars?
All these love arts, nor shall they part from hence

With unfeasted ears: my purpose was
To expose to them the shapes of all those asses,
With whom my lost soul wander'd in a mist;
Knowing of them thou art not counted least.
But first I'll shew a story of mine own,
Of Cupid's love to Psyche; sit, and see't;
I'll make thee then ingenuously confess
Thy treason 'gainst the Muses' majesty;
Withal, not only whatsoever's mine,
But all true poets' raptures are divine.

Mid. Thou hast prevail'd with me; by Pan, I'll stay:
But take heed, poet, that your rhymes be sound,
Else with thine own ass' ears thou shalt be crown'd.

Apu. We two contend;—Art here, there Ignorance:
Be you the judges, we invite you all
Unto this banquet academical. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Music. Enter ADMETUS, MENETIUS, ZELOTIS, ASTIOCHE, PETREA, *and* PSYCHE.

Adm. You, peers and daughters to th' Arcadian king,
We've pass'd the great'st part of our pilgrimage.
Listen, oh listen! for these sounds that gild
The air's light wings, fanning through all our ears
Immortal tunes, tell us we are arriv'd
At sacred Delphos; see, the burnish'd spires
Advance themselves to welcome our approach;
The temple gates stand ope; and that great deity,

Whose tongue speaks nothing less than oracle,
Attended by his Sibyls, deigns t'appear.

Enter APOLLO.

Men. Oh, teach our knees, with a most reverend touch,
To kiss this hallow'd earth!
Zel. Ladies, kneel down!
Asti. And, sir, relate to fair Latona's son,
Why this religious voyage was attempted.
Adm. Daughters, I shall:—
Sacred Apollo, god of archery,
Of arts, of physic, and of poetry:
Jove's bright hair'd son, whose yellow tresses shine
Like curled flames, hurling a most divine
And dazzling splendor on these lesser fires,
Which, from thy gilt beams, when thy car retires,
Kindle those tapers that lend eyes to night:
O, thou, that art the landlord of all light!
Bridegroom to morning, day's eternal king,
To whom nine Muses in a sacred ring,
In dances spherical, trip hand in hand,
Whilst thy well-stringed harp their feet command;
Great Delphian priest! we to adore thy name,
Have burn'd fat thighs of bulls in hallow'd flame,
Whose savour, wrapp'd in clouds of smoke and fire,
To thy star-spangled palace durst aspire;
Tell us, who shall untie the virgin zone
Of the white-handed Psyche: she alone,
Of three most fair, is most unfortunate:
All love, but none her love will celebrate

With nuptial rites; what must of her betide?
Dread Phœbus, tell to whom shall she be bride?
Apol. Clothe Psyche in a mourning weed,
Then lead and leave her on a hill,
Where Venus' doves their young ones feed;
Her husband not of human race,
But one, whose flaming sight doth kill,
And yet wants eyes; his serpent's face
If she behold, she must see hell;
And yet, by some notorious deed,
Obtain a patent from that place
Never to die: Psyche, farewell!
Much joy'd, much griev'd; unclasp that spell.
[*exit Apollo.*
Adm. Much griev'd, and yet much joy'd. Poor girl! I fear
The scale of grief will weigh down that of cheer.
Men. She must see hell, and yet she ne'er shall die;
True, for hell's torments live eternally.
Ast. But, father, no tongue shall her joys express.
Pet. Phœbus, thy words leave us all comfortless.
Psy. I must espouse a serpent, that's my hell.
Zel. But, since you never shall behold his face,
Your torments cannot be so horrible.
Men. Is't possible, by deeds impossible
T'attain the crown of immortality:
It cannot be: thus mocking Phœbus leaves us
Always in clouds of darkness to deceive us.
Adm. Stay thy profane tongue, lest deserved wrath
Strike thee with death from his revengeful sphere.

Thou must be cloth'd in mourning, so thou art
A mourning habit, and a thought-sick heart:
Thou must be left alone on Venus' hill;
The destinies' decree we must fulfil:
Thy husband must want sight, and yet have eyes
That flame and kill; oh, leave these mysteries
Until the gods reveal them! come, let's hence:
Change your Arcadian tunes to Lydian sounds:
Sad notes are sweetest, where deep woe confounds.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Music. Enter VENUS.

Ven. Cupid, my son, where's he?
Cup. Anon, forsooth! [*within.*
Ven. I'll gather rods of roses, if you mock me
With your—anon, forsooth!
Cup. Anon, forsooth! [*within.*
Ven. Shall I be thus still vex'd? still when my blood
Boils in the fire of anger; then this ape
With purpose frets me.——Boy!

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Anon, forsooth!
Ven. Will Juno come, or Ceres?
Cup. Juno lay lolling in my uncle's lap.
Ven. Which uncle?
Cup. Uncle Jove:—I laugh'd outright
To see how, wanton-like, with both her arms,

She clung about his neck, gave him ten kisses,
Toy'd with his locks, look'd babies in his eyes,
And swore she would not watch him when he went
Amongst his wenches, if he'd turn away
His saucy page, the smooth-fac'd Ganymede;
The boy by chance upon her fan had spilt
A cup of nectar; oh, how Juno swore!
I told my aunt I'd give her a new fan,
To let Jove's page be Cupid's serving man.

Ven. What's this to Venus' message? what said Juno?

Cup. I ask'd her when she'd come, and, in good sooth,
She answer'd nothing but—anon, forsooth!

Ven. And where was Ceres; what did she reply?

Cup. Ceres was binding garlands for god Pan,
Of blue-bottles, and yellow piss-abeds,
That grew amongst the wheat, with which she crown'd
His forked brows, and woo'd him with his horn
To rouse the skipping Satyrs to go hunt
A herd of swine that rooted up her corn;
I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good sooth,
She sent me packing with—anon, forsooth!

Ven. I sent for Pan, and for Apollo too:
What news from them?

Cup. They said they would be here immediately.

Enter PAN *and* APOLLO.

Apol. Why in such haste hath Venus sent for us?

Ven. I sent for Juno, and for Ceres too;
But they'll not come.

Pan. Well, what's the news with you?

Ven. Have you not heard how Venus is contemn'd?
Her temples gaz'd at, but not trod upon,
Her stately hangings, and her pillows torn?
Those rosy garlands that her statues crown'd,
Are wither'd, or else trampl'd on the ground;
Those troops that flock'd to Paphos to adore me,
Shun Paphos now, and scornfully abhor me.

Pan. That's strange, for all are up to-th' ears in love:
Boys without beards get boys, and girls bear girls;
Fine little rattle-babies, scarce thus high,
Are now call'd wives: if long this hot world stand,
We shall have all the earth turn Pigmy-Land.

Ven. All honour love, but none adore love's queen.

Apol. The injury is great; but from whence springs it?

Ven. From Psyche, daughter to th' Arcadian king;
They call her Queen of Love, will know no other,
And swear my son shall kneel and call her mother.

Cup. But Cupid swears to make the jacks forsworn

Apol. Will Cytherea swallow this disgrace?

Pan. What shall Pan do in this?

Ven. Lend me your aids.
If you meet Psyche, charge young Mercury
To send her to me, or imprison her
Till you have sent me word.

Apol. If this be all, Venus shall have her wish.

Pan. Pan, by his upright horns and beard, doth swear
To hunt out Psyche; but if I do this,
What will sweet Venus give me?

Ven. A sweet kiss;
And Phœbus shall have one, Cupid another,

Upon condition they will right those wrongs
Which Psyche, in her great pride, throws on me;
Draw from thy quiver a dull leaden shaft,
And stick it through her bosom to the heart;
Make her in love, but let her proud eyes doat
On some ill-shapen drudge, some ugly fool;
Do this, I'll weave for thee a coronet
Of roses mix'd with Berenice's hair;
And give thee my best chariot, and my doves,
To hunt with on the earth or in the air;
Wilt thou do this, my boy?

Cup. I will, forsooth.

Ven. Nay, do not mock me, wilt thou?

Cup. Yes indeed, indeed I will, forsooth.

Ven. Sweet lad, adieu then.
Apollo, Pan, revenge poor Venus' wrongs,
Whilst I unyoke my silver-colour'd team,
To wanton on the bosom of yon stream. [*exit.*

Apol. Now she hath call'd me down unto the earth,
I'll try what pastimes dwell amongst the swains. [*exit.*

Pan. And with my Satyrs I will have some sport
Here in the Arcadian valleys. [*exit.*

Cup. Shall Psyche's beauteous eyes gaze on base love?
No, let my mother storm, and chafe, and lower,
She shall be none but Cupid's paramour.

Enter ZEPHYRUS.

Ho, Zephyrus!——how now, thou puffing slave!
Art thou grown proud, thou swell'st so? Gentle wind,
Clap on thy smoothest feathers, sleekest wings,

And mount thee to the top of yonder rock;
There shalt thou find, anon, a forlorn maid:
Convey her gently down into the vale
That borders on my bower; see this perform'd,
And I will clothe thee in a grass-green robe,
Spotted with daizies, pinks, and marigolds;
I'll play the thief in Flora's treasury,
To make all eyes in love with Zephyrus;
Fly hence, do this, and henceforth be thou king
Of all the winds, and father of the spring! [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ADMETUS, MENETIUS, ZELOTIS, ASTIOCHE, PETREA, *and* PSYCHE.

Adm. Behold the foot of that unhappy rock,
Upon whose frozen top, by Phœbus' doom,
Thou must abide thy most sinister hap.
Asti. Dear sister Psyche.
Psy. Peace, Astioche.
Petrea! father! you should all have mourn'd
When the mad spirits of the multitude
Kneel'd down and call'd me Venus; then have wept,
When Cytherea's altars were left bare,
And I was call'd a goddess; when these tears,
Whose reeking makes my funeral lights burn dim,
Might have quench'd Venus' wrath; but leave me now
To fight with death, or meet worse misery.
Men. But lurks that serpent in this fatal rock?

Pet. So said Apollo.

Zel. Then, Menetius,
We will conduct fair Psyche to the cave,
And rip the monster's entrails with our swords.

Psy. Forbear all force, I will ascend alone;
Phœbus will be displeas'd; alone, said he,
Distressed Psyche shall climb up yon hill.

Adm. The way is dangerous, thou wilt lose thyself
Without a guide.

Psy. Death must my conduct be:
See where the pale hag stands; vain world, adieu!
I am his bride, he waits for none of you.
[*she climbs up the rock.*

Adm. What pains the poor girl takes! see how she strives
Against the swelling bosom of the hill!

Men. See, the kind brambles, as enamour'd of her,
Circle her beauty in their catching arms,
Wooing her to come back; as who should say,
Thou run'st too fast to death: sweet Psyche, stay.

Adm. But all in vain; she now hath climb'd the rock,
And wafts her hand; do you the like to her,
Whose timeless death prepares my sepulchre.

Pet. Sister, with courage meet thy destiny;
To-morrow, if thou liv'st, we'll visit thee. [*exeunt.*

Enter CUPID *and* ZEPHYRUS.

Cup. Fly, Zephyrus: on top of yonder mount
My fair love sits; on thy soft swelling wings
Let Psyche ride —— [*exit Zephyrus.*] you voices, that attend me,

Dance in the air like wantons, to entice
My love to dwell in Cupid's paradise:
Music, with ravishing tones enchant her ears!
A banquet there! she that doth Cupid wed,
Thus shall she live, and thus be honored. [*exit.*

[*Zephyrus takes Psyche from the rock, and exit with her in his arms.*

SCENE V.

Enter ZEPHYRUS *with* PSYCHE, *and places her at a banquet table, and exit.*

Psy. Where am I now? For through the cheerful air
Hither I have been brought, on unseen wings;
What wond'rous place is this? No serpent sure
Lurks in this pleasant bow'r: my ear drinks sounds
Of heaven-tun'd instruments; I see no creature,
And yet, methought, soft fingers set me down,
And I am forc'd, by sweet compulsion,
[*a banquet, first plain, and presently set out with all delicates.*
To be the only guest of this fair board,
Which, empty, is as soon new furnished;
I fain would touch these sweets, but fear to taste them.
Echo. Taste them. 2. Taste them. 3. Taste them.
Psy. What voice is that? I dare no longer sit!
Echo. Sit. 2. Sit. 3. Sit.
Psy. Who mocks me? Are you devils, or are you gods?
Echo. Gods. 2. Gods. 3. Gods.

Psy. The gods will do no harm!

Echo. No harm. 2. No harm. 3. No harm.

Psy. Psyche, be bold, and taste this heavenly food.

Echo. Ha ha ha. 2. Ha ha ha. 3. Ha ha ha.

Psy. These are no echoes, for they shift their place,
Nor catch they my last words as echoes do,
For when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride,
They laugh'd aloud at my presumption:
No, these are fury-elves, and will torment me,

Enter ZEPHYRUS, *with drink.*

If thus I talk to them.—Who fills this wine,
And tempts my eye with it? as who should say,
Drink, Psyche.

Echo. Drink, Psyche. 2. Drink, Psyche. 3. Drink, Psyche.

Psy. I'll taste no drop of this enchanted wine:
Fain from this magic circle would I rise,
Yet dare not; Oh, let Psyche see your eyes,
Or rid me hence, and set my fears in peace!

Echo. Peace. 2. Peace. 3. Peace.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. How lovely is my Psyche; earth's too base
To be possess'd of her celestial form:
My mother hates her; for the gods, I fear,
Would banish her from earth, my love being there;
And therefore shall she live in Cupid's bower,
For she deserves to be Love's paramour:
Oh how thy fair eyes wound me; by this kiss,
And this white hand.

Psy. Oh me! what voice is this?
I feel besides, soft fingers and a ring.
Cup. Long white fingers, soft white hand,
Ring, and all at thy command.
Psy. Is this my husband then?
Cup. Ho, Zephyrus!
Remove hence those ambrosian dishes straight.
[*Zephyrus takes off the banquet.*
Psy. My father much mistook the oracle;
To this sweet voice, could I enjoy the sight,
I should myself then style queen of delight.
Cup. Pleasure shall be thy lackey; wilt thou hunt
Then in an airy chariot, drawn by birds?
On the winds' downy back my love shall ride;
Mild Zephyrus shall be thy waggoner;
Who, if the heat offend, his silver wings
Shall fan cool air upon thee: yet, my love,
If thou commit'st one sin, thou art not mine.
Psy. Name it, and I'll avoid it for your sake.
Cup. Thy mourning sisters shortly will return,
And seek thee on the rock from whence thou cam'st,
But shun their sight and speech; Psyche, do this,
Thou robb'st me else of love, thyself of bliss.
Psy. Not speak, nor see my sisters! oh what pleasure
Can Psyche take, lock'd in a golden jail?
Cup. Run not unto thy ruin, gentle love:
Yet if thou needs wilt see and speak with them,
Command thy servant Zephyrus to bring them
From top of yonder rock into this vale;
But if they make inquiry who I am,

Fill both their laps with gold, and send them gone.
Besides, I woo thee by this nuptial kiss,
Do not persuade me to disclose my shape,
Attempting that, thou losest this high state,
I then must leave thee, thou live desolate.

Psy. In all these things, I will obey my love.

Cup. Then Psyche, in thine unseen husband's hand,
Clasp thy white fingers; I'll now crown thy bed
With the sweet spoils of thy lost maidenhead. [*exeunt.*

Enter APULEIUS *and* MIDAS.

Mid. Hand off! let go my sheep-hook! I'll not stay,
I'll hang myself, e'er I'll see out thy play:
Call you this poetry?

Apu. If this displease thee, Midas, then I'll shew thee,
Ere I proceed with Cupid and his love,
What kind of people I commerc'd withal
In my tran-shape.

Mid. That's when thou wert an ass.

Apu. The very same.

Mid. Yes, that I fain would see.

Apu. Sit then, and view thine own infirmity.

A Dance. Enter a PROUD ASS *with ears.*

Mid. What fellow's that?

Apu. A self-will'd insolent fool,
Who spits at those above him, and those beneath
Despiseth, and his equals jets upon;
Rich in his own conceit, in judgment poor;
Still carping, tho' a coxcomb, and may pass,
As these days go, for a proud arrogant ass.

Dance.—Enter a PRODIGAL ASS.

Mid. Aye, this I like :—What fellow's that?
Apu. A fellow, he,
Who riots that which most penuriously
His father hoarded, in drabs, drink, and play;
Wearing fantastic habits, and gay clothes,
Till he hath quite exhausted all his gold,
And for a prodigal ass may be enroll'd!

Dance.—Enter a DRUNKEN ASS.

Mid. This gives me good content:—What's he?
Apu. A pot-companion, brother to the glass,
That roars in's cups, indeed a drunken ass.

Dance.—Enter an USURER.

Mid. He looks like a good fellow:
Now, that grey-beard?
Apu. One that doth pinch his belly in his life,
And starve his own guts to make others feed;
Patcheth his own clothes to make others proud,
And for a covetous ass may be allow'd.

Dance.—Enter a YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

Mid. But so did never Midas:—now, that minx?
Apu. Her mother's darling she, born to good means;
In love with all she sees, yet truly, none;
Who when great heirs are proffer'd, trifles them;
And, in the end, when with none else she can,
She marries with her father's serving-man:
And that is a right she-ass.

Dance.—Enter an IGNORANT ASS.

Mid. What reverend person's that?
Of all the other I like him best.

Apu. That, Midas, is thy brother;
A piece of moving earth, illiterate, dull;
Who having, in himself, nought commendable,
Envies what's good in others; and yet dare
In his own impudence with Arts compare.
A block, a stone! yet learning he'll revile;
And a dull ignorant ass we will him style.

Mid. But where's your Poet Ass among all these?

[*Asses dance, and exeunt.*

Apu. There's no such creature.

Mid. Then what call'st thou those
That let not men lie quiet in their graves,
But haunt their ghosts with ballads and bald rhymes?
Do they not teach the very fiends in hell
Speak in blank verse? do we not daily see
Every dull-witted Ass spit poetry?
And for thy scene, thou bring'st here on the stage
A young green-sickness baggage to run after
A little ape-fac'd boy thou term'st a god:
Is not this most absurd?

Apu. Misunderstanding fool, thus much conceive;
Psyche is *Anima*, Psyche is the soul,
The soul, a virgin, longs to be a bride;
The soul's immortal; whom then can she woo
But heaven? whom wed, but immortality?
Oh, blame not Psyche then, if, mad with rage,
She long for this so divine marriage!

Mid. But tell me then, why should Apollo say,
All love her, and yet none will marry her?
Apu. All love fair Psyche; all cast amorous eyes
On the soul's beauty; but who is't will wed her?
None with the soul will lead so strict a life,
As heaven enjoins with such a blessed wife.
Mid. Thou prompt'st my understanding pretty well;
But why should Venus, being queen of love,
Wish her son Cupid to enamour her
Of some base groom, mis-shapen and deform'd?
Apu. By Venus here, is meant intemperate lust;
Lust woos her son Desire, t' inflame the soul
With some base groom, that's to some ugly sin
Desire is good and ill; the evil swears
To obey his mother Venus, and vex Psyche:
But Cupid, representing true desire,
Doats on the soul's sweet beauty, sends his servant,
Zephyrus, in whom celestial pleasure's meant,
T' entice his love, the soul, to his chaste bed,
Giving her heaven for her lost maidenhead.
Mid. Only one riddle more, and I have done:
Why did the poor girl Psyche take such pains?
What scrambling shift she made to climb the mountain,
And crawl through brakes and briars to get a husband!
Apu. This shews how many strong adversities,
Crosses, pricks, thorns, and stings of conscience,
Would throw the ambitious soul, affecting heaven,
Into despair and fainting diffidence,
Which Psyche must pass through; the soul must fly
Through thousand lets, to seek eternity.

Mid. Thou hast made this somewhat plain.
Apu. Kind gentlemen,
Wink at our strife; you may, in pardoning this,
Count this our talk a mere parenthesis. [*exeunt*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PSYCHE, ASTIOCHE, *and* PETREA.

Psy. Welcome, dear sisters! with the breath of love,
Poor Psyche gives kind welcome to you both!
O tell me then, by what auspicious guide,
You came conducted to this sacred place?
Ast. Sister, you shall. When many a weary step
Had brought us to the top of yonder rock,
Mild Zephyrus embrac'd us in his arms,
And in a cloud of rich and strong perfumes,
Brought us unto the skirts of this green mead.
Psy. And happily arriv'd! nature and art
Have strove to make this dale their treasury;
Winds fly on Psyche's errands; shapes unseen
Are my attendants, and, to make me sport,
Will dance like nimble echoes in the air,
And mock me.
Echo. Mock me. 2. Mock me. 3. Mock me.
Psy. Sisters, how like you this?
Echo. This, ha ha ha! 2. This, ha ha ha! 3. This, h
ha ha!

Pet. They mock us! will they do no harm to us?
Psy. Oh, no.
Echo. No. 2. No. 3. No.
Psy. Babblers, be silent!
Echo. Silent. 2. Silent. 3. Silent.
Psy. Or else I'll punish you;
And let me hear some music—loud—and still!
[*loud music, and still music.*
Tell me how like you this?
Ast. It flies the reach of admiration.
Pet. But let us see the shapes of them that play;
What are they? speak! or what's your husband's name?
Let's know our brother, that we may relate
To the king, our father, your high honor'd state.
Psy. My husband, sister, is now rid from home.
Ast. Why, say he be; I hope you know his name?
We'll ransack all the palace but we'll find him:
Is your sweetheart so proud, he'll not be seen?
Pet. Where is he, Psyche?
Psy. Trust me, he's from home.
Ast. Let's see his picture then?
Psy. Lass, I have none.
Pet. Describe his person?
Psy. I must shift them hence,
My tongue will else breed my confusion. [*aside.*
Ast. Nay, sister, when?
Pet. When, sister, will it be?
Psy. How should I give him shape I never saw?
He's a fair lovely youth! upon each cheek
Smiles lie in cheerful dimples; on his brow

Sits love and majesty in glorious pride.
His eyes such beauty in their circles hold,
That, walking in the night, I've thought them stars;
Long flaxen curled tresses crown his head.
Come, come, you shall not be enamoured
Of my fair husband; this for all suffice,
He's young and rich.

Ast. O how my blood doth rise,
In envy of her high felicity; speak, what's his name?

Psy. Home, home! more music there! I must to rest.
Ho, Zephyrus!
Come forth, and bring me brim full bags of gold:

Music. Enter ZEPHYRUS *with bags.*

Hold up your laps; tho' them you cannot see
That bring this gold, this largess take from me;
Adieu, adieu! my duty to the king:
I needs must stop mine ears when Syrens sing. [*exit.*

Pet. Astioche!

Ast. Petrea! Oh, I'm mad to note her pride;
Her husband is no serpent, as 'twas said,
And false Apollo sung; he is some god,
And this his temple; for no mortal hand
Hath laid these crystal pavements, cloth'd these meads
In never-fading liveries of green:
Flora, you see, clothes all the ground with flowers,
Flora is Psyche's hand-maid; Zephyrus
Is but her foot-boy, lackeys at her beck.

Pet. Yet she's our sister, and it doth me good
To see rich worth in any of our blood.

Ast. Thou art a fool, Petrea, for I hate
That any's fortune should transcend my state;
She sends us hence in scorn, but we'll return,
And never cease, till by some treachery,
Her pride we make a slave to misery. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ADMETUS, MENETIUS, *and* ZELOTES.

Men. Patience, great sir, you have not lost them all;
Doubtless the two last live.

Zel. Sir, though they be your daughters, they're our wives,
And we are in no such despair of them.

Adm. Admit you were; one for Astioche,
And that another for Petrea wept;
You two, but for two wives shed husbands' tears;
For you and them, I sorrow all; your fear
Divided betwixt you, on me alone,
Lies like a mountain, and thus casteth down
Admetus' wretched body with his crown;
They followed Psyche, and her destiny
Hath given them death, us living misery.
[*He throws himself on the ground.*

Enter EVEMORE.

Eve. Rise, royal sir; your daughters are return'd.

Adm. O, where? which way are my two daughters come?

Eve. Yes, sir; and both their laps are fill'd with gold.

Enter ASTIOCHE, *and* PETREA.

Adm. Welcome to both in one! oh, can you tell

What fate your sister hath?

Both. Psyche is well.

Adm. So among mortals it is often said,—
Children and friends are well, when they are dead.

Ast. But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy;
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare;
Winds, and the light-wing'd creatures of the air;
Clear channel'd rivers, springs, and flow'ry meads
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroid'ry treads,
When Psyche gilds their chrystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and, behold!
She sends us with our laps full-brimm'd with gold.

Adm. O, you amaze me, daughters!

Pet. Let joy banish amazement from your kingly thoughts;
Psyche is wedded to some deity,
And prays, withal, our quick return again.

Adm. We grant it: we, with you and these, will go
To Psyche's bow'r; desire enflames my mind,
To sit on the bright wings of that blest wind.

Ast. Oh, but the god that governs Psyche's thoughts,
For sure he is immortal, charg'd my sister
To talk with none but us.

Pet. Yet by the magic of our tongues we'll try
If we can win you so much liberty.

Adm. Go, my Astioche, but come again
To comfort him that must thy want complain;
Go with my love, Petrea, but return

With winged speed, whilst we your absence mourn;
Go with my blessing; blest those sisters be,
That live like you in bonds of unity!
Give Psyche this; give her this, thou Petrea; [*kisses them.*
Tell her she is myself, my soul's idea.
And say, whilst she is spotless, lovely white,
She shall be my sole comfort, my delight:
So part with my best wishes. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLOWN, *with three or four Swains.*

Clown. And what might you call that young gentleman, that rules and reigns, revels and roars in these walks of Arcadia; that makes you borrow sheeps' eyes from your flocks, and leaves you no more brains in your heads than in your sheep-hooks? What might you call that gallant?

1*st. Swain.* Whom do you mean? him whom god Pan so honours, the Fawns fear, and the Satyrs shake to see?

Clown. Ille ipse, the same; I desire no more than this sheep-hook in my hand to encounter with that swash-buckler.

2*nd. Swain.* It is the god of love; they call him Cupid.

Clown. Cupid! Coxcomb! your Satyrs are all sots, your Fawns fools, and your Pan a pitiful poor fellow: had I their horns, as I know not what I may have in time, I would so gore him;—and what weapons doth he use?

3*rd. Swain.* They say—bow and arrows.

Clown. Bow and bird-bolts doth he not? and how lies he? where's his guard? what's his play? can any of you

all give me his true title?

1st. Swain. Not I, 'tis far beyond me.

Clown. Then hearken, O you hoyds! and listen, O you illiterates, whilst I give you his style in folio! he is king of cares, cogitations, and coxcombs; viceroy of vows and vanities; prince of passions, prate-apaces, and pickl'd lovers; duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; marquis of melancholy and mad folks; grand signior of griefs and groans; lord of lamentations, hero of heigh-hos! admiral of ay-mes! and monsieur of mutton laced.

2nd. Swain. Here's a style I shall never be able to get over.

Clown. And who do you think maintains this princox in his *pontificalibus?*

3rd. Swain. Nay, it exceeds my capacity.

Clown. A company of pitiful fellows call'd poets; did you never hear of one Homer, and of The Tale of Troy, and of a ten years' siege, and many such trifles?

2nd. Swain. Yes, and many things concerning them.

Clown. But hear me, oh you miss of misunderstanding; This Troy was a village of some twenty houses; and Priam, as silly a fellow as I am, only loving to play the good fellow, he had a great many bowsing lads, whom he called sons.

3rd. Swain. As we have here in Arcadia.

Clown. Just the same: by this Troy ran a small brook, that one might stride over; on the other side dwelt Menelaus, a farmer, who had a light wench to his wife call'd Helen, that kept his sheep; whom Paris, one of Priam's mad lads, seeing and liking, 'ticeth over the brook,

and lies with her in despite of her husband's teeth: for which wrong, he sends for one Agamemnon his brother, that was then high constable of the hundred, and complains to him; he sends to one Ulysses, a fair spoken fellow, and town-clerk, and to divers others, amongst whom was one stout fellow called Ajax, a butcher, who upon a holyday brings a pair of cudgels, and lays them down in the midst, where the two hundreds were then met, which Hector, a baker, another bold lad of the other side, seeing, steps forth, and takes them up; these two had a bout or two for a broken pate; and here was all the circumstance of the Trojan Wars.

1*st*. *Swain*. To see what these poets can do!

Clown. But listen to them, and they will fill your heads with a thousand fooleries; observe one thing, there's none of you all no sooner in love, but he is troubled with their itch, for he will be in his amorets, and his canzonets, his pastorals, and his madrigals, to his Phillis, and his Amaryllis.

1*st*. *Swain*. Oh beauteous Amaryllis!

Clown. And what's Amaryllis, think'st thou?

1*st*. *Swain*. A fair and lovely creature.

Clown. I'll show thee the contrary by her own name. *Amor* is love, *illis* is ill; ill cannot be good: *ergo*, Amaryllis is stark naught: let one or two examples serve for more; there's one of our fairest nymphs call'd Susanna; what is Susanna, but *sus* and *anna*, which is, in plain Arcadia, Nan is a sow.

2*nd*. *Swain*. Well, you have taught us more than ever I understood before, concerning poetry.

Clown. Come to me but one hour in a morning, and I'll read deeper philosophy to you: good-morrow, neighbours; poets, quoth-a? what's *Titule tu patule*, but titles and pages? what's *Propria quæ maribus*, but a proper man loves marrow-bones? *Fœmineo generi tribuuntur*, but the feminine gender is troublesome? what's Ovid, but *quasi* avoid? now should I be in love; with whom? with Doll; what's that but dole and lamentation; with Jug, what's she, but sister to a black-pot? or what's Peg, good for nothing but to drive into a post? no, Cupid, I defy thee and all thy genealogy!

Enter CUPID.

Cup. What's he that so profanes our deity,
And scorns that power which all the gods adore?
To whom Jove sometimes bends, and Neptune kneels,
Mars homageth, and Phœbus will submit,
Sly Mercury obey, and Vulcan bow to;
And all the rural gods and goddesses,
Satyrs and nymphs allow their sovereign;
He shall not 'scape unpunished.

Clown. If I could but find one of these fantastical poets, or light upon that little god, their patron, I would so tickle them.

Cup. This hobinoll, this rustic, this base clown!
I find him of a dull and brainless eye,
Such as I know a golden-headed shaft
Will never enter; of a skin so thick,
As pointed silver hath no power to pierce:
For such gross fools I have a bolt in store,

Which, though it cannot wound, shall give a blow,
To startle all within him. [*shoots.*

Clown. Oh-me! hey-ho!

Cup. Lie there, base Midas' bastard! that refuses
All-honor'd love, and rail'st against the Muses. [*exit.*

Clown. Oh coward! whatsoe'er thou art, to come behind a man and strike him before; for I saw nobody:——to shoot, and never give a man warning, oh coward! I am paid, I am pepper'd; the case is alter'd, for any one may guess by the hugeness of the blow, that I am mightily in love; ay-me! that any wench were here, whose name is Ay-me; now could I be in love with any Madge, though she were an howlet, or with any maid, though she look'd like a malkin; Oh, poetry! I find I am poison'd with thee too; for methinks I could say my prayers in blank-verse; nay let me see, I think I could rhyme for a need.

Cupid, I yield, since so I know thy will is;
And I'll go seek me out some Amaryllis. [*exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PSYCHE, *alone.*

Psy. There's at this time a combat in my soul,
Whether to trust my well-known sisters better,
Or my unseen husband: I have ask'd,
Demanded, and inquir'd of all my train,
This fairy-train that hourly waits on me,
Yet none of them will tell me what he is;

Enter CUPID.

Besides, this solitude! to be alone

Begins to grow most tedious, and my fears
Do every way distract me.
Cup. Why, how now, Psyche?
Psy. Oh, let mercy's eyes
Shine on my fault!
Cup. Are these thy heaven-bound vows?
Are all thy protestations gilded air?
Hast thou no more regard to my command,
Or thine own safety?
Psy. Dear love, pardon me!
Cup. Once more I do; and still must pardon thee,
And thou must still offend, still torture me;
Yet once again I'll try thy constancy:
Thy sisters are at hand.
Psy. But, gentle love, shall I not speak to them?
Cup. Yes, but I woo thee
To send them quickly hence, or they'll undo thee:
They now are at the rock; bid the cool wind,
To please thee, bring them to the place assign'd. [*exit.*
Psy. Ho, Zephyrus!

Enter ZEPHYRUS, *with the two Sisters.*

Tell me the cause of your so quick return. [*to her sisters.*
Ast. Psyche, we come in danger of our lives,
To save our sister from ensuing harm.
Psy. What harm? what danger?
Ast. Danger imminent;
Once you refus'd our counsel, and deny'd
To let us know your husband, or his name.
Pet. Come, let's see him!

Psy. Oh, what shall I do?

Pet. Escape the danger you are fall'n into.

Psy. You cannot see him.

Ast. Give us then his shape.

Psy. His shape; why he's a man whose snowy head
Bows on his bosom, through the weight of age.

Ast. That cannot be; you said he was a youth
Of comely stature, with long flaxen hair.

Psy. I am entrapp'd.

Ast. Speak; did you ever see your husband?

Psy. Why do you ask? pray, trouble me no more:
Leave me, and I will fill your laps with gold.

Ast. Once thy gold tempted us to leave this place,
And to betray thy life to misery,
It shall not now: did not Apollo doom
Thy fatal marriage to some hideous beast?
How just is Phœbus in his auguries!
Last night, when we went hence laden with gold,
We spy'd a serpent gliding on the mead,
Who, at the sight of us, writhing his head
Proudly into the air, first hiss'd at heaven,
Because it did not shade him from our eyes.

Psy. How did that serpent vanish from your sight?

Ast. In at these gates he roll'd; Psyche, be wise!
For tho' a while he dally with thy beauty,
Dulling thy taste with sweets, thy eyes with shows,
Thy ears with music, and sweet lullabies,
He will in time devour thee.

Psy. Miserable wretch!
How shall I fly the fate that follows me?

Whose help shall I invoke?

Pet. Tell us the truth,
And we'll devise some means to succour thee.

Psy. You are my sisters; I confess to you,
I never saw his face, know not his shape,
Yet have I touch'd his eyes, and felt his hands.
Oft have I kiss'd his cheeks, more oft his lips;
Eyes, hands, lips, cheeks, and face so charm'd my touch,
That I have sworn, save his, there were none such;
Yet your strange story makes me to suspect
That he's some serpent, for he tells me still,
To see his glorious shape will ruin me;
Besides, he bids me shun your company,
Else you will breed my sorrow; this is that
Which troubles me.

Ast. Hear then my counsel! instantly provide
A keen-edg'd razor, and a burning lamp;
At night, when sleep sits on his monstrous eyes,
Steal from his speckl'd side, step to your light,
And without fear behold his horrid shape,
And with the razor cut his scaly throat;
And so by death gain life, and he being dead,
Psyche shall to some king be married.

Pet. How doth our sister relish this device?

Psy. I do embrace your counsel, and this night
I'll put the same in execution;
Come, you have made me resolute and bold,
And now receive your laps o'er-swell'd with gold. [*exit.*

Ast. Swell in thy pride, until thou break'st thy heart!
Yet come, we'll take her largess e'er we part. [*exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter MIDAS *and* APULEIUS.

Mid. Poet, no more; I have enough of Psyche,
Her sisters and the serpent; all of them
Most villainous lies; I'll prove it; and unless,
To please myself, and keep mine eyes from sleep,
Thou'lt let me shew thee some of our fine sport,
Such as we use here in Arcadia,
I will endure no longer.
Apu. Well, I am pleas'd.
Mid. I'll shew thee in a dance.
Apu. Art sometimes must give way to ignorance.

A Dance.

Enter PAN, CLOWN, SWAINS, *and* COUNTRY-WENCHES; *they dance, and exeunt.*

Mid. Was not this sport indeed?
Apu. My modesty gives thee no reprehension,
For I'm well pleased with your pastoral mirth;
But as thou had'st a power over mine eyes,
To sit it out with patience; so lend me
Thy attentive ears.
Mid. First, clear thy absurdities;
Nay, gross ones too: here Psyche lies abominably,
And says she has two husbands, the one young,
The other old; how canst thou answer this?
Apu. Though thy vain doubts be most familiar
To these judicious hearers, well experienc'd

As well in matters moral as divine,
To thee I'll make it plain.
Mid. I pr'ythee, do.
Apu. Did Psyche lie, to say she had two loves?
How like art thou to Psyche, she to thee!
Mid. To me! I scorn her likeness.
Apu. In this point thou art;
For rather than thy sisters shall grow angry,
To make earth's drossy pleasures stay for thee,
Thou wilt exclaim, with Psyche,—Cupid's young!
The joys of heaven are all too young, too little,
To be believ'd, or look'd at; if that fail,
Thou with the soul wilt say,—my love is old!
Divine delights are crooked like old age;
Who will not vow, speak, nay swear any thing,
To have their vain delights serv'd like a king.
Mid. 'Tis pretty, but your echoes pleas'd me best;
O, if a man had seen them!
Apu. With a mortal eye none can; in them is hid this mystery;
Celestial raptures, that to allure the sight,
Are seen no more than voices being on high,
Subject unto no weak, and fleshly eye.
Mid. But why did Cupid hide himself from Psyche?
Apu. O, who dares pry into those mysteries,
That heaven would have conceal'd? for this she's charg'd
Not to see Cupid's face, to shun her sisters.
Mid. Those gadding girls, what didst thou mean by them?
Apu. The restless sins that travel night and day,

Envying her bliss, the sweet soul to betray.

Mid. Well, by this little I conceive the rest:
I care not greatly if I stay it out;
But if not lik'd I'll either sleep or flout.

Apu. So will not these, I hope, before they view
What horrid dangers Cupid's bride pursue. [*exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PSYCHE, *in night attire, with a Lamp and a Razor.*

Psy. Time's eldest daughter, Night, mother of ease,
Thou gentle nurse, that with sweet lullabies,
Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st!
Thou smooth-cheek'd negro, Night, the black-ey'd queen,
That rid'st about the world on the soft backs
Of downy ravens' sleek and sable plumes,
And from thy chariot, silent darkness flings;
In which man, beast, and bird envelop'd,
Take their repose and rest; Psyche entreats thee,
No jar nor sound betray her bold attempt.
[*Cupid discovered sleeping on a bed.*
Soft silken veil that curtains in my doubt,
Give way to these white hands, these jealous eyes!
Sharp knife prepare for a red sacrifice;
Bright lamp, conduct me to my love or hate;
Make me this night blest or unfortunate!
Wond'rous amazement! what do I behold?

A bow and quiver, these shafts tipt with gold,
With silver this? this sluggish arrow's head
Is, like my heavy heart, compos'd of lead;
Such weapons Cytherea's son doth bear;
Psyche were happy if this Cupid were;
Malicious sisters, I your envy see!
This is no serpent, but a deity:
What pretty loves, like silken slumbers lie,
Closing the covers of each crystal eye;
Hence, thou prepared instrument of death,
Whilst Psyche sucks new life from his sweet breath!
Churl beauty, beauteous niggard! thus I'll chide;
Why didst thou from mine eyes this glory hide?
Ah me! thou envious light, what hast thou done?
Cup. Immortal powers! oh succour Venus' son!
What hellish hag hath dropp'd this scalding oil
On Love's celestial shape?
Psy. 'Twas Psyche's hand.
Cup. How durst thou violate my dread command?
Venus, my mother, bid me make thee doat
On some base groom; and I left her and heaven,
And with mine own dart wounded my own breast;
For all these favours, wouldst thou murder me?
Psy. Let my weak sex plead for my great offence.
Cup. No, for thy sake, this plague pursue thy sex;—
You shall have appetites, and hot desires,
Which, though supply'd, shall ne'er be satisfi'd:
You shall be still rebellious, like the sea,
And, like the winds, inconstant; things forbid
You most shall covet, loath what you should like;

You shall be wise in wishes, but, enjoying,
Shall venture heaven's loss for a little toying.
Ho, Zephyrus!

Enter ZEPHYRUS.

Psy. What will my dear love do?
Cup. Hence, touch me not, I'll be no more thy love;—
Discharge my servants from this fairy vale,
Resign thy office to the boist'rous north,
Bid famine ride upon his frozen wings,
Till they be blasted with his pois'nous breath;
Music be turn'd to horror, smiles to tears,
Pleasures to shrieks, felicity to fears.
Psy. Why do you plague the place for my offence?
Cup. Why for thy sisters' sake sought'st thou my hate?
But I will be reveng'd on them and thee,
On them, for thy sake, on thyself for me.
Psy. For pity hear poor Psyche.
Cup. No; away!
Psy. I have no way but yours; which way you fly,
I'll hang upon your wings, or fall and die.
Cup. Soon shalt thou leave thy hold, run Zephyrus:
Fetch Boreas—

A Storm. Enter BOREAS.

Art thou come, my Aquilon?
Boreas, I charge thee by Orithia's love,
Lay waste and barren this fair flow'ry grove,
And make this paradise a den of snakes;
For I will have it uglier than hell,
And none but ghastly screech-owls here shall dwell:

Breathe winter's storms upon the blushing cheeks
Of beauteous Psyche ; with thy boist'rous breath,
Rend off her silks, and clothe her in torn rags;
Hang on her loath'd locks base deformity,
And bear her to her father; leave her there,
Barren of comfort, great with child of fear;
Psyche, farewell! whilst thou with woes art crown'd,
I must go gather helps to cure my wound. [*exit.*

Psy. With woes indeed; those wretches live in woe,
Whom love forsakes, and Psyche must do so.

[*A great storm. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CLOWN, AMARYLLIS, *and* SWAINS.

Clown. Do you hear the news, you animals?

1*st. Swain.* Is it worth the hearing?

Clown. A question well ask'd, for it is musical news, and therefore worth your ears: Apollo being call'd by Venus from heaven, hath ever since kept Admetus his sheep, with whom Pan meeting, they fell into contention, whether his pipe, or Apollo's harp, could yield the better music, and which, withal, could sing the best; come then, my sweet Amaryllis, and take thy place amongst the rest, for this is the day of the trial; and, amongst others, I heard my father Midas say, that all other business set apart, he would be at it; but there is one mischief lately happened.

1*st. Swain.* What's that, I pr'ythee?

Clown. Pan hath got a cold, is hoarse, and hath lost his

voice, and therefore hath chose me to sing in his place; and Phœbus, because he will take no advantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to do the like for him; therefore come, make a lane; for, by this time, they are upon their entrance.

1st. Swain. But is it possible, that Pan's pipe dare contend with Apollo's harp?

Clown. Yes, that is possible, blind harper, and that my wind-pipe shall prove; make room, and get you all out of the lists save I, that am to be one of the combatants.

A Flourish. Enter APOLLO, PAN, ADMETUS, PETREA, ASTIOCHE, MENETIUS, ZELOTES, *and* MIDAS.

Pan. Who shall be Judge?

Apo. Admetus.

Adm. Sacred Apollo, great Pan, pardon me!
It is a cunning much beyond my skill;
Therefore I humbly crave to be excus'd!

Apo. Admetus, for thy hospitality,
Phœbus will be thy friend, and give thee leave
In this to use thy pleasure.

Pan. What thinks Phœbus
Of Midas, once of men, now king of beasts.

Apo. No better man, so please him undertake it.

Mid. Yes, Phœbus, Midas will; and though poor Marsyas,
For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,
Yet have we swains, and some too not far off,
I could have said, some near to me in blood,
Can tickle you for a tune.

Clown. Meaning me, and I will set out a throat.

Apo. Is this thy champion?

Pan. Yes, and who's for thee?

Apo. One of my minutes, hours, days, weeks, or months,
Or years, or seasons, that still wait on us,
And have done, ever since the first of time;
Not one can come amiss.

Mid. Who shall begin?

Adm. Most voices.

All. Apollo, Apollo.

Clown. No matter, though his champion begin; let me alone to come up with the catastrophe.

All. Silence, silence.

Song.

Phœbus, unto thee we sing,
O, thou great Idalian king!
Thou the god of physic art,
Of poetry, and archery;
We sing unto thee with a heart
Devoted to thy deity;
All bright glory crown thy head,
Thou sovereign of all piety,
Whose golden beams and rays are shed
As well upon the poor as rich,
For thou alike regardest each;
Phœbus, unto thee we sing,
O thou great Idalian king!

Mid. Aye, marry, this was somewhat to the purpose;
I needs must say 'twas pretty; but, god Pan,
Now let us hear your champion?

Pan. Come, stand forth?

Song.—CLOWN.

Thou that art call'd the bright Hyperion,
Wert thou more strong than Spanish Geryon
That had three heads upon one man,
Compare not with our great god Pan.

They call thee son of bright Latona,
But girt thee in thy torrid zona,
Sweat, baste and broil, as best thou can;
Thou art not like our dripping Pan.

What cares he for the great god Neptune,
With all the broth that he is kept in;
Vulcan or Jove he scorns to bow to,
Hermes, or the infernal Pluto.

Then thou that art the heavens' bright eye,
Or burn, or scorch, or broil, or fry,
Be thou a god, or be thou man,
Thou art not like our frying Pan.

They call thee Phœbus, god of day,
Years, months, weeks, hours, of March and May;
Bring up thy army in the van,
We'll meet thee with our pudding Pan.

Thyself in thy bright chariot settle,
With skillet arm'd, brass-pot or kettle,
With jug, black-pot, with glass or can,
No talking to our warming Pan.

Thou hast thy beams thy brows to deck,
Thou hast thy Daphne at thy beck;
Pan hath his horns, Syrinx, and Phillis,
And I, Pan's swain, my Amaryllis.

Adm. You, Midas, have heard both; these only wait
Your just and upright sentence.

Mid. Is Phœbus pleased?

Apo. Pleased.

Mid. And is Pan content?

Pan. Content.

Clown. Now if my father can but censure as well as I sing, the town's ours.

Mid. Yes, son, I can; and that most learnedly;

Song.—MIDAS.

Thy harp to Pan's pipe, yield, god Phœbus,
For 'tis not now as in *diebus*
Illis; Pan all the year we follow,
But *semel in anno ridet Apollo;*
Thy quirister cannot come near
The voice of this our chanticleer;
Then leave off these thy burning rays,
And give to Pan the prick and praise;
Thy colour change, look pale and wan,
In honour of the great god Pan.

All. A sentence, a sentence, a Pan, a Pan.

Apo. Henceforth be all your rural music such,
Made out of tinkers'-pans, and kettle-drums;
And never henceforth may your fields be grac'd
With the sweet music of Apollo's lyre:
Midas, for thee, may thy ears longer grow,
As shorter still thy judgment! dulness and dotage
Be only govern'd with those reverend hairs;
Let all like thee, that as they grow in time,

Decay in knowledge, have that old man's curse,
To be twice children: for thy squeaking son,
May all thy 'state thou leav'st him at thy death,
Be to sing ballads through Arcadia,
And them to the like tunes. Farewell, Admetus!
My music lies unquestion'd; what's amiss
Is not in us, but in their ignorance;
Thus undisparag'd, Phœbus leaves the place,
And with them, to succession, my disgrace. [*exit.*

Adm. Phœbus is gone displeas'd.

Pan. Still may he be so!

Mid. Midas, I'm sure, has judg'd with equity.

A Storm. Enter PSYCHE *and* BOREAS.

Clown. But see, father! see, god Pan! if in revenge, he hath not sent a blustering wind to blow us all hence; 'tis Boreas, 'tis Boreas.

Pan. Come, Midas, come, swains, till this storm be past,
Let us away to shelter. [*exeunt Pan, Midas, and Swains.*

Psy. Where art thou, Psyche? how art thou deform'd?
What air affords thee breath, what men be these?
Where shall I hide me? let no human eye
Behold me thus disfigur'd, and asham'd:
My father, brothers, and my sisters too,
That wrought my fall, what shall poor Psyche do?

Adm. What bare anatomy of grief is this,
That glads mine ear with sound of Psyche's name?

Psy. 'Tis her own tongue, the herald of her shame:
Father Admetus, sisters, pity me!

Adm. Thou art no child of mine.

Ast. Spurn her away,
'Tis some infectious strumpet, and her breath
Will blast our cheeks; her sight is worse than death.
Psy. I did not use you thus, nor spurn you back,
When on the nimble wings of Zephyrus,
You were transported into Cupid's vale;
Your entertainment then deserv'd more right,
Than, like a dog, thus spurn me from your sight.
Sisters!
Pet. Out, hag! we scorn thy sister-hood.
Psy. You scorn me too; nay, then, at last I see,
Pride will not look on base deformity:
Father Admetus, pity wretched Psyche!
Adm. Out, impudence! if once again thy tongue
Mangle the reputation of my girl,
I'll have it straight torn out: hence with the impostor!
Psy. Us'd like a dog, and by a father's doom,
Dragg'd from his presence! how am I transform'd?
I'll try my brothers next, upon my knees.
[*she kneels first to one Brother, and then to the other.*
Zel. Depart the place! for me, I know thee not.
Psy. Oh me! how quickly wretches are forgot!
Men. Wretched, away!
Psy. Away; all cry, away:
Baseness and pride in one place cannot stay.
Astioche, kind sister! for old loves,
Resolve my father that I am his child;
Put him in mind of Phœbus' oracle,
And leaving me upon the barren rock;
Remember how you came unto my bower,

And how my servants fill'd your laps with gold;
And last, remember how, by your advice,
I made attempt to strike my husband dead,
As he was sleeping. Do you know me now?
Thence grew my misery.

Ast. Yes, fool! and my great heart
Joys in thy fall; and, father, now I better
Survey her, my mind gives me this is Psyche.

Pet. I am of her thought too; and yet much wonder,
How such a beauty should be so deform'd.

Adm. None shall persuade me to't; she's none of mine
That tells me I have any part in her.

Music. CUPID *descends.*

Cup. Admetus, stay! chide thy conceit! it offers
Wrong unto thy daughter Psyche.

Psy. O, what heavenly tongue
Will once vouchsafe to sound poor Psyche's name,
Torn with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame.

Cup. Psyche, his tongue, whose charge had'st thou obey'd,
Thy prosp'rous state had not been so betray'd;
Nor had'st thou been a subject to that shame
Which now attends thee.

Psy. Cupid, my dear lord,
Pardon my guilt, have pity on my sorrow!

Cup. I cannot; no, I dare not: heaven, and earth,
The destinies, and all the immortal powers,
Have, with the iron pen of fate, writ down
Thy certain pain. Did I not give thee charge,
To taste the pleasures of immortal love,

But not to wade too deep in mystery?
Could not my heavenly company suffice
To cheer thy soul; but thou, with earthly eyes,
Must see my face, and view my real beauty,
Against my charge, thy love, and human duty?

Psy. I do entreat. [*she kneels to Cupid.*

Cup. Arise; kneel not to me!
But thank thy sisters; they apparel'd thee
In that distractful shape. Psyche, farewell!
I'll mourn in heaven, to see thy pains in hell.

[*Cupid ascends.*

Adm. Poor miserable child! instead of tears,
My heart weeps blood; I am confounded quite:
I have three daughters; thou of all the rest,
Had'st in my true conceptions greatest share,
For which, I call'd thee Psyche, that's the soul,
For as my soul I lov'd thee; now I abjure
All interest in thy birth; hence from my court!
My hand shall ne'er lay blessing on thy head,
Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughter's name;
Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

Psy. Oh whither shall a wretch convert her eyes,
When her own father shall her tears despise?

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. Attend, Arcadians,
The proclamation of the Paphian Queen.

Adm. When Hermes speaks, we are bound to all attendance.

Mer. Oh yes! if any can bring Psyche unto Venus——

Ast. Psyche, whom you are sent to seek, stands there.
Mer. Then here ends Mercury's commission.
Psyche, in Venus' name, I do arrest thee,
For wrongs to her and Cupid.
Psy. I obey
Your high arrest, and with a humble suit,
Prostrate myself to Cytherea's wrath.
Where's angry Venus?
Mer. Frantic in this grove,
Mourning Adonis' death,——and here she comes.

Enter VENUS.

Ven. Accursed bow! why didst thou not defend him?
He shall not die; Adonis still shall live.
Apollo! gentle Phœbus! mount thy chariot,
And in his cold breast breathe celestial fire,
For all earth's simples cannot cure his wound;
Or, if he must expire, command the Muses
To give my love immortal memory;—
Hast thou found Psyche? oh that in this rage,
I could but now forget her.
Mer. See where she stands,
With down-cast eyes, and weak up-heaved hands.
Ven. Just of my height, state, and my proportion;
And were her pristine beauty lent her back,
Might, in the rabble's judgment, rival me.
Strumpet! profaner of our sacred rites!
How hast thou wrong'd me, and abus'd my son,
By aiming at my honour and his life.

Psy. Dread Paphian Queen, for lovely Cupid's sake,
And this rich burthen in my wretched womb,
Pity poor Psyche!
Ven. Hast thou play'd the strumpet,
And, for thy sin's sake, must I pardon thee?
No, that alone hath made me merciless. [*Venus beats her.*
Psy. Help me, dear father! sisters! Mercury!
Adm. I dare not speak for thee.
Ast. Nor I.
Pet. Nor I.
Psy. Poor Psyche! born unto adversity.
Mer. Be not so bitter, madam, for his sake,
By whom you are made a grandam.
Ven. I prove a grandam to a strumpet's brat!
Go, Mercury! and from some garner fetch
Five measures of five several sorts of grain;
Despatch it, Hermes!
Mer. What will Venus do?
Ven. Thou shalt know better when thou back return'st.
[*exit Mercury.*
You are young Venus, and the Queen of Love,
That had th' ambition to be Cupid's wife,
And marry with a god. Ho, Boreas!
Since Mercury is slack in his return,
Wind her enticing locks about thy arm,
And tossing her loose carcase in the air,
Fling it into the bosom of some storm,
And grind her bones to powder in the fall.
Psy. Pity me, Venus! father, plead for me!

Enter MERCURY, *with grain.*

Ven. 'Tis well done, Hermes; hast thou brought the grain?

Mer. I have

Ven. Then, minion, here's your task;
Look on all these; see, thus I mingle them.

Psy. And what must miserable Psyche do?

Ven. To several heaps with thine own hands divide
Each several seed, e'er the sun kiss the west,
Or look for death; go, and when that is done,
I'll ride to Paphos and enlarge my son,
Whom yet I keep close prisoner in my closet. [*exit.*

Adm. Psyche, adieu! none can reverse thy doom.

Ast. Not I.

Men. Nor we. [*exeunt all but Mercury and Psyche.*

Psy. I wish the earth my tomb.

Mer. Take patience, Psyche, and be comforted.

Psy. Comfort! alas! what comfort can she find
Whose father and dear friends prove so unkind?

Mer. For Cupid's sake, who, for thy love, now wears
A pair of golden shackles on his heels,
This Mercury will do; fly hence to Paphos,
And fetch him from his late imprisonment,
Then tell him of his mother's tyranny;
That done, we two will teach thee, without pain,
In several heaps how to divide this grain. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter MIDAS *and* APULEIUS.

Mid. And where have I been, think'st thou, Apuleius?

Didst thou not miss me?

Apu. Yes, I did not sleep, as thou didst, in thy judgment.

Mid. Then, I perceive,
Thou know'st how I maintain'd our rural music,
Preferring it before Apollo's harp.

Apu. Yes, and by that infer, thou art all earthly,
Nothing celestial in thee.

Mid. All's one for that; now for your moral.

Apu. Wilt thou stay it out?

Mid. No, 'tis too dull,
Unless thou'lt quicken me with some conceit;
Thy Psyche's sadness hath made me so heavy,
That Morpheus steals upon me.

Apu. What would'st thou see?

Mid. Thy little Cupid I like pretty well,
And would see something else that he can do,
More than belongs to Psyche.

Apu. Well, to keep thee awake,
I'll shew thee now love's contrarieties,
Which was more than my promise.

A Dance.

Enter a King and a Beggar, a young Man and an old Woman, a lean Man and a fat Woman; they dance, and exeunt.

Mid. Aye, marry, this was somewhat like indeed;
Here's young and old, here's fat and lean, the beggar and the king;
Love hath power over all.
But to your moral now; why comes your Psyche

With a sharp razor, and a burning lamp,
To murder Cupid? then he wakes and chafes,
And flings the house out at windows: was't not so?
Apu. I'll tell thee; she, charm'd by her sisters' tongues
Thinks her fair love a serpent; and, grown mad,
Would murder Cupid, tear even Jove from heaven;
Yet note the greatness of celestial mercy;
One glimpse, one lamp, one spark, one divine thought
Plucks back her arm, and more enflames her breast
With amorous raptures; but, because, poor soul!
She aim'd to search forbidden mysteries,
Her eyes are blasted, Cupid loathes her sight,
He leaves her ugly, and his blessed bower
Is rent in pieces; for heaven seems to fall
When our poor souls turn diabolical.
Mid. For that 'twixt Pan and Phœbus, I know best,
For I was there an umpire: but resolve me,
Why left he Psyche when she lost his love,
Yet mourn'd when she was left of all her friends?
Apu. All bid the wretched soul run to despair,
When lep'rous sin deforms her; but even then,
When the gods hate her, when she's scorn'd of men,
Cupid hangs in the air, his divine eyes
Shed tears for her, comforts her miseries.
Mid. Yet he forsook her too.
Apu. Till Psyche be made fair, and angel-white,
She's not to stand in Cupid's glorious sight.
Mid Well, I am answer'd.
Apu. For thy part, Midas,

Laugh, sleep, or flout; nay, snarl, and cavil too;
Which none of these here met I hope will do. [*exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter VULCAN.

Vul. Within here, ho, Pyracmon! when, you knave?
Take in Adonis' quiver, and his bow,
And hang them up in Venus' armory,
By Mars his gauntlet, and Achilles' sword.
Ha, ha, ha! I laugh until my sides be sore,
For joy that my wife's dandiprat is dead;
And now, my Cyclops, lay't on lustily;
There's half a hundred thunder-bolts bespoke,
Which argues that the world is full of sin!
Neptune hath broke his mace, and Juno's coach
Must be new mended, and the hind-most wheels
Must have two spokes set in; Phœbus' fore-horse
Must have two new shoes calk'd, and one remove;
Pan's sheep-hook must be mended shortly too;
Ply it of all hands, we have much to do.

1*st.* CYCLOP, *within.*

1*st. Cyc.* Master, here's one of Ceres' husbandmen
Would have a plough-share and a scythe new ground.

Vul. New ground! new halter'd! he shall stay his turn:
Shall we deceive the gods and goddesses,
For a plough-jogging hind?

2nd. Cyc. Here's Mercury,—to have his caduceus mended.
Vul. He shall stay.
3rd. Cyc. Here's Ganymede,
To have his master's hunting-nag new shod;
And Mars his lackey, with a broken gorget.
4th. Cyc. And here's a clown for hob-nails.
Vul. Here's the devil and all!
What would they have me do? I toil and moil
Worse than a mill-horse; scarce have kept a minute
This fortnight, and odd days; I have not time
To sit and eat; but I'll give over all,
And live upon my wife, as others do;
They say, she hath good takings; e'er I'll endure it,
I will do any thing: when I was made a smith,
Would I had been a bear-ward!
4th. Cyc. What shall we do first?
Vul. Why, first, go hang yourselves!
I keep a dozen journeymen at least,
Besides my Cyclops, and my prentices,
Yet 'twill not fadge; I think, my little boy
Cupid must blow the bellows, and my wife
Venus must leave her trade, and turn she-smith;
Yet 'twould scarce quit the cost; she'd spend me more
In nectar and sweet balls to scow'r her cheeks,
Smudg'd and besmear'd with coal-dust and with smoke,
Than all her work would come to:
But soft, what shackl'd runaway is this?

Enter CUPID, *in fetters.*

Why, how now, Cupid?

Cup. Crawling softly to you;
You are my dad, and I am come to see you.
Vul. How came you out of credit with your mother?
Cup. Ask me how I crept into credit rather;
For do you see, sir, thus the matter stands;
I am indebted, and thus enter'd bands*
To be forthcoming.
Vul. You're a young whore-master; about your wench
I have heard all: but where's your mother now?
Cup. Binding up myrtles for Adonis' tomb,
Whom she hath now turn'd to a hyacinth.
Vul. And what's become of Psyche? where is she?
Cup. I parted but even now with Mercury,
Who told me that my mother had enjoin'd her
To part five measures of commixed grain
Into five heaps, which seem'd impossible;
But he and I sent forth the toiling ants,
Who, like so many earnest labourers,
Did it with ease, for they were numberless:
Then with his cunning having pick'd the lock
Of Venus' closet door, he set me free;
And I am come, dear father, to entreat
You file off these my bolts.
Vul. Cupid, I dare not; Venus gave me charge
Not to take off thy shackles.
Cup. Father, sweet honey sugar-candy dad,
Indeed, indeed you shall.
Vul. This colloguing wag
Will not be answered: come, set up your leg;

* Bonds.

Venus will sole me by the ears for this.

Cup. No, no, I warrant you.

Enter PSYCHE, *with a vial.*

Vul. So, now 'tis done; thou'rt free; —— but who comes here?

She's angry sure, for see how big she looks;
What a great breadth she bears; methinks, a woman
Becomes no ornaments she wears so well
As a great belly; therefore, 'tis much pity
They should want things to make them look so pretty.

Psy. Unhappy Psyche! Venus most obdure,
And never satiate with my endless cares,
When, by the helps of silly labouring ants,
I had ended the first task, her cruelty
Binds me to worse disaster.

Cup. Once, my love,
Had'st thou been true to Cupid, not the least
Of all these evils had assaulted thee;
And till my mother's anger be appeas'd,
I dare do nothing: yet, for our first love's sake,
Make me acquainted with thy second task,
And as I may, be sure, I'll further it

Psy. Let my lips kiss this earth whereon you tread,
In low submission; for her late injunction
Transcends all human possibility;
This vial I must fill at that spring-head,
From whence Cocytus flows, that fearful stream,
Which feeds the river Styx.

Cup. Be advis'd by me:

Not far from Tænarus, whose barren top
Is crown'd with clouds of smoke, there lies a mead,
O'ergrown with osiers, briars, and sycamores;
In this Jove's eagle, on whose dusky wings
Ganymede flew to heaven, obscures himself
From jealous Juno's wrath; enquire him out;
Tell him thy grief, and that thou cam'st from me;
From this hard task he will deliver thee.

Psy. Thanks, glorious deity; upon my knees,
Press'd down with this rich burthen of thy love,
I beg that you will mediate 'twixt my errors,
And your stern mother's wrath.

Cup. Well, get thee gone;
'Tis I will front her indignation. [*exit Psyche.*

Enter PAN *and* VENUS.

Pan. This way he ran with shacklès on his heels,
And said he would to Vulcan. O, but see
Where he stands cogging with him.

Ven. Now, you runaway,
You disobedient, thou unhappy wag,
Where be the golden fetters I left you bound in?

Cup. True, for my good behaviour; but you see
My bands are cancell'd and your son set free.

Ven. I'll whip you for't, with nettles steep'd in wine.

Cup. So you'll nettle me, and I must smart for't?
But when your own flames burn, and you desire
With him, or him, to glut your appetite,
Then, gentle Cupid, then, my pretty son,
My love, my dear, my darling, and what not,

Till you have had your will.

Ven. With his flattering tongue
He still prevents my anger: but for thee,
As crooked is thy manners as thy shape;
I thought, great fool, you durst not harbour him.

Vul. No more I did, sweet wife.

Cup. Sweet mother queen,
Buss my black dad, for all that he hath done
Was love to you, and kindness to your son.

Vul. Speak for me, Pan, as e'er thou hop'st to have
Thy broken hook well mended.

Pan. When, can'st tell?
I tell thee, I must first have, besides that,
A dozen of branding-irons to mark my flock:
The time draws near, sheep-shearing is at hand;
Besides, two of my Satyrs falling out
About a lamb, one of them burst his horn;
It must be tipt too; thou art well acquainted
With tipping horns.

Vul. Ha, horns! with horns! how's that?

Pan. Nay, ask your wife; I cannot speak of horns,
But still you take the last word to yourself;
For Venus makes, and Vulcan wears,
And Vulcan takes, and Venus bears.

Vul. Vulcan wear horns!

Ven. No, sweetheart, you mistake;
Pan is the forked god, with horns was born,
And ever since, his tongue runs of the horn.

Pan. Speak, shall I have my sheep-hook, and those irons?

Vul. Yes, Pan, you shall;
But yet, those horns have struck deep to my heart.
Pan. Take heed they grow not upward to your head,
And tipping horns, your brows wear horns indeed.

Enter PSYCHE.

But who comes here? Vulcan, is this your wench?
Thou had'st best look to him, Venus.
Psy. Like your obedient servant, that lays down
Her life and labour at her mistress' feet,
So comes poor Psyche, held between the arms
Of fear and duty; fear, disheart'ning me,
Would pluck me back; but duty, being more strong,
Bids me go forward, bending my weak knee
Before the shrine of sacred majesty.
Accept my service, who, to gain your grace,
Would yield myself to ashy death's embrace.
Ven. Is this that water of th' infernal lake?
Psy. This is that water, whose infectious torrent
Runs from Cocytus into Phlegethon,
Infernal Styx, and the black Acheron,
Dear goddess!
Ven. Art thou not a fawning counterfeit?
First, I employed thee to divide my grain,
A task impossible for mortal hands;
This second as more hard, and yet 'tis done;
Thou work'st by sorcery; but no damn'd spell
Shall keep me from my wrath—thy soul from hell.
Vul. Venus, sweet mouse; nay, pr'ythee do not chide!
Forgive, as I forgive thee.

Ven. Polt-foot, peace!

Cup. Sweet mother, let your ire be mollified;
Since for her fault she hath endur'd this pain,
Banish all hate and make her blest again.

Ven. Again, I charge thee, not to speak for her:
Once more I'll try thee further, since thy heart
Is wedded to such hellish sorcery:
Hie to Proserpina, the black-brow'd queen;
I'll send thee on my embassy to hell:
Tell her that sickness, with her ashy hand,
Hath swept away the beauty from my cheeks,
And I desire her send me some of hers.
Fetch me a box of beauty then from hell;
That's thy last labour—urge not a reply;
Do my command and live; refuse, and die.

Cup. For my sake, my best mother, pity her.

Ven. For thee, I hate her; and for her, hate thee!

Pan. Nay, gentle Venus, be more merciful,
For her great belly's sake.

Ven. For that alone
I'll hate you all, till she be fled and gone!

Psy. Then go I must; and, going, ne'er return!
Oh, Cupid, my inconstancy to thee
Is cause of this my endless misery!

Cup. Withdraw thee, Psyche, till the rest be gone;
Anon I'll speak with thee. [*exit Psyche.*

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. Venus, Vulcan, Cupid, and god Pan,
I summon you t' appear at Ceres' plain,

To entertain the fair Proserpina,
For whom I now am sent: I must to hell
About Jove's embassy: Venus, farewell. [*exit.*

Ven. Hermes, farewell; we'll meet at Ceres' plenteous court.
Come, Cupid, follow me.

Pan. Vulcan cannot go.

Vul. Yes, but 'tis best to keep behind a shrew.

Pan. Then put her in before: on, Venus; go.
[*exeunt all but Cupid.*

Cup. Psyche, approach; but do not come too near,
That pride thou hast already bought too dear.

Enter PSYCHE.

Psy. Oh, pity Psyche! she is sent to hell.

Cup. It is the sound of hell wakes pity's eye,
Else I had left thee to more misery.
My love's not done, though thou art quite undone,
Unless I arm thee 'gainst the darts of death,
Which hell aims at thee.

Psy. Let thy sacred breath—

Cup. Wound me no more with words, for they but grieve me;
Now mark, what on thy journey must relieve thee!
First, hie thee to the banks of Acheron:
Thou can'st not miss the way, 'tis broad, and worn
With trampling of ten thousand passengers;
There shalt thou find hell's churlish ferryman,
His name is Charon; there's to pay his hire;
Take heed thou lose it not, for, doing so,

He'll beat, and leave thee on the shore of woe:
Being ferried over, thou shalt spy hell's gates;
Thou need'st not knock, they're open night and day;
Give Cerberus a sop, and pass away.

Psy. And what's that Cerberus?

Cup. Porter of hell,
Who must at thy return be brib'd again.
My great desire to help thee, hinders thee;
I should have told thee, when in Charon's barge,
Thou art wafting o'er the dreadful waves of Styx,
An aged man, with a pale countenance,
His name's Oblivion, swimming in the flood,
Will heave his wither'd arms, and cry, help! help!
Save me from drowning! Stretch not forth thy hand;
For if thou dost, thou ne'er return'st to shore;
Thou wilt forget my love, see me no more.

Psy. I'll stop my ears against Oblivion's cry.

Cup. Being landed, thou shalt see old wrinkl'd hags,
Spinning black threads, whilst Folly reels them up.
He will let fall his reel, and pray thee reach it;
But stoop not. They will likewise beckon thee
To sit down by them; but to spin a thread
Take heed; doing so, from me thou art banished.

Psy. I'll shun their baits.

Cup. Being enter'd Pluto's court,
They all will 'tice thee with a thousand trains:
Shun all, and neither sit nor eat with them;
Only deliver what thou art enjoin'd;
Receive the box of beauty, and be gone;
Which still keep shut; let not thy daring eye

Behold the wealth that in the box doth lie.

Psy. Dread Cupid—

Cup. Now, farewell; had'st thou but obey'd me,
Thy face had still been lovely, and mine eye
Doated on thee with heavenly jealousy. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CLOWN *and* SWAINS.

1*st. Swain.* And what dost thou think of Cupid, now?

Clown. Do not think I am so stupid,
But to think well of great god Cupid.

2*nd. Swain.* And what of poets?

Clown. As poets, as of potentates; for, since I play'd the last prize against Phœbus, in which I may say of myself, *veni, vidi, vici;* I have been so troubled with a poetical itch, that I can scratch you out rhymes, and ballads, songs, and sonnets, odes, and madrigals, till they bleed again.

1*st. Swain.* Then thou art reconcil'd to Homer.

Clown. Homer was honorable; Hesiod, heroical; Virgil, a vicegerent; Naso, notorious; Martial, a provost; Juvenal, a jovial lad; and Persius, a paramount. What do I think of poetry, of which myself am a profest member!

2*nd. Swain.* And may be very well spared, and yet the body never the worse: but thou may'st see what becomes of railing against Cupid: what a sweet mistress he hath put upon thee.

Clown. Who, my Amaryllis?

1*st. Swain.* Yes, the veriest dowdy in all Arcadia; even Mopsa, compar'd with her, shews like a Madam; first, she's old————

Clown. It was very well said, to say—first, because she was before us; and for old, is not age reverend? and therefore in my eyes she's honorable.

1*st. Swain.* And wrinkled.

Clown. Is't not the fashion? do not our Gentiles wear their hair crisped, the Nymphs their gowns plaited, and the Fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinkled? doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plough'd, and the land best when it lies in furrows?

1*st. Swain.* Besides, she hath a horrible long nose.

Clown. That's to defend her lips; but thou sinner to sense, and renegade to reason, do'st thou blame length in any thing? do'st thou not wish thy life long, and know'st thou not that truth comes out at length; when all our joys are gone and past, doth not long-look'd for come at last; if any of our Nymphs be wrong'd, will she not say, 'tis 'long of me, 'tis 'long of thee or 'long of him; if they buy any commodity by the yard, do they not wish it long? your advocate wishes to have a law suit hang long; and the poor client, be his cloak never so short and thread-bare, yet would be glad to wear it longer.

No marri'd man, but doth his wife much wrong,
Tho' he himself be short, t'have nothing long.

2*nd. Swain.* The short and the long of't is, she's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'st.

Clown. Make of her what I can? O that all, or any of you, could, like me, look upon her with the eyes of poetry! I would then let you know what I have made of her.

1*st. Swain.* Pr'ythee, let's hear't.

Clown. Then listen hither, O you imps of ignorance!

O tell me, have you ever seen,
Since you were born, unto this day,
Which is long since, a wit so green,
And cover'd with a head so grey.

To praise her still my muse's will is,
Although therein I have no cunning,
Yet is the nose of Amaryllis
Like to a cock, long and still running.

Her eyes, though dim, do seem clear,
And they of rheum can well dispose,
The one doth blink, the other blear,
In pearl-drops striving with her nose.

Her breasts are like two beds of bliss,
Or rather like two lean cow's udders;
Which shews that she no changeling is,
Because they say, such were her mother's.

Those few teeth left her in her head,
Now stand like hedgestakes in her gums;
Full of white dandrif is her head,
She puts the cobbler down for thumbs.

Her sides be long, her belly lank,
And of her legs what should I say?
But that she feels well in the flank,
And both her feet themselves display.

1*st. Swain.* All the Homers in Asia could never have come so near the business.

Clown. From head to foot, for her stature and years, pattern her in all Arcadia: say she be a foul beast in your eyes, yet, she is my Hyren; and shewing foul to others, and fair to me, I shall live the happier, and she the honester: but I have a remedy against all this, in spite of Cupid.

2nd. Swain. What's that?

Clown. I hear Psyche, his mistress, is sent to hell for a box of beauty; 'tis but waylaying of her, and taking it from her, then Amaryllis shall compare with any other she that dare. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter MIDAS *and* APULEIUS.

Mid. This last I lik'd, and had it all been such,
Only a mere discourse 'twixt swains and clowns,
It then had pleas'd me: now, some quaint device,
Some kickshaw, or other, to keep me waking.

Apu. Then, by the leave of these spectators here,
I'll suit me to thy low capacity:
Of Vulcan's Cyclops I'll so much entreat,
That thou shalt see them on their anvil beat;
'Tis music fitting thee,—for who but knows,
The vulgar are best pleas'd with noise and shows?

A Dance of VULCAN *and his* CYCLOPS.

Mid. Well, this I like:
Now let me know the cream of this conceit;
Why grain? why measures? why the number five?
Your moral, sir, for that?

Apu. The number five, our senses doth include;
Those several grains, our several sorts of sins,
Which, like those seeds, to count, are infinite;
And so commix'd, that to distinguish them,
It much transcends human capacity.

Mid. And then, those ants; what did'st thou mean by them?

Apu. By those are meant our recollections,
And labyrinths, still busied in the search
Of what hath past, and, were it possible,
By drawing them into their former heaps,
To pay to each, indebted penitence;
But all in vain, for this can never be
Without true love, guided by Mercury:
But for my scene, how do'st thou relish that?

Mid. As ribble-rabble, and I know not what;
A vial must be fill'd with Stygian drops,
And that an eagle must for Psyche fetch,
And all this, to what purpose?

Apu. What to thee,
And such like drones, seems to be most absurd,
Is to the wise, perspicuous and most plain.
When Psyche hath transgress'd, and her offence,
Almost past pardon, merits Cupid's wrath,
Then woes, like waves, follow each other's neck;
Then must she fetch a glass of Stygian water,
A vial fill'd with true repentant tears;
And that she cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,
But by the eagle's help, Heaven's providence.

Mid. But for her voyage into hell, can'st make me
Believe, that once there, she can come from thence?

Apu. Can'st thou be silent, and but apprehend
Thou now behold'st her sit in Charon's boat,
Oblivion reaching up his wretched hands,
To crave her help, and then by folly woo'd,
Next by the idle sisters; these things past,
Ent'ring hell gates, whither thy imagination

May bring her? Howsoever, gentlemen,
I hope you will that better understand;
We'll but affright her with Hell's Court, and then
On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth again.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, MINOS, ÆACUS, RHADAMANT, CHARON, MERCURY, *and* CERBERUS.

Plu. Fair Maia's son, declare your embassy.
Mer. Wheat-crowned Ceres, harvest's sovereign,
And mother to the fair Proserpina,
Sends greeting to her son, hell's awful king;
Letting him know this day Latona's son
Enters the first house of his zodiac;
And with his gilt beams welcomes in the spring:
This day the virgins of Sicilia,
Old wives, young children, soldiers, citizens,
Princes and prelates, on Cephisus' banks,
Are gather'd in well order'd multitudes,
Dancing in choruses, singing mirthful lays,
Such as Iambe, Meganira's maid,
Sung, when she mourn'd her daughter's ravishment;
This day hath Ceres call'd a sessions,
Where Proserpine must be; but ere she leave
The black imperial throne of this low world,
Psyche, the daughter to th' Arcadian king,
Must do a message to her deity.
Pro. We know the intent of that great influence,

With all the purpose of the Paphian Queen;
She means proud Psyche never shall return,
And we will keep her: Charon, fetch her o'er.

Cha. She's come already.

Min. Then conduct her in.

Cha. Hell's full enough of shrews: if she be fair,
I know she's curst; pray, let her tarry there;
A curs'd quean's tongue the very fiends still fear.

Plu. Fetch her, I say; Venus shall be reveng'd.

Æac. Go, Charon; wait upon him, Cerberus.

Min. If she perform the customs of our court,
Being sent on message from supernal powers,
We can then with no justice keep her here.

Rha. True, Minos: 'tis the law of hell and fate;
Yet, Cerberus and Charon, get you gone.
Tell Psyche, that hell's king, and Proserpine,
With Minos bench'd, Æacus and Rhadamant,
Upon their black tribunals, send for her;
You, Furies, with your envious eyes, attend,
Lest Psyche 'gainst our customs shall offend.

Cha. Come, Cerberus; come, hags; fetch Psyche in.

Cer. Yes, and for all her stains and leprosy,
Methinks I now could eat her.

[*exeunt Charon and Cerberus.*

Mer. Psyche is well instructed, Rhadamant;
Her husband Cupid gave her certain rules
For her uncertain journey.

Enter CHARON, CERBERUS, *and* PSYCHE.

All. Here she comes.

Cer. My sop; hast thou thy naulum, ferry-man?

Cha. I have.

Plu. Psyche, stand forth; nay, poor soul, tremble not.

Min. How came this woman over Acheron?
Reach'd she not hand to help Oblivion?

Cha. No; yet the wretch made a piteous cry;
Yet she look'd on him with a scornful eye.

Æac. How did she pass the hags that spun the threads
Of idle Folly, in the path of hell?

Cha. They all desir'd her help; but she deny'd
To set a finger unto Folly's thread.

Plu. She hath done well; why kneel'st thou on the ground?

Psy. I kneel to Proserpine, for I am sent
By sacred Venus for a box of beauty.

Pro. Fair Psyche, you shall have what you desire;
Rise up, sit down by us; 'tis much unfit,
The wife of Cupid on the ground should sit.

Psy. Psyche is Cupid's out-cast, and his scorn,
And therefore sits thus low, and thus forlorn.

Plu. Oh, thou belov'd of Love, be not so sad;
Furnish a banquet; let our cousin taste
The delicates that grow in these dark groves.

Pro. Art thou not faint? [*a banquet set forth.*

Psy. Yes, wond'rous faint and weary;
Faint through the want of food, weary with toil
Of my unnumber'd steps; faint through the terror
That on each side affrights me; faint and weary
With bearing this poor burthen in my womb.
Cupid, thy words are true; thou did'st foretel
My pride on earth should work my plagues in hell.

Plu. Refresh thyself; then taste our delicates.
Psy. I dare not touch them.
Rha. Thou hast a sop; eat that.
Psy. It is not mine,
It is your porter's fee.
Cer. Give it me then.
Psy. Anon I will, at my return from hence.
In the mean time, sacred Proserpina,
By all the tears your grieved mother shed,
When you were stol'n from Pisma's flow'ry bank,
Let Psyche be despatch'd to Cypria,
Lest the incensed goddess do some wrong
To her poor servant, if she stay too long.
Plu. Will she not sit? scorns she to take our food?
Give her some wine.
Cha. Here, girl, drink to Hell's king.
Psy. Give me cold water from the murmuring spring.
Plu. I am soul-vex'd, that any mortal eye
Should see our customs, and return alive,
To blab them to the wide ear of the world:
But, Proserpine, having perform'd all rites,
We must not here detain her: send her hence.
Pro. My envy equals yours, but all in vain.
Psyche, receive this box from Proserpine,
Wherein celestial beauty is enclos'd;
But, on thy life, dare not to look into't,
As thou respect'st thy safety.
Psy. I receive it,
And humbly begging to dread Pluto's queen,
Entreat to be dismiss'd this fearful court.

Plu. Charon, convey her back.
Cha. My ferry-money.
Cer. My sop.
Psy. Both's here.
[*exit Charon and Cerberus, with Psyche.*
Plu. Psyche is worthy to be Cupid's wife;
And, Proserpine, remember her to Venus:
Make intercession that the queen of love
No longer prove th' ungentle step-mother.
Mer. Pluto, when Psyche hath perform'd her task,
My sister will no doubt be reconcil'd;
Cupid presented a petition
To Jove, and all the senate of the gods,
To take from her her base deformity:
The gods agreed, and Venus too was pleas'd
At her return from hell it should be done.
Plu. Here, Hermes, take my Queen Proserpina;
Return her when the sister of the Sun
Hath six times compassed her silver sphere;
Commend me to my mother, great Jove's wife,
My sister Pallas, and to all the gods:
So farewell Pluto's joy; all hell shall mourn
With hideous cries till my fair love return. [*exeunt.*
[*hideous music.*

SCENE II.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Many a long look have my watchful eyes
Sent out to meet with Psyche; here she comes,

Enter PSYCHE.

And in her hand the box; Cupid, stand close,
And overhear the sum of her discourse.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. This is she; I know her by her martyr'd face. Venus did well to send her for beauty; for, poor soul, she hath need on't. I have dogg'd her, to see if I could find her at any advantage, to steal away her box; I have already got love from Cupid; I have got poetry from Apollo; and if I could now get beauty from Psyche,—Phaon, the fair ferryman, was never so famous in Sicilia, as I, Corydon, shall be in Arcadia.

Psy. You, trait'rous thoughts, no more assault me thus;
My lovely Cupid charg'd me not to see
What Proserpine sent Venus in this box;
The like command did Hell's queen lay on me:
Oh, heaven! yet I shall die except I do't.

Cup. Aye, Psyche, what still in your longing vein?

Clown. That's it; nay, I shall know't, if I see't again.

Psy. It's beauty, Psyche, and celestial,
And thou art ugly; this will make thee shine,
And change this earthly form to shape divine;
Open it boldly; but I shall offend;—
Why, say I do; 'tis but the breach of duty,
And who'll not venture to get heavenly beauty,
Rich beauty, ever fresh, never decaying,
Which lies entombed in this heavenly shrine;
Nor in this bold attempt think me profane,

Striving, thus spotted, to be free from stain.

[*she opens the box and falls asleep.*

Clown. Nay, I thought I should take you napping,
And thou shalt go with me; for 'tis my duty,
My mistress being a blowze, to find her beauty.

[*Cupid charms him asleep.*

Cup. To make thee lovely in thy mistress' eyes,
Make use of that, and boast of thy rich prize.

[*Cupid lays a counterfeit box by him.*

But, foolish girl; alas! why blame I thee,
When all thy sex is guilty of like pride,
And ever was: but where's this beauty now?
Turn'd into slumbers, and, like wat'ry pearls
Of honey-tasting dew, hangs on these lids:—
She wakes again; I have swept off the slumber
That hung so heavy on these spotted covers,
Which once clos'd in the light of all true lovers.

Psy. Where am I now? dread Cupid, pardon me!

Cup. Come, rise; and wipe away these fruitless tears!
Take up the box, and hie thee to my mother!

Psy. She'll kill me for the beauty I have lost.

Cup. Tush, fool! I gather'd it from thy clos'd eyes,
Where in the shape of slumber it did rest;
Be comforted; Cupid's white hand shall clear
This black deformity, and thou shalt ride
In Venus' chariot, and be deified.
I thought to chide thee, but it will not be,
True love can but a while look bitterly;
Awake thou too, the treasure there enclos'd,
Rifle at will, but see it well dispos'd.

[*exeunt Cupid and Psyche.*

Clown. Where am I? nay, where is she? I no sooner cast mine eye upon the box, to say—here 'tis, but I was asleep before a man could say—what's this? what's this, said I;

Rejoice, all mortals that wear smocks,
For I have found rich beauty's box;

I was before but a man made, but I am now a very made man; and when 'tis known I am possess'd of this rich treasure, both young and old, short and tall, tag and rag, witch and hag, crone and beldame, who, though they come abroad but seldom, will crawl upon crutches to find out me: but come as many as will, and as fast as can, by their favours, my Amaryllis shall be first serv'd: and yet not first neither; am I in possession myself, and shall not I be the white boy of Arcadia? Adonis is dead, and shall not I be Venus' sweetheart?

Come, box of beauty, and for white and red,

[*the box is full of ugly paint, with which he smears his face.*

Put down Jove's page, the smooth-fac'd Ganymede;
Daub on, daub on, as thick as thou can'st lay on,
Till thou exceed the ferryman call'd Phaon;
Cupid, compar'd with me, shall be a toy,
And look but like the sign of the black boy;
My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,
In one cheek I'll plant lilies, in t'other roses,
Till all that this my visage gaze upon,
Say,—there, there goes the fair-fac'd Corydon!

Enter SWAINS.

1*st. Swain.* Where is Corydon? Hymen stays, and

Amaryllis attends; the bride is ready, but no bridegroom to be found.

Clown. I do not think the clowns will know me when they see me; [*aside.*] Colin, Dickon, Hobbinol! and how is't, how is't?

2nd. Swain. Ha, ha, ha, very scurvily methinks: is this Corydon?

Clown. Nay, if my face in swains breed such delight,
What will the nymphs do when they come in sight?

3rd. Swain. O, monstrous Corydon! how cam'st thou thus chang'd?

Clown. Chang'd! I hope so: I have not travell'd thus far for nothing; speak, you mortals! doth not my brow relent? shines not my nose? springs not here a lily, there a rose?

2nd. Swain. A rose, a lily! a blue-bottle, and a canker-flower! what is that upon thy face?

Clown. Beauty, boys, beauty.

2nd. Swain. Beauty, dost call it? I pr'ythee, from whence came it?

Clown. Marry, from hell.

2nd. Swain. From hell? I believe it; for it hath made thee look like a devil already.

Clown. Go, shear your sheep, make money of your wool,
Sell all your lambs, and make your purses full;
And then, if on the price we can agree,
I'll fit you all, and make you look like me.

2nd. Swain. Like thee! I'd rather see thee hang'd: dost thou think we mean to wear vizors?

Clown. This 'tis to be mere mortals, and have no addition

of learning or travel; their dull eyes cannot judge celestial beauty: but where's my Amaryllis, and the god marriage, Hymen?

1st. Swain. They both stay for thee in Venus' templ but I hope thou wilt not be married to her in this pickl

Clown. Will I not? yes, and dazzle all their eyes th shall look on me, especially my Amaryllis;
And she must needs have some part of my theft:
All is not gone, something for her is left:—
Lead on, lead on, this day you shall be my men;
And thus in pomp will we go meet with Hymen:
And, Dickon, if anon thou wilt be sinful
To drink with me, I will give thee thy skinful:
If there be any here, I speak it out of duty,
Desire any complexion from my box of beauty;
This night I'm busy, let them come to morrow;
They shall have store, if they will buy or borrow. [*exeun*

SCENE III.

Enter PAN, APOLLO, VULCAN, VENUS, ADMETUS, ASTIOCHE PETREA, MENETIUS, ZELOTES, *and* ARCADIANS.

Ven. By this I know, that minx is come from hell,
And here she harbours; but, Arcadian King,
Deliver her, or, by our dreadful frown,
I'll spoil thy courts, and cast thy temples down;
Conceal her longer, not the gods' entreats
Shall guard her from the death my rage intends!

Adm. Dread Queen of Paphos, she remains not here;
Nor think that I abet her, though my child,

Against your wrath, or power; nay, did she sojourn
In any place where I have free command,
I'd cause her to be fetch'd thence instantly,
And as your slave and vassal tender her.

Ven. If she be safe return'd from Proserpine,
She must be pardon'd, and become divine;
But to conceal her being, and keep back
The present sent, keeps but her future wrack.

Apo. If ever in fair Venus I had power,
Or grac'd her summer pastimes with my beams,
At length, with a commiserating eye,
Look on distressed Psyche.

Vul. Do, good wife;
Use her with all the favour thou can'st think;
Connive at her, as I at thy faults wink.

Pan. And Pan protests, by Canna's nut-brown hair,
The fairest nymph, since Syrinx, I e'er saw;
Be friends with her; my Satyrs all shall play,
And I with them make this a holyday.

Enter MERCURY *and* PROSERPINE.

Mer. To all these gods, to Venus, and this train,
Health from the son of Saturn, and Queen Ceres!

Ven. Welcome! what would the messenger of Jove
To us, or these?

Mer. Pan, Vulcan, and yourself,
With Phœbus, and the great Arcadian king,
Must be this day at Ceres' sowing-feast;
Unto which annual meeting, see fair Proserpine
Is come from Pluto's court.

Ven. Welcome, fair queen!
Apo. Welcome, fair sister, from the vaults below!
We two are twins, of fair Latona born,
And were together nurs'd in Delos' Isle;
You guide the night, as I direct the day:
Darkness and light betwixt us we divide;
Nor square, but in our mutual orbs agree,
Unless you move just 'twixt the earth and me;
For then you eclipse my lustre.
Vul. Cousin Queen,
I am even moon-sick, and half merry mad,
For joy of thy arrival.
Pan. By our crests
We should be cousins, for we both are horn'd;
And Vulcan of our kin too: but, sweet goddess,
Now I bethink me of th' Arcadian nymphs,
I am bound to thee for many a pretty sight,
And much good sport I've had by thy moonlight.
Pro. To give you meeting, I am come from hell.
Ven. Saw you not Psyche there?
Pro. Love's Queen, I did:
Hither she comes, with Cupid, hand in hand:
Her leprosy, through labour, is made clear,
And beauteous in your eye she'll now appear.

Enter CUPID *and* PSYCHE.

Cup. Celestial, sea-born queen! I here present you
My Psyche, who hath satisfied your will:
Deliver her, fair love, from Proserpine,
The box of beauty, endless and divine.

Psy. Guided by Love, lord of my life and hope,
I come undaunted to your gracious sight;
Hoping, my sufferance hath out-worn his wrath.
Ven. She hath 'scap'd hell, and now the task is done;
And I still cross'd by a disobedient son.
But tell me how this leper came thus fair.
Cup. At my intreat it was:
'Mongst all the gods I claim'd her for my wife;
Who, taking a joint pity of her wrongs,
Gave their consent; and, then, great Jove himself
Call'd for a cup of immortality,
Drank part to her, and Psyche quaff'd the rest;
At which, deformity forsook her quite,
And she made fair, and then proclaim'd my bride;
Jove vowing, she should now be deified.
Ven. I see, I cannot conquer destiny:
By fate she first was thine;—I give her thee.
Mer. Now, Psyche, you must see your sisters judg'd;
Unstaid Petrea, and unkind Astioche:
Admetus, you must be their sentencer.
Ast. Husband, your knees!
Pet. My dear lord! plead for us.
Ast. Will neither? yet, father!
Adm. Wretches, peace!
Psyche by you was torn from her delight,
And rudely rent from Cupid's paradise;
'Twas you that robb'd her of a father's love;
By your allurements, she was sent to hell;
And had not divine aid secur'd her thence,
Poor soul! for ever she'd been there detain'd;

For which, to endless durance I adjure you;
For merit's silver gates are always barr'd
To hearts impenitent, and wilful hard.

Psy. Have pity on them, father! gentle husband,
Remember not their fraud in tempting me:
You gods and goddesses, with Psyche join,
To beg their pardons; all you, Arcadians, kneel;
For, had they not my happiness envy'd,
My love and patience had not so been try'd.

All. We all will mediate for them.

Adm. Then, daughters, give your sister Psyche thanks,
And to her virtues be a servant still,
Which makes atonement for your ill.

Both. We'll henceforth be her hand-maids.

Ven. They shall attend her unto plenty's bower;
Where Ceres, queen of fertility,
Invites us with the other gods to feast.

Mer. There Jove and Phœbus shall lead Cupid's queen
To the bright palace of eternity;
Bacchus shall give us wine, and Ganymede
Shall crown our full cups with the grape's pure blood;
Ceres shall yield us all earth's delicates;
The Graces shall bring balm; the Muses sing
In Cupid's honour, love's immortal king.

Vul. Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip, and quaff,
And, with his smoky jests, make Cupid laugh.

Cup. Such as love me, make me their precedent.
See, thus I take fair Psyche by the hand;
Mercury, do you the like to Proserpine;
My mother Venus cannot want a mate:

In honour of our marriage, match yourselves,
And, with a measure, grace our nuptials;
But, such as do not love to be in motion,
View, as spectators, how our joy appears,
Dancing to the sweet music of the spheres.

A Dance of Cupid, Psyche, the Gods and Goddesses.

Apo. Now circle Psyche in a fairy ring,
Whilst I and Venus grace her with this crown;
This done, to feast with Ceres and the gods;
And next unto the palace of the sun,
To end those sacred rites we have begun.

Enter MIDAS *and* APULEIUS.

Mid. Is this your moral? this your poetry?
What hast thou done? what spoke? what presented?
Which I with all these cannot justly tax?

Apu. Yes, all like thee, th' obtuse and stupid minds;
But there's an understanding that hath depth
Beyond thy shallow nonsense; there's a wit,
A brain which thou want'st; I to that submit.

Mid. And even in that thou fool'st thyself.

Cup. Nay then,
I, by the favour of these gentlemen,
Will arbitrate this strife: one seeks to advance
His art, the other stands for ignorance;
Both hope, and both shall have their merits full;
Here's meed for either, both the apt and dull;
Pleas'd, or displeas'd, this censure I allow;—
Keep thou the asses' ears, the laurel thou;
If you, judicious, this my doom commend,

Psyche by you shall, doubly crown'd, ascend;
And then this legacy I leave behind,
Where'er you love, prove of one faith, one mind.
The spring comes on, and Cupid doth divine
Each shall enjoy his best lov'd Valentine;
Which, when you have, may you like us agree,
And at your best retirements think of me. [*exeunt.*

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN:

A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWYN, NEWGATE-STREET.

MDCCCXXIV.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

The biography of this author is unknown, and his productions almost forgotten. He wrote in the reign of Charles I., and is mentioned by Winstanley as "one of the chiefest dramatic poets of that age." His plays were certainly received with approbation, in his own time, and deservedly so; but their merit is rather of a poetical, than a dramatic kind. They are not only ill calculated for representation, from the declamatory and undramatic nature of the dialogue, but are deficient in intensity and passion. The author only sports on the surface of the heart; he never penetrates into the sanctuary. Indeed, he is so intent on producing poetry, that he seldom even attempts to excite our sympathies: but, in taking this course, he probably consulted his own powers, and so far acted wisely. For pathos, therefore, he has substituted a highly ornamented style of poetry, and the earnestness of the author for the passion of the interlocutors. Amidst a great deal of redundant imagery, however, we frequently meet with passages of exceeding beauty, particularly in *Albertus Wallenstein* and *The Lady's Privilege*. Of the nine plays

written by Glapthorne, five have been printed; and of these, only two are considered worthy of forming part of this collection.

LIST OF GLAPTHORNE'S PLAYS:—

1. Albertus Wallenstein. *Tragedy*. 1639—1640.
2. The Hollander, written in 1635, printed 1640.
3. Argalus and Parthenia. *Trag. Com.* 1639.
4. Wit in a Constable. 1640.
5. The Lady's Privilege. 1640.
6. The Parricide, or Revenge for Honor. Not printed.
7. The Vestal. *Trag.* Not printed.
8. The Noble Trial. *Trag.* Not printed.
9. The Dutchess of Fernandina. *Trag.* Not printed.

He was, besides, the author of a volume of poems, published 1639.

THE TRAGEDY

OF

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN,

LATE DUKE OF FRIEDLAND, AND GENERAL TO THE EMPEROR FERDINAND THE SECOND.

WRITTEN BY HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi.

THE SCENE—EGERS.

AND ACTED, WITH GOOD ALLOWANCE, AT THE GLOBE ON THE BANK-SIDE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

IMPRINTED, AT LONDON, BY THOMAS PAINE, FOR GEORGE HUBBARD, AT THE TURNSTILE, IN HOLBORN.

1639.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE, AND TRUE MÆCENAS OF LIBERAL ARTS,

MR. WILLIAM MURRY,

Of His Majesty's Bed Chamber.

SIR,

GRATITUDE is the best appendix to virtue, unthankfulness the worst addition to vice. My endeavour to achieve the one, and avoid the other, invited me to this publication of my many engagements to your best self, and betrayed your noble name to the patronage of this Poem. The native magnificence of your disposition is so replete with mercy, that it would be an error in the religion of my duty, should I question your remission of this audacious crime, the offence being only the acknowledgment of my respective service to you. Works of this nature have always assumed this privilege, to aspire the noblest for their protectors. Since, then, authorised by custom, worthiest Sir, it cannot be a diminution to your fame, nor repugnant to the gravity of your most serious employments, to have him, by public profession, known your servant, who hath long since, by particular devotion, been

The humblest of your honorers,

HEN. GLAPTHORNE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND II., *Emperor of Germany.*
FERDINAND, *his Son, King of Hungary.*
ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland.*
MARQUESS BRANDENBURG.
DUKE SAXON-WEIMAR.
EARL OF TERTZKI.
EARL OF KINTZKI.
EARL OF QUESTENBERG.
MATHIAS GALLAS.
COLONEL NEWMAN.
MARSHAL ILLAWE.
FREDERICK, ALBERTUS, } *Sons to Wallenstein.*
COLONEL GORDON, *Governor of Egers.*
COLONEL LESLIE.
CAPTAIN BUTLER.
PAGE *to Wallenstein.*

DUTCHESS *to Wallenstein.*
EMILIA, *Daughter to Saxon-Weimar.*
ISABELLA, *Woman to the Dutchess.*

Dragoons. Guard to the Emperor.
Guard to Wallenstein. Executioner. Attendants.

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter KINTZKI, TERTZKI, GORDON, BUTLER, *and* LESLIE.

Kint. THE rumour still continues.
Tert. Yes, my lord;
Ill fames, though quick, are certain; 'tis concluded
Past question or dispute; for these reports
Are grounded on too manifest a truth,
To carry doubt in them; it is confirm'd this morning:
He must resign.
Les. Though a stranger, sir,
And so less interested in the general's cause,
Than you, his countryman,—were you not my friend,
You lied to speak it. Must our general,
That soul of valour, Wallenstein, who has,
Like subtle lightning, purg'd the German air

From all the hot infections foreign war
Could threaten; sent the health-carousing Dane,
Drunk with his own blood, home; broke all the force,
With which the valiant Palatine, and his aids,
Infested had the province; given to death
That thunderbolt of war, whose very name
Was great as fate itself unto his foes,
The Swedish king; and must he, now his age
Is candied o'er with victories, be enforc'd
To a base resignation?—Death! he's damn'd
That dare but mutter it.

Gor. An they were so
Who first occasion'd it, 'twould bring much comfort
To all true soldiers.

Les. 'Tis concluded, sir,
Past all redemption: they are doubly damn'd
For their ingratitude. Displace a man
To whom they owe their lives! one whom, my lords,
We've seen i' th' heat and bravery of a fight
Cheer up his fainting and dishearten'd troops,
Even when his body seem'd but all one wound,
That it appear'd a little island, circl'd
Round with the purple deluge of his blood;
Who, when war's quiristers, the big-mouth'd drums
And surly trumpet, sung his army's dirge,
That fatal music swell'd his sprightly sense,
More than soft hymns at nuptials.

Tert. Sir, his glories
Are so well known to us, we need not urge
Their reputation; but 'tis past my thoughts,

Why, on the sudden, he should be compell'd
To give his charge up.
Kint. When the world believ'd
He should have had a double triumph in
The honour of his victories!
Les. I'll tell you.—
There is in princes' courts a lean-fac'd monster,
Term'd Envy, reigning in unworthy breasts,
To fame's heroic sons;—such as know to cringe
With subtle motion to their prince's smiles,
Adore his footsteps and his awful nods,
And can, like asps, instil into his ears
A sweet yet killing venom; these thin souls,
When the blunt soldier has, on piles of wounds,
Built up his country's peace, whisper—"Beware
In time, my lord, lest he do grow too great."
This, meeting with the jealous prince's fears,
As princes still are fearful of the greatness
Of rising active subjects, breeds resolves to cut up
That prop, leaning on which, themselves have stood
Firm and unshaken on their base; and these
Court parasites, and the emperor's weak distrusts,
Pull this disgrace on Friedland, which, if he
With an effeminate patience do put up,
May all the laurels growing on his crest
Be turn'd to cypress, serving for no use
But to adorn his funerals!
Gor. Soft!
The general's here himself: my gracious lord,
The duke.

Tert. Our thrice redoubted general.

Enter WALLENSTEIN *and* ILLAWE.

Wal. Ha! that sound
Awakes my drowsy soul. Pray, good my lords,
What do you behold degenerate in my looks,
Shewing me unworthy still of that great title?
Tert. I would pull my eyes out,
Should they convey into my soul a thought
Tending to so much sacrilege to honour
And perfect masculine virtue.
Wal. Yet I must
Put off that glorious title, like a garment
Old and unfit for wearing. O, my lords,
Our honour's individual with our souls,
Grows to that essence, as to the hand or cheek
The native whiteness! and to have that torn,
Lugg'd off by violent torture, is a suff'rance
Beyond the strength of patience: is't not, lords?
Tert. Yes; and look,
How far the noble immaterial soul
Transcends the duller body: so much, torment,
Inflicted on the purer mind, surpasses
Corporeal punishments.
Wal. It is a true
Philosophy, which, even amongst soldiers,
Whose only learning is compris'd in arms,
Is granted as indisputable. My lords,
What will the world, that sometimes stood at gaze,
Frighted with awful terror of my deeds,

Imagine, to behold me, in my age,
Depriv'd of all those titles, all those glories,
Which have grown up with me, even from my youth;
Which I have purchas'd with expense of wounds,
More numerous than I've veins?
'Twill straight conclude,—either my age is doting,
And return'd into a second childhood,
And unfit to manage
The glorious warfare and the big commands
Of martial discipline; or that my faith
Is, on the sudden, like a fair ripe fruit,
By th' too hot kisses o'the lascivious sun,
Betray'd to rottenness, by haughty pride
Or vain ambition tainted.

Les. And so blast
At least, my lord, in their too nice esteem,
Your former actions.

Gor. Wrap in clouds of shame
Your shining virtues.

Wal. True; for, 'twixt these two extremes,
There is no means t' escape by: think, then, lords,
What an inhuman irreligious wrong
It is both to my honour and my faith,
To be depriv'd thus basely of that charge,
Which I've perform'd with care and good success;
And what ingratitude 'tis in this prince,
This emperor, thus to reward my trust,
When his own soul can witness, 'twas myself
That from the Swede, the Palatine, and Dane
Rescued his eagles, who else had mew'd their plumes,

And from their height been forc'd to perch on earth!
I took the reeling pillars of his state
And pitch'd them firm and even; of this, his heaven,
I've been the Atlas; I did fight for him,
When every conflict was a victory,
Each field of battle was a field of glory;
Yet, as my truth's and loyalty's reward,
I am depriv'd unkindly, even in peace,
Of all my glories purchas'd in the war.

Tert. Next, sir, think
With whom your shining honour's in the scale
Balanc'd,—with one so far beneath your worth;
We are engag'd in reputation, never,
He being so far inferior to ourselves,
To obey his commands.

Kint. Mathias Gallas,
Your late field marshal.

Wal. His very name
Begets new horror in me. Noblest friends,
Co-partners with me in whatever dangers
Attend triumphant war; whom I have led
In crimson fields, through rising seas of blood,
That you have swam, not march'd, to victory;
Would it not breed afflictions in your souls,
Your noble honest souls, to see your poor,
Yet always loving, general, at this age,
Now, when his head's grown white beneath his helm,
Discarded from his office, and shook off,
As birds their feathers mew, or stags their horns,
Those useless excrements, in hope that fresher

Will in th' old places grow? Should I do this, I then
Might trail my waving ensigns in the dust,
As at my honour's funeral, and break
My sword 'gainst my own target; nay, put off
All pomp and pride of war, and, like that vain
Resemblance of a star, a comet, fall,
By my own fire consum'd, to earth forgotten.

Les. Great sir, though a stranger to you
By birth and nation, yet the strict alliance
I've to your princely nobleness, enjoins me,
Under your pardon, and with the allowance
Of these brave counts, your followers, to deliver
My zealous counsel to you.

Wal. Noble Scot, use your discretion freely.

Les. Thus, great sir, then;—
Though 't be in the power of princes to prescribe
Laws to their subjects, 'tis their subjects' wills
Must put those laws in act; 'tis their obedience
Which are the ablest sinews of the state;
And 'twere a barbarous cruelty to employ
Their hands against themselves, a strange injustice,
To make their proper virtue instrument
Of their own ruin.

Tert. Colonel Leslie speaks home.

Kint. And to much purpose.

Les. Do not, lords,
Misunderstand my meaning: I speak not this,
That I contemn authority, or dislike
Order in every thing. Without pre-eminence
In title of command, our trade, the warfare,

Could not subsist: but to inform our general,
Our too much injur'd general, that it is
No such strange crime to disobey a prince,
In things unjust; and can there be a greater
Or shamefuller injustice than for Cæsar,
By 's mandate, to enforce him to resign
His glorious charge up?

Gor. 'Twere a shame.

Ill. An utter, an abominable disgrace,
To all that honour virtue, should we suffer it.

Les. Here, then,
Ends what I would have uttered: of what force
Are Cæsar's mandates, when their real love
Has disannulled them? Circled with these hearts,
These bulwarks of brave hearts, what need have you
To acknowledge any emperor but yourself,
Your self, great duke, whose merit lays just claim
To that supremest title. Pray, once more
Give me your patience: rashness, gentlemen,
Gives the first onset fiercely, then recoils,
As wasps, when they have lost their stings: affairs
Of this high consequence do require mature
Deliberation; to confirm our own
Strength for the exploit, 'twere fit we did conjoin
With Saxon Weimar, and Gustavus Horne,
And the other bold confederates:—how likes
Your grace this project?

Wal. The drum and fife,
Trumpet and cannon, when their loud voices sing
Ios to victory, could ne'er beget

More music in my ravish'd sense. Best friend,
I am so bankrupt grown in my extent
Of gratitude, that, trust me, I could weep
To see myself so far outdone in friendship;
I am engag'd in honour to go on,
That this insulting emperor by his fall,*
To gain fit means to gratify your loves.
Thou airy name of loyalty, hence to heaven!
And find, like smoke, a burial in the clouds.
Thus I expire thy essence; henceforth I'll acknowledge
No other emperor but these worthies' hearts.

Tert. And we, great duke, henceforth will ne'er submit
To any rule but yours, which to confirm
As sure as Fate had seal'd it, on your sword
We'll take a solemn and religious oath
For the performance.

All. We all swear it.

Tert. And if any
Should be so basely perjur'd, as to break,
But in a thought, this sacramental faith,
Let our just angers fall as heavy on him
As Heaven's most horrid curses; sink his name,
Like some prodigy despis'd by light, into forgetfulness!

Wal. So now, methinks, I stand, like a Colossus,
Through whose spacious arch
Flows the vast sea of honour, without power
Or natural force to ebb. Again, best friends,
The early day, though from the gorgeous East

* A line is evidently wanting here.

She breaks, adorn'd with chains of liquid pearl,
Cannot achieve full lustre, till the sun
Gild her pale cheeks with brightness; nor can we
Clothe the yet infant dawning of our hopes
In perfect robes of light, till we have
Attir'd them in the sparkling rays of blood,
Imperial blood! Come, let's go on resolv'd,
Like those brave men, who, in their awful palms,
Do bear about their destinies, and can
Command even Fate itself. Illawe, despatch with speed
Advices to the Marquess Brandenburg,
Weimar, and Count de Arnheim, that we entreat
A personal meeting with them all at Dresden.
Come, lords, whene'er the Roman eagle falls,
We'll mourn in triumph at her funerals.

[*exeunt all but Leslie.*

Les. So, things once well begun
Are half perform'd: the managing an act
With close and hidden practice, 'mongst the wise
And politic people, brings assur'd success:
Broad open ways the heavy snail does take,
While untrod paths best please the subtle snake. [*exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the EMPEROR, GALLAS, *and* QUESTENBERG.

Emp. He'll not resign them?
Ques. 'Tis so fear'd; the greatness
Of his vast spirit never will admit

Resignation of those honours which
He has with such felicity enjoyed.

Gall. Besides, my lord,
The army is so much bewitch'd with love
Of this arch traitor, Wallenstein, they rather
Put off their due allegiance unto you,
Their natural sovereign, nay, give up their lives,
Than yield to any act which may concern
His removal.

Emp. Can this be possible!
Treason shall never brave us at our doors
Whilst I can wield a sword. Ungrateful slave!
Whom I have rais'd from such an abject lowness,
(His family did scarcely bear a name
In common gentry) to the very height,
The type of honour. That he should do this,
And, like the viper's young, devour that heart
That bred and nourish'd him, more afflicts my soul
Than all the wrongs and troubles which my foes
Ever inflicted on my fame and empire.
Mathias Gallas, let it be your charge
To see new forces levy'd, to oppose
'Gainst this arch rebel.

Gall. My lord, I've learn'd
I' the practick school of war, that to oppose
Fresh unexperienc'd troops against the flower
Of old and harden'd soldiers, is but as
If, 'mongst hungry lions, we should cast
Resistless infants, and, by their weak force,
Hope to o'ercome the furious beasts. Dread sir,

My counsel always has had that success,
To be accounted faithful to my prince:
Fear it not. Follow, then, my poor advice:
Meet treachery with policy, and try
If you the ambitious traitor can surprise.
The head once off, the weak and fainting limbs,
Like sear'd, dry'd boughs, by an impetuous wind
Torn from an aged oak, will fall to earth,
And be consum'd to ashes.

Emp. It shall be so.
Lord Questenberg, with all convenient speed
Despatch a trusty messenger unto
The King of Hungary; command his presence,
With his most able legions, for the safeguard
Of our own person. In such like affairs,
Which do concern th' uncertain rule of states,
Wise men should always be above their fates. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ALBERTUS *and* NEWMAN.

New. A pox upon her, sir! and, for her sake,
On all good faces! Must you sigh, and whine,
And make a face, worse than a zealous drunkard
Does o'er dead musty wine, because she's beauteous?
We soldiers do not use t' engender with
A physnomy; nor, as the learned term it,
Co-habit with a handsome nose or lip:
There are some parts beneath the waist, I take it,

More useful for a man of arms.

Alb. Good colonel, no more of this.

New. Should I ask you,
The reason why you love her, you must answer,—
'Tis for the sport; as for what other reason
Women were made, unless to prick upon
A clout, or starch, transcends my best philosophy:
And for that purpose a short-coat Friester,
That, as she milks each morning,
Bedews the cool grass with her virgin moisture,
As useful is, and active; sounder far,
That's certain granted. Pray, my lord, remember,
She's but your mother's gentlewoman; and whom, perhaps,
The butler has oftener folded up, than e'er
He did his table linen.

Alb. No more! You'll anger me.

New. You'll anger me again, then. We imps of Mars
Should know no other mistresses than what the camp contains.
I ne'er durst love in the field, (marry, in the city
I've had copulation with all trades,)
But one poor sutler's wife, and she as fair, too,
As was the kettle which she boil'd her beef in.
O, how the sweet smell of her ambergrease,
And kitchen stuff, perfum'd my greedy nostrils!
Yet on this beauty doted I,
Inspir'd by insurrection of the flesh;
And gave her, to cuckold the good corporal her husband,
Ten comely dollars; and, the devil take her,
She paid me with a pox!

Enter ISABELLA.

But, see; here comes the lady of the lake,
For whom you, good Sir Launcelot, make these lamentations.
Be not you bashful now;
But fall on boldly. 'Heart, let me drill her for you:
If her body be under musket proof,
'Tis ten to one my morris-pike shall enter.
To her, to her. [*exit Newman*

Isa. Surpris'd by him alone; oh, my just fears!

Alb. Why, cruel fair one, should you shun his sight,
Whose very soul moves in your eyes? or why
Should your blest voice speak health to all the world,
Yet threaten death to me? Look on my youth,
My hopeful youth, which, in the active war,
Has taught old soldiers discipline; behold it
Nipt by the cold frost of your icy beauty,
As in a fever, languishing to nothing;
Forgetful of the noble pride and strength
It has so lately boasted. 'Tis unjust,
To see me still over my foes victorious,
Made by myself your captive, to insult
Over your suppliant vassal. Would those eyes,
Which can contract light's orb into a glance,
Become impoverish'd by a smile? those cheeks
Sully their native tincture, should they blush
At your mind's cruelty? 'twould rather add
To the illustrious excellence.

Isa. My noble lord!

Alb. Stay; you must not speak yet:
There's not an accent issuing from your lips
But has the power, should thunder speak, to charm
To peaceful quiet th' affrighted world,
And would strike dumb my passion. Best of virgins!
There is not that disparity 'twixt our births,
As there's unequal difference 'twixt our hearts:
Mine's all on fire, dare combat with the sun
For heat's priority; your's, mountain snow,
Cold as the north, and cruel as my fortunes;
Yet you may make them equal, as your eyes are,
By yielding up that fort, which will, when time
Has given it ceremonious privilege, be, perhaps,
By some unworthy groom, without resistance,
Surpris'd and enter'd.

Isa. My lord, bad custom is become
In men a second nature to deceive
Poor virgins by their flatteries. Noble youth!
That I do love you dearly, may these tears,
Shed for your folly, testify: look back
Into your priceless honour; call that up
T' assist the fortress of your mind, assail'd
By foul unlawful passion: think how base it is
To rob a silly orphan of her dowry;
I have no other, but my virgin whiteness,
Left to uphold my fame: nought but my virtue
To my inheritance: should you despoil me
Of that fair portion, by your lust, my memory
Would, like an early rose-bud, by that tempest
Die on its own stalk blasted.

Alb. I do dream, sure!
Isa. Women's fames, sir,
Are, like thin crystal glasses, by a breath
Blown into excellent form, and, by a touch,
Crack'd, or quite broken. Say, I should consent
To your desires: your appetite once sated,
You would repent the fact, when you should see
Yourself surrounded in a mist of cares;
View bashful virgins point at you, as at
Some hateful prodigy; hear matrons cry—
'There goes the lustful thief, that glories in
The spoil of innocent virgins; that foul thief,
That has a hundred eyes to let lust in at,
As many tongues to give his wild thoughts utterance.'
Alb. Sure some angel inhabits here;
This cannot be a mansion
For mortal frailty. Sweet, farewell! good night!
I would not have my over-saucy love
Commit a rude intrusion on thy peace,
Though parting with thee be more torment to me
Than to forego mine eyes. May all the joys
Of healthful slumbers crown thy bed! thy dreams
Be free from paraphrasing on my memory,
Lest it affright you. Once more, dear, good night!
While you with pleasing happy sleeps are blest,
I'll seek some way to my eternal rest. [*exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, WEIMAR, BRANDENBURG, TERTZKI, KINTZKI, ILLAWE, NEWMAN, GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Wal. The honour you have done me, mighty princes,
Electors of the sacred Roman Empire,
By this your personal visit, does engage
So much our gratitude, that what ourselves,
And the most able forces of our friends,
Can in requital act, shall be perform'd.
Mutual discourses often mingle souls,
And as the arteries convey the blood
Throughout the body, they, from mind to mind,
Convey affection; to this end we did
Entreat this meeting, that our conference might
Join in an individual league our hearts.

Bran. This happy treaty, glorious duke, shall bring
Blest peace, once more, with turtle's wings to soar
Over the German provinces; shall dry
Tears from the eyes of mothers, while the virgins
Shall dedicate their hours to joyful hymns,
In honour of your merit.

Wei. The sturdy boor
Shall plough his fields in safety, and ascribe
To you, great duke, that happiness: 'twas you
Who, when Bellona thunder'd through the land,
Did stop the steel-wing'd goddess in her course;
Who, when our armies, like a raging flood,
Did bear down all before them, did oppose

The greedy torrent, boldly turn'd it back
Into its native body; and, conjoin'd
With you so inur'd to conquest, he were less
Than man, and more than coward, that could fear
Any ensuing dangers.

Wal. You do me too much honour, mighty princes.
And now, my brave confederates in arms,
Where bus'ness of import commands attendance,
That time's mis-spent, that's spent in useless words:
I shall, so please you, therefore, speak the cause,
In brief, which urg'd me to desire this conference,
And give you reasons for my strange revolt
From my so long-lov'd master.

Bran. 'Twas the end we only came for.

Wei. The sole reason
That drew us to this meeting.

Wal. Thus, in brief, then:
How I have serv'd this emperor, these wounds
That beautify my body, 'cause the marks
Of my just loyalty, given by your swords,
Can bear me righteous witness; but good service,
To a malicious and ungrateful prince,
Are rather causes of suspect than love;
And when men's actions do transcend reward,
They then descend to punishment: my cause
Is rightly stated thus;—for when myself,
I well may speak it without partial boast,
Had, like his eagle, in my powerful gripe,
Snatch'd up his crown, that lay despis'd on earth,
And heav'd it up to heaven, borne all the weight,

Which yours, the Danish, and the Swedish force
Could load these shoulders with; nay, shook it off
Lightly as winds in autumn do from trees
Their wither'd summer garments; then, even then,
When my just hopes were pregnant with conceit,
Of wreaths and triumphs, as a brave reward,
My soldiers, by his mandates, were forbid
T' obey me as their general, and myself
Commanded straightway to resign my charge,
All my great power, which I had bought with blood,
Unto Matthias Gallas, my field-marshal.

Wei. Insufferable injury!

Bran. Inhuman and unheard-of ingratitude!

Wal. Nay, more;
As I had been a traitor then in fact,
He did endeavour my surprise, to bring me
A prisoner to Vienna: think, then, lords,
When both my priceless honour and my life
Were at one stake propos'd, if I'd not cause
To play my game with cunning skill, when these
My brave commanders, from their martial eyes,
Did, for my wrongs, shed tears of blood; call'd on me
As on their friend, their father, not to leave
My sons, my soldiers. If I their request
Perform'd, I sav'd my honour and my life;
But if the emperor's, I gave up them both
To plain perspicuous ruin: yet, in not
Accomplishing my master's harsh commands,
The name of treason brands me: but pass that,
I, of two evils, chose to take the least,

Rather to draw upon me Cæsar's hate,
Than to forsake my charge and soldiers' loves;
And now, being free in my own soul as thought,
Unsought to, lords, and unconstrain'd, I offer
T' assist against this emperor, this thing
Made only up of name and voice; whom we
Will break, as showers do bubbles which themselves
Of nothing had created.

Wei. So welcome
Is this your proffer'd amity, no blessing,
Heaven in its fullest bounty could have shower'd,
Could have arriv'd more pleasing; and to shew
How much we prize your friendship, let your son,
Young Frederick, be affianc'd to my daughter;
The tie of nature to the tie of blood
Will make the union perfect.

Wal. 'Tis an honour
We are bound in duty to accept: my lords!
In noble souls, no thought should once admit
Sullen delay; our progress should be swift,
As is the passage of unlimited fire
In populous cities; or as winds, whose force
Does, at their birth, rend ope the stubborn womb
Of the dull earth—their mother: great designs
Should by great spirits only be pursu'd;
And our last business is our speedy conference
With Chancellor Oxenstern and the French ambassador.
Actions that carry an unusual weight,
Ought still to fly at an unusual height.

[*exeunt all but Leslie, Gordon, and Butler.*

Les. So, let the dull
Half-spirited souls, who strive on reremice wings,
By that which fools term honesty, to climb
To th' top of honour, in their silly virtue
Boast, while ingenious and more active spirits
In a direct line, without stop or hindrance,
Mount to their wishes, yet, in the world's esteem,
Are held as real and endu'd with goodness.
This Wallenstein, like a good easy mule,
Have I led on by the nose to this rebellion,
Fir'd with such venom as will spread
Like swift infection through his soul: these two
Shall be my agents to achieve my ends,
Factors in cunning to vent forth my intentions.— [*aside.*
Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and my good
Captain Butler.

Gor. We were musing
What serious thought it was, that could so long
Detain you from our conference.

Les. 'Faith, I was studying
On our great general's fortunes, upon which
Our hopes and lives depend: what think you of them?

Gor. Well; at least we're bound
To hope the best: he's in himself so mighty,
He seems above his fate.

But. His plots do carry
A fair and specious outside.

Les. 'Tis a sign
Corruption is within them. Noble friends,
You are my countrymen, and if my life

May preserve yours from ruin, I shall deem it
Religiously employ'd; if you discover
What I intend to utter, 'twill but send
My age, some hours before its destin'd minute,
Unto my grave, and I most willingly
Shall die the cause's martyr.

Gor. By our honours,
No syllable shall ever pass our lips,
What you in love reveal to us.

Les. Thus, then, friends:
Rebellion never yet could boast a happy
Or prosperous period. Wallenstein's designs
Are built on sand, and with the emperor's breath
Will be dispers'd into the air: I speak not this,
That I do hate the man; heavens know, I love
His person, but detest the cause he justifies.

Gor. True, the dignity of princes
Does make whatever quarrels subjects raise
Against their sovereigns, odious.

Les. Shall we, then,
Here, in a strange country, violate
The laws of hospitality, unmake the antient faith
Ascrib'd unto our nation, by assisting
A traitor 'gainst his lawful prince? a general
Against that power which gave him that command?
Betray that royal master, to whose bounty
We owe our lives? first, rather, let's resolve
To open all his treasons, his proceedings,
Unto our lord the emperor.

Gor. 'Tis very just;

And, in my judgment, requisite.
But. I do approve it.
Les. 'Twere mere madness,
And he that does mislike it bears no brain,
No soul about him. Instead of slight preferment,
Which, should our general prosper, we at best
Could but expect, we shall have
Castles, lordships, earldoms, nay provinces;
Be styl'd the savers,
Preservers of the empire; have our names,
As 'twere in triumph, sung about the streets
In popular acclamations: think, then, friends,
How far these certain honours will surpass
Our airy expectations. Come, let's post
Straight to Vienna, and inform the emperor
Of all 's proceedings in this great affair;
We must not use our fortune, but our care. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter FREDERICK, ALBERTUS, *and* NEWMAN.

New. Pish! perish still in ignorance: am I,
Who am grand master in the art of love,
Not able to instruct a limber youth
Of the first growth; your brother, here, makes love
In an ill-favor'd tone, and screws his countenance,
As he was singing lamentable ballads
Of Tilly's overthrow: but you, (for your part,
I've known you of an urchin,) are so fiery,

You speak all squibs and crackers, carry a cannon
In your mouth; you'll fright the lady; she'll imagine
You come to ravish her.

Alb. The colonel tells you your own good, brother.

New. I've told you yours, too, or I'm much mistaken.
You love, 't should seem, the fair Emilia;
A pretty wench, they say, but that's no matter;
Your fathers are agreed on't, and you'd have me
Shew you the readiest way how to accost her:
Negatively, I will demonstrate instantly.

Fred. I shall observe your doctrine most exactly.

New. Pray observe:
You must not, then, accost her with a shrug,
As you were lousy, with your lady, sweet lady,
Or most super-excellent lady;
Nor in the Spanish garb, with a state face,
As you had new been eating of a radish,
And meant to swallow her for mutton to't;
Nor let your words, as that I'm most afraid of,
'Cause 'tis your natural mood, come rumbling forth,
Usher'd with a good full-mouth'd oath, I love you;
But speak the language of an overcoming lover.
I do not mean that strange pedantic phrase,
Us'd by some gallants who do aim at wit,
And make themselves stark asses by't; praise their mistresses
By the sun and stars, while the poor girls imagine
They mean the signs their mercers or perfumers
Inhabit at; for sure, beyond those planets
They've studied no astrology; but you must

In gentle, free, and genuine phrase, deliver
Your true affection, praise her eye, her lip,
Her nose, her cheek, her chin, her neck, her breast,
Her hand, her foot, her leg, her every thing;
And leave your roses and your lilies for
Your country frows to make nosegays of.
But, stay; here comes your mistress; her father, too,
In conference. Fall on, my Myrmidon,
While we retreat.

Enter WEIMAR *and* EMILIA.

Alb. Speed your endeavours, brother!

[*exit Albertus and Newman.*

Wei. 'Tis so concluded 'twixt me and his father,
For both our goods; be not you nice, Emilia.
The noble youth's so furnish'd with all worth,
You needs must like him.

Emi. Good sir, give me license
To let my eye direct my heart to love;
And, if young Frederick be the master of
Such absolute gifts, doubt not, but I shall find them.

Wei. My lord, I'm glad
Of this fair interview; I and my daughter
Were even conferring of you: sir, as yet,
She's something timorous,—dreads a soldier's looks.

Fred. She needs not, sir:
She bears a spell about her, that would charm
A Scythian's native fierceness into softness;
Those spirit-breathing eyes, my lord, which can
Kill as they please, or quicken with a glance.

Wei. Now they are enter'd,
I'll steal away, and leave them. [*exit.*
Fred. Gentle lady,
To make the addresses of my love-sick heart
Plain and apparent to you, that you may
Search through my soul, and find it all your creature,
Give me your patient hearing.
Emi. 'Tis a request
Might tax my manners, should I deny it to
One of your noble quality: use your pleasure.
Fred. Which consists
In viewing your bright beauty; the idea
Of all perfections which the jealous heavens
Durst ever lend to earth-divinest lady!
The gentle air which circumscribes your cheek,
Leaving its panting kisses on the flow'rs
That in that Tempe blossom, does not love
Those fields of purity more than mine eyes do.
Mine, lady, is a holy,
An intellectual zeal; such as the angels
And saints, who know no sexes, do affect by;
Past imitation, too, should they, who strive
To trace me, take the constancy of swans,
Or never-changing turtles, as their patterns.
Emi. Sir, it seems
You've studied compliment as well as arms;
But he's a foolish lover who, to gain
His mistress, dare not promise what you've utter'd; but I must
Have more than verbal assurance of your love.

Fred. By your fair self, I'm real, do intend
What I've deliver'd, with as much true zeal
As anchorites do their prayers: I love your mind,
Your excellent mind; and, for its sake, the pure
Shrine which contains that blessing;—this fair building,
This palace of all happiness;—and entreat you,
As you have mercy in you, to take pity
Upon my love's stern sufferings, and redress them,
By your consent to take me for your husband.

Emi. Sir, you are an over hasty lover to imagine
I can, at first sight of your person, be
Surpris'd, and yield; they must be strong allurements
Must tempt a bashful virgin, still inur'd
To no companion but her fears and blushes,
To give her heart away, and live in thraldom
Unto a stranger.

Fred. Love, madam, has eagles' eyes: it can beget acquaintance
Even in a moment; suddenly as time,
The time that does succeed it. Farewell!
I will not have my over hasty zeal
Urge your mild suff'rance further: pray, think on me
As one who've plac'd my full extent of bliss
In your enjoying; think you are the land mark,
By which the brittle vessel of my hopes
Must through love's swelling ocean be directed
To a safe harbour: honour me to kiss
Your fair hand. Lady, now farewell! no bliss
Can be in love, till we know what it is. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the EMPEROR, *the* KING OF HUNGARY, GALLAS, *and* QUESTENBERG.

Emp. Crowns are perpetual cares, and to their heads
That wear the wreath imperial are annex'd:
Foreign invasions oft may shake a state;
But civil broils are the impetuous firebrands
That burn up commonwealths. To quench
A flame domestic we are met, which will,
Like fame, increase by going on:—this late
Revolt of Wallenstein.

Hun. Perfidious slave,
On whom your plenteous bounties shower'd so fast,
They seem'd to drown him; he, whose great commands
Could not know aught above them but yourself;—
The general of your forces; of Glogaw,
Mecklenburg, Sagan, Friedland, styl'd the duke;—
He to invert your own arms 'gainst yourself,
Swells my vex'd soul to think on't.

Emp. 'Tis not words,
Or airy threatenings, will appease the mischief;
It must be done by force. Matthias Gallas,
Have you, according to our late commands,
Given orders for the levying new forces,
To oppose this traitor?

Gal. Mighty sir! I have; and seen them muster'd.

Emp. To what amounts their number?

Gal. Threescore thousand.

Hun. A royal army, had they been train'd
In military discipline: experience
Is half the soul of arms: we will take order
To have them taught the exercise of arms,
By those Hungarian troops which we brought hither.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Emp. Now, sir, your business.

Mess. Mighty sir!
The governor of Egers, Colonel Gordon,
Attended by Lieutenant-colonel Butler,
And Colonel Leslie, do desire admittance
Into your presence.

Emp. Let them enter:
They are his friends; and may, perhaps, discover
Some of his treacheries.

Enter LESLIE, GORDON, *and* BUTLER.

Noble strangers, welcome!
I do conceive 'tis business of importance
Has drawn you hither. In Colonel Leslie's looks
I read affairs of consequence, with which
His active brain does teem, and fain would be
By 's tongue deliver'd.

Les. Most mighty Cæsar!
To endear the service to you, I shall do you,
By gilding o'er each circumstance, its weight
And consequence, since 'tis my bounden duty
To you, my royal master, would but shew

Pride and arrogant love in me, the author,
To my own act, and so 'twould rather lessen
Than amplify my merit;—how I've serv'd you,
Under command of him, whom, in due justice,
I cannot mention now without foul curses,
Revolted Wallenstein, is to these lords,
And your great self, best known.

Emp. And our rewards
Shall strive to pay those services.

Les. But when I saw him
Put off his faith, abandon his allegiance,
Accounting all your bounteous favours trifles
Unto the mountainous pile of his deservings,
And, like a black cloud, hung o'er all your empire,
Uncertain where to break, and in's vast thoughts
Aspir'd your sacred dignity and life;
I, like his genius, screw'd into his counsels,
Explor'd his plots and treasons, and have found them
So full of eminent danger,—

Gor. So malicious.

Les. Empty of worth and honour; it had been
A sin beyond the horrid'st punishments,
To have conceal'd them from you; and which most
Tortures my loyal thoughts, as 't had not been
Sufficient for him to rebel himself,
He has form'd a league, defensive and offensive,
With your most eager enemies, Saxon Weimar,
Brandenburg, Arnheim, and Gustavus Horne,
And had a personal meeting for that purpose.

But. And 'tis to be fear'd,

That, if sudden power stop not their progress,
They will, with speedy violence, invade you
Here in your capital city.

Emp. Worthy strangers!
In this one act you've shown yourselves more faithful
Than all my home-born subjects; but, be sure,
If gratitude can equal your deserts,
You shall enjoy that amply. Noble Leslie!
The time is come now, and the dilemma cast,
That must conclude our empire, which we must
Unto thy care commit. To kill a traitor
Is a deserving action, for thou strik'st
Then with the sword of justice: wilt thou add
This one act to thy former high deserving,—
Kill this arch-rebel?

Les. 'Twas an office
We should have begg'd: believe 't, he's dead already;
I'll kill him in his pride,—in all his glories,—
With such security, as I would sleep
After a tedious watching.

Emp. And expect
Whate'er your hopes can wish: so, with all speed,
Back to your charge: be careful. Come, my lords;
Fate now does smile upon us, and the storm
Which threaten'd us, is suddenly grown calm.

[*exeunt Emperor, Hungary, Questenberg, and Gallas.*

Les. Now our hopes
May rest, best friends, assur'd of good success:
'Tis in our hands, our fates, and we have hearts
Dare venture on this giant duke, and lift him

With as much ease from earth, as the bright sun
Does dull and lazy vapours; nor let dangers
Fright us from the achievement, since the justice
The cause does carry, is a certain armour
'Gainst all the assaults of peril; which, in itself,
Is but an April storm, no sooner shown
To fright the air, but by the next wind o'er-blown.

[*exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter FREDERICK *and* EMILIA.

Fred. Divinest lady!
I hope your late refusal of my love
Is alter'd now by your more gentle pity:
My constancy carries more strength about it,
Than to be blasted by your first repulse;
In the same righteous cause of my affection,
I must again be advocate, and hope
My suit will be effected.

Emi. Alas! my lord,
Make me not thus the subject of your mirth
Or compliment: your soul is too secure
In its own manly virtues, from surprise
Of weak affection, especially of mine,
Who am so worthless in myself, I cannot
Boast those high glories as to be victorious

Over so brave a conqueror.

Fred. Those bright eyes,
Like heaven's blest light, when from a mist of clouds
He peeps, and gilds the earth with brightness, can
Quicken and fire even marble hearts with love,
Thaw souls of ice, my Emilia.
A malefactor's fears are more upon him,
Ere he do come to's trial, than when he hears
The judge pronounce the sentence of his death:
'Tis so with me; and I should be more blest
To hear that voice of yours,—
That angel's voice,—too sweet for such dire use,
With a severe refusal strike me dead,
Than live tormented in a sad suspense,
Ignorant of my destiny.

Emi. My lord,
If I should frame my virgin thoughts to love,
They should be fix'd on you; but I'm so well
Content and settl'd in a virgin life,
I cannot wish to change it.

Fred. Not t' embrace a larger stock of happiness,
Emilia?
Virginity is but a single good,
A happiness which, like a miser's wealth,
Is, as from others, so from your own use
Lock'd up and closely cabin'd, since it not admits
Communication of its good; when you
Shall, in the state of marriage, freely taste
Nature's choice pleasures, that same happiness
You were created for.

Emi. You have prevail'd, sir;
You, who are still victorious o'er your foes,
Must needs remain a conqueror o'er your friends:
My lord, receive me freely; I am yours
For ever.
Fred. This chaste kiss shall seal the contract.
Come, my Emilia: love is such a wealth,
As must be gain'd by free consent, not stealth. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, DUTCHESS, NEWMAN, TERTZKI, KINTZKI, ILLAWE.

Wal. Are they agreed yet, Newman?
New. 'Faith, my lord,
The virgin lady's something fearful; fears
A man of war should board her, lest his charge
Should make her keel split. My Lord Frederick
Is of that rough demeanour, spite of my
Instructions, he will never learn to woo
In the due phrase and garb.
Wal. I do admire
The fond, base carriage of our giddy youth
In love affairs; and grieve to see my sons,
Who should inherit from me my great spirit,
As well as fortune, so degenerate from
My masculine courage: when in the blooming pride
Of my green youth I flourish'd, my desires
Aim'd always rather in the tented field

To spend my hours, than on a downy couch:
To see the face of a stern enemy besmear'd with blood,
Pleas'd me far better than a lady's looks.

Dutch. And yet you vow'd,
Ere you won me, my lord, you ne'er saw object
That so much pleas'd your appetite.

Wal. Perhaps, I might,
For the obtaining of my ends, descend
From my great spirit so much as to decline
To idle courtship: the birds and beasts will do it,
To sate their appetites; the fiery steed,
That, in the fervour of a fight, oft times
Neighs courage to his rider, when provok'd
With eager heat, will lick and bite his female
Into the same desire: the sparrows bill,
And, with a chirping rhetoric, seem to court
Enjoyment of their wishes; which fulfill'd,
Dulls their heads, they couch beneath their wings,
And, in a slumber, forfeit all remembrance
Of their past pleasures; yet insatiate man,
In his desires more hot than steeds or sparrows,
Will, to obtain it, quite divest his soul
Of all that's masculine in him, and transform
His very being into woman.

New. Sure,
My lord intends to write some proclamation
Gainst wearing Holland smocks,—some furious edict
'Gainst charitable leaguerers: I've known him,
And so have you, my lords, for all this heat
Gainst womanhood, pursue a sutler's frow,

And she had but one eye neither, with as much zeal
As e'er knight-errant did his fair Lindabrides,
Or Claridiana.

Enter FREDERICK *and* EMILIA.

Ter. My lord, your son and fair Emilia.
New. The quarrel's reconcil'd, I'll lay my life on't.
Wal. Beauteous lady!
The contract 'twixt me and your father, touching
The marriage 'twixt my son and your fair self, I hope,
By your consent, is ratified: my boy
Looks sprightly, as if he were new return'd
From a triumphant victory.
Fred. My lord,
I am so much a master of my wishes,
By being blest in this fair lady's love,
I cannot wish a happiness above
What I possess; only would you be pleas'd
To destiny the most welcome hour for
The consummation of our nuptials.
Wal. 'T shall be accomplish'd
With all the speed that preparations can
Be made for the solemnity. Your news, sir.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord, there's Colonel Gordon, and son others,
Newly arriv'd from Egers, beg admittance
Into your presence.
Wal. Let them enter;
They are my noble friends. Madam, take

The bright Emilia to your charge: Frederick, you
Have leave to wait on your mistress.

[*exeunt Dutchess, Frederick, and Emilia.*

Enter GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Worthy friends,
You're dearly welcome: I presume, the business
Must be of much importance that could draw
You, without giving us first notice of it,
From Egers hither.

Les. Mighty sir! our fortunes,
Our honours, lives, whatsoe'er we can call ours,
Are such a debt to you, that we're engag'd
To sacrifice them all, in any service
For you, especially in this affair
We're now arriv'd about, since it concerns
Your precious life; which, by that tyrant Cæsar,
At half the price and value of his empire,
Is set to sale.

Wal. Horror! as how, good colonel?

Les. When you shall know, sir,
The traitors, such his malice would have made them,
Pick'd out for the assassinates of your person,
You'll bless you from his treacheries, as from
Infectious damps; for the men, best general,
Are of such bosom trust, so near ally'd
To all your counsels, 't had been as easy for them
To have acted your sad ruin, as it is
For me to speak this.

Ter. Very strange! pray, name them.

Les. Even ourselves,—
Our faithful, innocent selves,—were those same monsters,
Design'd for to put in act his purpose; who,
'Cause we were mercenaries in this warfare,
He thought as easily we would sell our faiths;
Courted us, therefore, with whole piles of honours,
Mountains of titles, mines of endless riches;
But, where our honours stand in competition,
These are but frivolous baits,—trifles for children,—
To play and toy withal: our faiths are crystal,
Which poison cannot vitiate.

Wal. And our love
Shall strive by yours to take a fair example,
How to requite your truth. But, pray, what answer
Return'd you to this man, more great in mischiefs
Than he's in power or title?

Les. Entertain'd
His proffer'd bounties with a specious shew
Of thankfulness; nay, promis'd to effect
His damn'd intent; besought him not t' employ
Any other instruments, but ourselves, t' accomplish
The ruin of your person; by these means
To free your dear life from the imminent danger
Of being, by others, aim'd at.

Ter. These strangers' loves
Surpass credit.

Wal. To thank you
For this same dear preserval of my life,
Best friends, were to admit your action might
Receive, by gratitude, a satisfaction;

But, pray, divide my soul; my life and fortunes
Are at your disposition. Noble lords,
That this base emperor seeks to take my life,
By treachery, is an apparent sign:
He fears that I should live; and, half victorious
Ere blow be strucken, are they whom their foes
Dread, ere they do behold them. Let's go on, then,
Arm'd with our aids, back'd with our cause's justice,
'Gainst this insulting emperor, and resolve
To pull the tyrant from his throne, destroy
His very name, his memory, his ashes,
With as much easy freedom, as rough winds
Demolish crazy buildings. Colonel Gordon,
Some five days hence we shall arrive at Egers,
There to make preparation for the nuptials
Betwixt our son and fair Emilia.
Come, lords, since we amongst ourselves are true,
Conquest is ours, which we'll with speed pursue. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ALBERTUS.

Alb. To be in love, nay, to be so in love,
To put off all our reason and discourse,
Which does distinguish us from savage beasts;
To dote upon a face, which, like a mirror,
Sully'd by any breath, by the least sickness
Grows pale and ghastly: is not this mere madness?
Why should 't inhabit here then? Sure the soul,

As 'tis a spirit of a subtle essence,
A form as thin and pure as is an angel's,
Can ne'er be author of these wild desires,
So opposite to its nature; they're all fleshly,
Sordid, as is the clay this frame's compos'd of.
Shall the soul,
The noble soul, be slave to these wild passions,
And bow beneath their weight?—ha, Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

All reason, sense, and soul are in her looks;
There's no discourse beyond them. Cruel fair one!
Are you still resolute to persist in your
Strange tyranny, and scorn my constant love?

Isa. Do not, sir,
Abuse that sacred title, which the saints
And powers celestial glory in, by ascribing
It to your loose desires; 'pray, rather clothe them
In their own attribute; term them your lust, sir;
Your wild, irregular lust; which, like those firedrakes
Misguiding 'nighted travellers, will lead you
Forth of the fair path of your fame and virtue,
To unavoided ruin.

Alb. This is coyness,
A cunning coyness, to make me esteem
At a high rate, that jewel which you seem
To part from so unwillingly; merchants use it
To put bad wares away: dear Isabella,
Think what excessive honour thou shalt reap
In the exchange of one poor trivial gem,

And that but merely imaginary, a voice,
An unsubstantial essence; yet for that
Thou shalt have real pleasures, such as queens,
Prone to delicious luxury, would covet
To sate their appetites. Think, Isabella!
That hardest marble, though not cut by force,
By oft diffusion of salt drops is brought
Into whatever form the carver's fancy
Before had destin'd it. Your heart's that substance,
And will, by frequent oratory of tears,
Be brought to wear the perfect stamp, the figure
Of my affection on it.

Isa. Thus beseig'd,
It is high time I summon up my virtue,
All that is good about me, to assist
My resolution: sir, I would be loth
That you should see me angry; 'tis a passion
My modesty is unacquainted with;
Yet, in this cause, dear to me as my honour,
I needs must chide your passion. O consider,
Look what a precipice of certain ruin
Your violent will, as on some dangerous rock,
That strikes whate'er dashes upon 't in pieces,
Has cast your heedless youth upon! my lord,
Why should you venture your whole stock of goodness
Upon forbidden merchandize? a prize
Which the most barbarous pirates to the laws
Of moral honesty, would fear to seize on,
Both for its sanctity and trivial value.

Alb. I'm thunderstruck!

Isa. What foolish thief, my lord, would rob an altar,
Be guilty of the sacrilege, to gain
A brazen censer? why should you, then, affect
A sin so great as spoiling me of honour,
For such a poor gain as the satisfying
Your sensual appetite? think, good my lord,
The pleasures you so covet are but like flattering mornings
That shew the rising sun in his full brightness,
Yet do, ere night, bury his head in tempests.

Alb. I'm disenchanted! all the charms are fled,
That hung, like mists, about my soul, and robb'd it
Of the fair light of virtue. Excellent angel!
You have that power in goodness as shall teach
Wonder, that child of ignorance, a faith,
No woman can be bad. I do confess,
Big with the rage of my intemperate lust,
I came to blast your purity, but am
Become its perfect convert; so reclaim'd
By your best goodness from these foul intentions,
Hell has not strength enough to tempt my frailty
To the like wild looseness; pray, sweet, forgive me,
Seal it with one chaste kiss, and henceforth let me
Adore you as the saver of my honour,
My truth and fame's preserver.

Isa. I am glad
I've wrought this reclamation on your folly;
And, trust me, I shall ever love this in you,
Though my more humble thoughts shall ne'er aspire
To affect your person.

Alb. Had you yielded to my desires,

Been no whit virtuous, I should have esteem'd you,
(My looser heat, by your consent, extinguish'd,)
But as a fair house haunted with goblins,
Which none will enter to possess, and bless'd me
From the prodigious building; when now,
Big with the chaste assurance of your virtue,
I do beseech [you], by your love, your mercy,
Look on my innocent love, more spotless
Than are the thoughts of babes which ne'er knew foulness;
Accept me for your husband; start not, lady!
By your fair self I mean it, do entreat it,
As my extent of happiness.

Isa. This, my lord,
Is too extreme o'th' other side; as much
Too mean I hold myself to be your wife,
As my own fame and honour did esteem me
Too good to be your prostitute. My lord,
The wiving vine, that 'bout the friendly elm
Twines her soft limbs, and weaves a leafy mantle
For her supporting lover, dares not venture
To mix her humble boughs with the embraces
Of the more lofty cedar: 'twixt us two
Is the same difference. Love, my lord, and hope
A nobler choice,—a lady of your own
Rank; all the ends my poor ambition
Shall ever aim shall be to love your worth,
But ne'er aspire your nuptials.

Alb. You're too humble,
Impose too mean a value on a gem
Kings would be proud to wear; dear Isabella,

Let not thy modest sweetness interpose
A new impediment 'twixt my lawful flames
And thy own vestal chastity; let not fear,
To thy sex incident, of my father's wrath
Stagger thy resolution; thou shalt be
To me my father, mother, brother, friend,
My all of happiness; if we cannot here,
In peace, enjoy our wishes, we will love,
Like turtles in a desert, only blest
In one another's company.

Enter FREDERICK *and* NEWMAN.

New. Why look you, sir, yonder's the cock o'th' game,
About to tread yon guinea hen: they're billing;
Shall we retire, my lord? perhaps they're going to it,
And 't would be a shame to spoil their sport.

Fred. I'm resolv'd, I'll speak to him.

New. Your pleasure must be accomplish'd;
But take heed we draw not the virgin's curses on us
Both; take heed on't, it will fall heavy.

Alb. Surpriz'd, and by my brother! pr'ythee, sweet,
Withdraw; I would not have thy timorous ears
Frighted with his loud anger. [*exit Isabella.*

Fred. Save you, brother! you've parted with your
Mistress; pray, tell me, does she kiss well?
Has she a fragrant lip?
Are her demeanors courtly, apt to ravish?
Are you resolv'd to run away with her,
And stain the honour of our family for her sweet sake?

Alb. Gentle brother, you speak a language

I nor understand,
Nor value much the meaning. In your love
I meddled not; and 't had been manners in you
Not to have intruded upon mine, your presence
Being unrequired.

Fred. You're very confident, young gallant,
In defence of your brave mistress;
I know you are in love, bravely in love,
With a trim chambermaid, a thing made up
Of a cast taffety gown, of an old wardrobe.
Degenerate brother! were I not assur'd
Of your chaste mother's virtues, I should question
Whether my father got you; but I'm come
To disenchant thy senses from the charms
That hateful witch throws on them; but resolve
Quickly to quit her, or, by heaven! she'd better
Commix with lightning.

Alb. Pray, good brother, use
Your threats upon your corporals, or stamp
At your tame lancepresados, when they do not
Perform your charge; your rage upon your boys
Were more becoming, than upon your brother:
If you will sit, and, with attentive patience,
Mark what I shall deliver, I will give you
Reasons for my intentions, but, if not,
You may depart unsatisfied.

Fred. Well, sir, be brief, I shall attend you.

Alb. In brief, I love fair Isabella, so as honour,
Not the vicious heat of youth,
Commands me to affect. I love her virtue,

And have in that, as noble, rich a dowry
As the addition of estate and blood,
Which you've acquir'd in your late happy match
With young Emilia.

Fred. Dare you, boy, name her
And my Emilia as parallels?

Alb. Why, good brother,
Though she transcends her in her birth and fortunes,
Yet, in the rare endowments of her mind,
She is her equal; virtue has a soul as precious
In peasants, as in princes: 'tis a birth-right
None can deprive them of, who truly have it.
'Tis so with Isabella.

Fred. You do intend to marry her?

Alb. Yes, brother,

Fred. She is a whore.

Alb. 'Tis a most scandalous lie; and, on your heart,
I'll prove her chaste and virtuous as Emilia,
As your Emilia.

Fred. Have at you. [*they fight.*

Enter TERTSKI, KINTSKI, NEWMAN, *and* ILLAWE.

New. Help to beat down their swords, my lords!
'Death! Frederick! Albertus! what do you mean?
Let's beat them both; 'heart! I think you're drunk
With Lubeck beer or Brunswick mum.

Kin. For shame!
Put up your angry weapons.

New. How fell you out, gentlemen, how fell you out?

Ter. It was a sad misfortune, nor would I

It should arrive unto our general's notice,
For half my earldom: 'las, my lord! you bleed.
Alb. No matter,
My blood could ne'er in more holy use
Have been employ'd.
New. Now the heat's over, do you not both think
Yourselves a pair of coxcombs! come, shake hands;
I will make you both stark drunk, but I will have you
Good friends again: brothers fall out! for shame!
Brothers fall out! [*exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, FREDERICK, DUTCHESS.

Wal. Can this be possible?
Fred. 'Tis a truth;
And if your high authority countermand not
His fond intentions, he will wed her, and
Dishonour our great family.
Wal. Call him hither:
I shall instruct the gallant youth his duty.
Dutch. But, good my lord, do not, with too severe
A harshness, chide the error of his love;
Lest, like a crystal stream which, unoppos'd,
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,
Being stopp'd o'th' sudden, his calm nature riot
Into a wilful fury, and persist

In his intended fancy.

Wal. Gentle madam, teach
Your women how to dress you; here are none
Do need your presence, or instruction: you would l him
Leap your neat chambermaid, and get a monkey
For you to play withal. He is here;—
Pray you, depart:—Frederick, attend your mother;
I would be private. [*exeunt Dutchess and Frede*

Enter ALBERTUS.

Alb. Your grace was pleas'd to send for me.

Wal. I did so:
Know you the cause?

Alb. Not yet, my lord.

Wal. I am your father, sir;
Whose frowns you ought to tremble at, whose anger
Should be as dreadful to you as heaven's curses:
Look on my face, and read my business there.

Alb. Alas, my lord, your looks
Are discompos'd with rage; your fiery eyes
Roll with the accustom'd motion they had wont
To dart upon your enemies: I am
Assur'd my innocence can no way merit
Your all-consuming anger.

Wal. 'Tis a lie!
A worthless lie! false as thy flattering hopes are:
You are in love; most gallantly in love
With Isabella; one who is compos'd
Of paint and plasters; thou degenerate monster!

Traitor to fame, and parricide to honour!
Abject in thy condition as thy thoughts are!
Tear this vile strumpet from thy soul, do't quickly;
Renounce her with all binding ties can urge thee
To keep thy faith, or I will quite put off
The name of father, take as little notice
Thou art my offspring, as the surly North
Does of the snow, which, when it has engender'd,
Its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten.

Alb. This was the killing fever I still fear'd:
Sir, I should be a stranger to your blood,
As well as noble worth, should I commit
Actions I sham'd to justify; I confess
I love fair Isabella; and beseech you,
The meanness of her fortune and her birth
Omitted, she may be conferr'd upon me
In lawful marriage.

Wal. Dare you, boy,
Speak this to me?

Alb. I should, sir, be degenerate
From your great spirit, should I fear to utter
What I do wish effected. Were you a god,
As, being my father, you're but a degree
To me beneath one, in a cause so righteous,
I should not only boldly crave your license,
But hope to have it granted.

Wal. Hell and furies!
Durst any mortal fool, but my own issue,
Venture to brave my fury thus? Resolve,
Villain, in full to satisfy my purpose;

Do it without regret; renounce this strumpet;
Even from thy soul abandon her remembrance,
Or, by my unwearied valour, better,
And with more safety, thou may'st hug a wave,
When its white lips kiss heaven. Young sir, your honour
Is not your own; for it you're but my factor,
And must give me account, a strict account,
Of the errors you run in: to the dust
Of my great ancestors, stand I accountant
For all my family; and their blest ashes
Would break their marble lodgings, and come forth
To quarrel with me, should I permit this bar
To stain their glorious heraldry.

Alb. Great sir!
Can virtue be a blemish, or true worth
Disgrace nobility? 'twas that, at first,
When nature made all equal, did distinguish
'Twixt man and man, and gave a just precedence
To the most worthy. Honour is virtue's offspring.
Since, then, the angel my affection's fix'd on,
Is fair and virtuous, all the good that ever
Durst with frail flesh commix, or earth be proud of,
How to our families' honour can she bring
A diminution? Can, sir, the chaste ice,
Kiss'd by the sun into its native substance,
Pollute a chrystal river? Surely, rather,
It adds fresh moisture to its stream. My lord,
I am your son, and have been still obedient
To your commands; O, by your love, your virtue,
Your never daunted virtue, I beseech you,

Grant me this one request! wer't for my life,
I should not be so abject as to spend
My breath for its redemption.
Wal. Well, thy prate
Has overcome me; I am pitiful,
Beyond my nature pitiful, to thee:
Thou shalt enjoy thy wishes.
Alb. All the blessings
Prayers can obtain from heaven, shower down upon you,
For your superlative mercy.
Wal. Stay, and mark me;
'T shall be with this condition—that, as soon
As thou art wed, and hast enjoy'd thy wishes,
Ere the next sun rise on you, you resolve,
Without remorse, to kill your Isabella!
Alb. Heavens protect me!
Wal. Nay, thou shalt swear it too! 'las, gentle boy,
I know thy nature is too full of fire
To mix with sordid earth; and though thy lust,
Which is but manhood in thee, prompt thee on
To taste the sweets of Isabella's beauty,
I know thou scorn'st so much to unmake thy gentry,
To take her for thy wife. Perhaps she will not
Give up her honour, till the church has seal'd
That grant as lawful: freely I allow
Her brave ambition, if, as a reward
Due to her haughty pride, thy own hands kill her,
And so wipe out the infamy.
Alb. Strange cruelty! So tyrants us'd to grant offenders life,

After their condemnation, to reserve them
To combat wild beasts in the spacious cirque,
Or bloody amphitheatre. My lord!

Wal. Pish! I am deaf; inexorable as seas
To th' prayers of mariners, when their keel
Is drunk with billows.

Enter DUTCHESS, ISABELLA, *and* PAGE.

Dutch. O, my lord,
Your justice on this cursed witch, this thief!
This morning I have lost out of my cabinet
The so much valu'd jewel, which your bounty
Bestow'd upon me; none but she and I
Having been there since, she must be thief:
Force her to restitution!

Wal. 'Twas a gem my mother gave me; which I did preserve
With as much care as votaries do the relics
Of their protecting saints: I gave it you,
When, in the eager fervor of my youth,
I destin'd you my wife. Come hither, minion;
You, who can steal the jewels of men's hearts,
With your enchanting sorceries, will not fear
To make a venture upon pettier theft.
[*To the Page.*] Sirrah, go bid them wait me here.
[*exit Page.*

Isa. My lord,
I'm so secure in my own innocence,
That should your fury riot on my life,
'T would not affright me; I should meet my death
As willingly as I should do my rest,

After a tedious watching: there's no armour
Like that of innocence, with which I'm guarded,
And, therefore, laugh at punishment.

Enter a GUARD.

Wal. So brave? I shall soon quell your insolence. Lay hands
On this ignoble strumpet! hang her up here in my presence!

Alb. Stay, sir! I do beseech you, hear me.

Wal. Your entreaties are cast on me, as fools throw oil on fire,
Striving to extinguish it: hang her up!
I'll hang you all else.

Alb. Then, sir, I will speak;
Since you forget to be a father to me,
I will put off my duty. I'm resolv'd,
Since 'tis impossible that we should live,
To die together: nor do not, slave, presume
To touch this mine of purity; 'tis a treasure,
While I'm alive, hell cannot ravish from me,
For fiends would fear to touch it. If you murder
This spotless innocent virgin, you are such,
So merciless a tyrant, as do love
To feed on your own bowels; one whom nature
Created for a curse, and to get curses:
Such prodigies as I am, one whom all lovers
Shall tremble at, if mentioned; one—

Wal. 'Death! have I lost my command? is he or I
To be obey'd? Hang her! If he resist,

Kill the unnatural traitor!

Isa. Dear Albertus! draw not a ruin on thy priceless life
For my despised sake: I will go to death
In full peace, as does an anchorite,
That's assur'd of all his sin's forgiveness.

[*they lay hands on her.*

Alb. Saucy devil!
Carry that touch of her to hell, 'twill serve
To mitigate thy tortures.

[*kills one of the Guard, and is stabbed by Wallenstein.*

Dutch. O, my lord, what has your fury acted?
Dear Albertus!

Alb. 'Twas a most friendly hand, and I could kiss it
For the most welcome benefit. Isabella,
In death thou giv'st me life; thy innocence
Will, like my guardian angel, safely convey me
To yonder heav'nly mansion; pray, forgive me,
Dear sir, if, in my over-hasty zeal
In this poor innocent's quarrel, my wild fury
Transgress'd my natural duty, and, as the last
Request your dying son can ask, take pity
On this most innocent maid. Thy hand, my fair one:
And now as willingly I do expire,
As a blest martyr who does court the fire.
O, Isabella! [*dies.*

Dutch. O, my dear Albertus!

Wal. 'Death! slave, dare you play with a flame
That shall consume you? Hang her up!
Or torments shall pay your breach of duty.

Isa. There, friend; there's all the jewels I am mistress of,

And that thou merit'st. 'Pr'ythee, be as speedy
In thy despatch, as fate itself. There is
A pure white ghost, in yon same azure cloud,
Expects me straight: I come, my dear Albertus!
[*is hanged.*

Wal. Take hence their bodies; 'twas a hopeful boy,
And one I lov'd well, 'till his wild love
Made him forget his duty; and 'tis better
He died with fame, his sword in 's hand, than that
He'd liv'd with foul dishonour; would he were
Alive again! I do begin to feel
Strange horrors here, and that big guest, my soul,
Is shaking as with a nipping frost; hence, idle grief,
I must be furnish'd with more sprightly passions;
Thou art too heavy, fit for the society
Of none but pensive women. All must die:
Why should not he, then? 'twas his destiny. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Les. Are all your horse in readiness?
Gor. Yes, 'tis time
That we were mounted; 'tis four leagues, at least,
Unto the general's camp, and 'twill be late
Ere we arrive there. Are you yet resolv'd
Upon the means by which to put in practice
Our long intended purpose? our delay

Will make the emperor apt to call in question
Our faith's integrity.

Les. So great a business
Is not with easy speed to be perform'd:
An eager haste oft times o'erthrows the fortunes
Of such affairs; if we once get him hither,
Within our city walls, be confident
He's in his grave: but have you given command
That all your soldiers be in readiness,
To wait the general's entry?

But. They shall be
In their best furniture of arms, all drawn
Into parada; he shall have all pomp,
And ornament of war, to bid him welcome.

Les. These triumphs
Shall be but funeral pomps before his death.
Gordon, you must, as governor of Egers,
Present the keys with all humility,
To his dispose; 'twill make him be more careless,
And trust his very soul into our hands.

Gor. Doubt not me;
I shall perform with cunning skill, whate'er
Belongs to me: but do you intend the general
Alone should fall, or his confederates
Shall perish with him?

Les. O, by all means. Indian princes
Do carry slaves to wait on them into
The other world; and 'twere inglorious
That our brave general should not have that privilege!

Count Tertzki, Kintzki, Newman, Marshall Illawe,
Shall be his harbingers, and, i' th' shades below,
Provide fit entertainment for his ghost.

But. They are of power; their deaths will shrewdly weaken
The strength of the conspiracy.

Les. Very true; I'll craftily instil into his ears
New causes of distrust, so to beget
In him more confidence of my faith, so to
Allure him hither sooner: we must work
Surely, as does the mole, who digs
Her habitation in the earth, and scorns
All the assaults of tempests: when he's in,
We must be prompt in action, sure of hand,
And sound of heart, and strike him with that violence,
From the supposed heavens
His ambition climbs to, that the thin air
Does, from its purer regions,
Dull earthly meteors: come, let's away,
Nought crosses actions like a dull delay. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter WALLENSTEIN.

Wal. To be diseas'd in mind, diseas'd past cure
Of physic or sage counsel, is a madness,
The active soldier, all whose ends are glory,
And that by virtue cowards term a sin,
(Ambition) should not be acquainted with.

Although my cares do hang upon my soul
Like mines of lead, the greatness of my spirit
Shall shake the sullen weight off: natural rest
Is, like a wholesome bath to limbs oppress'd
With gouts and aches, to a troubled mind
A most excelling medicine, and I feel
A strong propension in my brain to court
Sleep for its mild physician. Within there, boy!

Enter PAGE.

Sirrah! be sure that none disturb my rest
On no occasion; on your life, I charge you.
Page. Shall I sing, sir?
Wal. Yes, if the notes be heavy, apt to invite
The weary soul to slumbers. [*song.*
Page. Who's there? you must not enter.

Enter DUTCHESS.

Dutch. Must not, sirrah!
Where is your lord?
Page. Your pardon, gracious madam! he's laid down
To rest; and has, upon my life, commanded
Me, none should wake him.
Dutch. Think'st thou, he is
So much addicted to his ease he will
Neglect his business? Go in, and tell him,
The governors of Egers, Colonel Gordon
And Colonel Leslie, are without, upon
Affairs of consequence.
Page. Would your grace

Would pardon me! yourself, with greater safety,
Might do it, madam.

Dutch. Foolish boy! go in; I will be thy security.

Page. I shall perform,
Though most unwillingly, your command. My lord,
Please you to rise;—your dutchess.

Wal. Ha! where's my sword?
Thou art a coward ghost, and not my son's,
To take me in my sleep, unarm'd: my poniard
Will still be faithful to me; if thou be'st not
Thin air, its point will graze on thee. [*stabs the Page.*

Dutch. O, my lord,
What has your fury acted? this, your sudden
Murd'ring this innocent youth, doth add new horrors
To your strange cruelties.

Wal. Ha! my page! his death
Was but due justice for his breach of duty,
For thus disturbing of my rest.

Dutch. My lord,
Your hands are purpled so in innocent blood,
Tears cannot wash the tincture off; myself
Am as deep-guilty as you in the slaughter
Of Isabella: she was innocent:
The jewel I accus'd her of, this morning,
Grief to my soul! I've found. Pray heaven, repentance
May expiate our offences!

Wal. I begin
To feel strange horrors here; my marble soul
Does strive to sweat itself into a tear
At thought of these sad accidents.

Enter GORDON, BUTLER, LESLIE, NEWMAN, TERTZKI, KINTZKI.

Noble friends!
You 're opportunely welcome. I was oppress'd
With sudden melancholy, but your lov'd presence
Expels all thoughts of it, and I'm grown
As full of sprightly mirth, as when my hopes
Aim'd at a glorious victory.

Gor. Mighty duke!
According to my duty, I am come
Here, to present you with the keys of Egers,
My place of government, and with them my life,
To do you service.

Wal. Noble Gordon!
You do so much endear me by your love,
I have no possibility to requite
Your overflow of courtesies: have you not
Receiv'd new intelligence of business
Which does concern me?

Les. New temptations, sir,
Against your precious life: 'tis to be fear'd,
Lest, seeing we do slack so in performance
Of what we've promis'd, he'll employ new agents
To attempt your ruin; and should treason,
As 'tis a subtle serpent,—stings unseen, sir,—
Invade your life, to what a dire misfortune
Were we, whose lives hang upon your dependance,
Betray'd; and, therefore, good my lord, beware,
Lest your own courage, which contemns all dangers,

Do undo you.

Wal. Never fear.—How far
Is't hence to Egers?

Gor. Some three hours' easy march.

Wal. Set forward thither:
It were in vain my enemies' swords to fear,
When I do carry sharper poniards here. [*exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the EMPEROR, *the* KING OF HUNGARY, *and* QUESTENBERG.

Emp. Vex'd with so many cares, so many mischiefs,
That do, like hydra's dreadful head, increase
By cutting off; as billows follow billows,
Succeed each other with that eager violence,
Our weary eagles know not where to perch,
But flag their sickly wings; wer't not irreligious,
I should capitulate with the powers divine,
And tax them of injustice: my whole reign
Has been a long and one continued trouble;
And if blest peace with her fair beams did e'er
Shine on our empire, 'twas but like a fair
Deceitful wind, courting the ships out of the harbour
Into the main to drown them; but the mother
Of a more horrid warfare, that I fear, as
I found the wreath imperial drown'd in blood,

So I in blood must leave it.

Quest. Have good hope, sir:
Tides then approach their full height, when their ebb
Has been at lowest; the most hideous tempests,
Which seem'd to threat the ruin of the world,
Being usher'd in by thunder and hot lightning,
Are soonest past; there's nothing violent
Can boast of perpetuity: our fortunes
Are not so desperate as our fears present them;
We've hands and hearts left yet, that dare oppose
The inhuman traitor; and our cause's justice
Assures us, if we cannot live victorious,
We shall die nobly.

Hun. Man, my royal father,
Is not himself when he beholds
Events through the quick perspective of fear,
Which shews him dangers at remotest distance
As clearest, and his most perspicuous objects.
Suppose this traitor, in his giant reach,
Fathom even heaven itself; yet, there are bolts
To strike him into earth for his ambition,
And make his memory and name, all, save his treason,
For ever to be forgotten.

Emp. That which most
Does drive my tortur'd soul into affrights
Is, that I see we're false among ourselves:
The faithless soldiers daily do, in troops,
Fly from our ensigns to the traitor's camp:
What cause have we then but t' expect sad ruin,
When those who should be our security

Do prove our greatest enemies? Our guard,
Our fear, and terror, they all look
On him, as superstitious Indians on the sun,
With adoration; on me, with contempt,
Or, but at best, with pity.

Quest. Mighty Cæsar!
To doubt an ill before it falls upon us,
'Mongst valiant and resolved souls, is counted
A point of cowardice: great spirits ever
Should be above their fates. Good sir, retreat
Into that fortress of your mind,
Your resolution; call it up to guard
Your soul from timorous thoughts.
Are you the man have sway'd
The Roman empire four and twenty years,
With that success against your foreign foes,
Your very name, more than your forces, vanquish'd,
To let a traitor fright you? Good my lord,
Let's draw forth new battalias to the field,
Awake the drum and trumpet, summon up
The very last hopes of our weaken'd strength,
'Gainst this insulting traitor; very infants
Will, on the sudden, grow up able men,
And fight in this brave quarrel.

Hun. Heaven itself
Will arm on our side, and, with certain vengeance,
Pursue the inhuman monster. Why, to die,
As that's the worst can happen, in this cause,
Were a religious martyrdom: I am your son, sir,
And what your fortunes are, good or disastrous,

Mine has on them dependence: by my hopes, I do
So little weigh the glorious traitor's pride,
I think him worthy scarce my meanest thought;
And rest assur'd, ere long, I shall behold
This fearful meteor, that would be a star,
And does affright us with his hideous blaze,
Like a vain comet, drop his fading rays.

Emp. Your comforts
Come as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the earth,—it wets, but leaves no moisture
To give the sear'd plants growth. But yesternight
We'd certain information that our forces,
Led by Matthias Gallas, were o'erthrown
By Saxon Weimar, and his son, young Frederick;
Who, had they known as well how to pursue
As gain a victory, and made a sudden
Onslaught upon Vienna, theirs, not ours,
Had been the wreath imperial. Now, your news, sir.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Letters from Colonel Leslie, sir, from Egers.

Emp. This is our latest hope: he writes me word,
That the arch traitor, and his prime confederates,
Last night arriv'd at Egers; and assures me,
Of their immediate ruin. Well, Colossus,
You'd best stand firm, unshaken as a rock,
Whose feet the fierce waves, striving to trip up,
Do, 'gainst its hard hoofs, dash themselves to pieces,
Or thou wilt fall unpitied; fall, to be
The scorn of story, the contempt and by-word

To all posterity. Let's in, my lords.
This law the heavens inviolably keep,
Their justice well may slumber, but ne'er sleep. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter WALLENSTEIN, TERTZKI, KINTZKI, ILLAWE, NEWMAN, LESLIE, BUTLER, *and* GORDON.

Les. The honour you have done us, mighty duke,
By this your gracious presence, gives a period
To our ambition: Egers is grown proud;
Dares with Vienna stand in competition,
Which is the capital city, which does hold
The true and lawful Cæsar.
Gor. Ferdinand,
Had he arriv'd here in his greatest glory,
Could not have been more welcome: while I am
Governor of this town, it, and my life,
Are at your service.
Wal. Noble gentlemen!
You do so load me with new courtesies,
I know not first for which to give you thanks;
And, did a sullen humour not possess
My much distemper'd faculties, my mirth
Should speak my gratitude; but, on the sudden,
I am so overburthen'd with sad thoughts,
I cannot suit my mind, so much oppress'd,
To jollity.
Les. 'Tis our general grief,

Aught should disturb your quiet here, when we
Were all compos'd of triumph, for the joy
We do conceive for your arrival. My noble lord of
Tertzki, these are the welcomes,
Full bowls of sprightly wine, that soldiers use
In entertainment:—to our general's health;
And to his good recovery from his melancholy.

Tert. Who shall refuse to pledge it, with that zeal
He would drink healthful potions, may it be
A deadly poison to him: Colonel Gordon.

New. May he die for drought, like a Westphalia pig
I' the dog-days; or be choak'd with eating toasted cheese

Gor. My lord of Kintzki,
This to our general's health, and welcome hither.

New. I'm like to faint for thirst:
Would 'twould arrive at me once; my mouth
Even waters at it.

Kint. Noble Butler!

But. Marshall Illawe.

New. I shall be last, I see;
But, if the stoops hold out, 'tis ten to one
I'll have my share.

Ill. Here, Colonel Newman.

New. An 'twere the Tun of Heidleberg, I'd drink it
Off with as much ease as a leaguer can
In a grim sutler's house of thatch. My lord,
Under your gracious pardon, take me off
This lusty rouse to your own health, and after
Begin as much to each of ours; and, if
It do not make you as merry as a corporal

Upon pay-day, say I'm no Æsculapius,
But a mere mountebank in the effects
Of sprightly wine.
Wal. Kind gentlemen, my thanks
To all of you; and would my disposition
Afford me licence, I should not forget
The soldier's ceremony, to begin
Each of your happy wishes: howsoever,
I will trench so far on my melancholy,
To drink this cup:—to all your healths.
All. Your grace has shewn us
A too excessive courtesy.
Wal. I'll only
Repose a little; and, if I find
My sad distemper alter, I'll return,
And frolic in your company.
New. I smell him;
He has a plot upon us; he'll steal hence,
And shift a score or two of cups, and then
Set fresh upon us, make us all as drunk
As rats in the Canaries.
Les. We'll attend your grace.
Wal. By no means:
Let not my melancholy discompose
Your thought of frolic mirth:
There's Colonel Newman
Will, in my absence, take a cup or two
For me: mean time, be merry; 'tis my charge;
Remember to observe it. [*exit.*
Les. I'm sorry,

He should be thus distemper'd here. My lord,
Let not our general's sadness rob us of
Our late intended jollity: Colonel Newman,
You'd wont to be all air; I hope, you are not
Turn'd earth on the sudden.

New. No, 'faith: thank heaven, I feel no inclination
That savors of mortality. Gentlemen,
Shall's have a catch?

All. With all our hearts, good colonel.

New. A military madrigal; I learn'd it
Of a right imp of Mars, a red fac'd serjeant,
At Halberstadt.

Les. Will you begin?

New. Yes, verily; but, good colonel,
Let not your voice rebel, nor be exalted
Into a Caledonia tune: 'twill spoil
Our ditty. [*a catch.*

Les. My thanks! My lords, please you this cup
To th' happy nuptials 'twixt young Frederick
And the fair Emilia.

Gor. Egers will be honour'd
To have them celebrated here.

New. Do me right, good colonel:
You drink it as 'twere scar-beer.

Les. Captain Butler.

New. No whispering, good Colonel Leslie;
No whispering:
You know what follows; but drink off your cup
Like a right cavalier. This Nectar wine
Has a strange virtue in't; it elevates

Both flesh and spirit: a month's pay for a wench now.

Les. My lord, I am
So far from giving you a fit requital,
For your late courtesies, that, as satisfaction,
I must beg a new favour,—one cup more:
Let's all together drink a full carouse
Unto our general's health, and his revenge
Upon the emperor; you shall drink no more;
'T shall be your last cup, trust me.

New. I shall drink no more, mark that; pray, fill up mine
'Till it run o'er; I would be loth to have
My last cup faulty.

Les. To his revenge!

[*Enter four Soldiers, with pistols, as they are drinking; they shoot Tertzki, Kintzki, Illawe, and Newman, who fall.*

Tert. Traitor! inhospitable slave! [*dies.*

New. I'm something hot about the heart;—
A cup of your small wine to cool me: sure,
You grudg'd my liquor, and so broach'd me behind,
To let out what I had put in before. 'Pox of your pellets,
Say I: I care not for any other hurt they have done me,
But that they have spoil'd my drinking. [*dies.*

Les. So, this was well perform'd; drag in their bodies.
Now, countrymen, our task is half perform'd,
We have lopp'd off the main arms that did grow
Unto this lofty cedar; there remains
Nought but the trunk to cut from earth, and that
Shall, by our own hands, fall: these slaves shall not

Have so much honour done them, as to triumph
In our great general's slaughter. As great Julius
Fell by his much-lov'd Brutus, who, when justice,
And his dear mother's cause, the common-wealth,
Commanded him to strike, with one home blow
Finish'd brave Cæsar's life; so he, by us,
Shall surely perish. Friendship must not save
Him and his foul ambition from one grave. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter WALLENSTEIN.

Wal. Sure, I beheld them, or the air condens'd
Into their lively figures. In their shrouds,
Pale and as meagre as they had convers'd
A year with the inhabitants of the earth,
And drunk the dew of charnel houses, shew'd
Albertus and his lovely bride. They wav'd
Their ghastly hands to me, as if in that
Dumb language they'd invited me to come
And visit them in their cold urns. To die—
Why, 'tis man's nature, not his punishment:
With this condition we all enter life,
To put it off again; 'tis but a garment,
And cannot last for ever; both its fashion
And stuff will soon wear out: why then should death,
If I were now creeping into my marble,
To me be terrible, since 'tis main folly,
To fear that which we no way can avoid;
Nor is 't much matter how we die—by force,
Or naturally chequer'd with grisly wounds,

Or in our beds, since all's but the same death still:—
Oh! but to die surcharg'd with mortal sins,
Such as can kill our everlasting beings—
Our souls,—and send them hence to bathe in floods
Of living fire; there, that's the frightful mischief;
The other's but a trifle: I, who never
Could fear the other, at the thought of this
Am one with death already; my vast crimes,
My horrid murders, kill that conscience in me,
Which makes me know my guilt; that conscience
Which, as my shadow, follows me.

Enter GORDON, LESLIE, *and* BUTLER.

Gor. Come softly,
And if my stroke miss, second me.
[*stabs Wallenstein in the back.*

Wal. Ha! 'twas no ghost; that was a mortal touch,
It came so home and heavily. Base traitor,
Whoe'er thou art, thou durst not see my face,
My looks would then have blasted thee.
Ha! Leslie, Gordon, Butler!

Les. Yes, traitor duke! 'twas we who cut thy soul
From thy weak twist of life; we who glory
More in performing this brave act of justice,
Than had we gain'd the empire thy ambition
Aspir'd to; thy base treacheries to Cæsar
Are by us reveng'd.

Gor. The counts,
Thy bold confederate rebels, by our hands
Sent to their ruin.

Wal. Thus, coward hares
Prey on a dying lion: for thee, Leslie,
Basely perfidious to me in thy faith,
Receive my last breath in a curse: you have
But play'd the hangmen to perform heaven's justice:
Forgive me, heaven, my past offence! I die,
Not for my ambition, but my cruelty. [*dies.*

Les. Let us convey the body in, and post
With all speed to Vienna, and give notice
To th' emp'ror of our proceedings. Thus ev'ry traitor shall,
'Stead of a crown, meet his own funeral.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

A TRAGEDY;

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, AND THOMAS NASH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.,

90, CHEAPSIDE, AND 8, PALL MALL;

AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO., EDINBURGH.

MDCCCXXV.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S Maurice, Fenchurch Street.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JUPITER.
GANYMEDE.
CUPID.
MERCURY.
ÆNEAS.
ASCANIUS.
ACHATES.
ILIONEUS.
CLOANTHUS.
SERGESTUS.
IARBAS.

JUNO.
VENUS.
DIDO.
ANNA.
NURSE.

Lords, &c.

THOMAS NASH.

Thomas Nash was born at the small sea-port town of Leostoff, in Suffolk, probably about the year 1564. He was, as he himself informs us, descended from a family who were seated in Hertfordshire. He became a student of St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his Batchelor's degree in 1585. We have assigned his birth to the year 1564, partly on the authority of a pamphlet, published in 1597, entitled *The trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman, by the high tituled Patron Don Richardo de Medico Campo, Barber Chirurgeon to Trinity College, in Cambridge*. This production states that he left College at seven years' standing, and before he had taken his Master's degree, about the year 1587; a statement, on the accuracy of which we may probably rely, with respect to such a fact as this, although proceeding from the pen of an adversary. Assuming, therefore, that Nash went to College at the age of sixteen, (about the usual time,) his birth would, according to this authority, have been in the year above mentioned. From Cambridge, he proceeded to London. In the literary

warfare between the Puritans, under the name of Martin Mar-prelate, and the Church, Nash ranked himself on the side of the establishment, and took an active part in the controversy. He attacked them in their own style, and by the skilful application of his peculiar talents of ridicule and invective, he was chiefly instrumental in silencing them. Amongst his productions in this contest, were *Pap with a hatchet, or a fig for my godson, or crack me this nut. To be sold at the Crab-tree Cudgel, in Thwack-Coat Lane.* and *An almond for a Parrot, or an alms for Martin.* The following are also supposed to have been written by him: *A counter-scuffle given to Martin Junior.—Martin's month's mind.—The return of the renowned Pasquill of England.*

The pamphlet before quoted asserts that Nash, whilst at College, had assisted in writing a show called *Terminus et non Terminus,* for which, the person who had been concerned with him was expelled; and that Nash himself was, at that time, (1597,) in prison for having written a play called *The Isle of Dogs*; neither of which facts, considering the freedom and severity of his satire, are improbable.

Nash was one of the choice wits and boon companions of his day: if he originally possessed any patrimony, it was soon consumed in the dissipations of a town life, and he was reduced to dependance on literary patronage and the produce of his pen. That the latter was fertile enough, must be allowed, but its fruits were not sufficient to supply his wants. He commences his *Pierce Pennilesse, his supplication to the Devil,* with a very touching description

of his situation. "Having," says he, "spent many years in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money; having tired my youth with folly, and surfeited my mind with vanity, I began at length to look back to repentance, and addressed my endeavours to prosperity; but all in vain, I sat up late and rose early, contended with the cold and conversed with scarcity; for all my labours turned to loss, my vulgar Muse was despised and neglected, my pains not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myself, in prime of my best wit, laid open to poverty."

From the following passage, it is not improbable that he had experienced the bounty of Sir Philip Sidney: "Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewest what pains, what toils, what travail conduct to perfection: well couldest thou give every virtue his encouragement, every art his due, every writer his desert, 'cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned, than thyself. But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the sons of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty, which thy bounty erst planted."

Nash appears to have been very much in need of a patron at this time: in the production just quoted, he holds out flattering promises of what he would do, if any Mecænas would extend his bounty to him: "Gentles," says he, "it is not your lay Chronigraphers, that write of nothing but Mayors and Sheriffs, and the Dear Year, and the Great Frost, that can endow your names with never dated glory: for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have: they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admira-

tion from men reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of all wits, and the very phrase of angels: how much better is it, then, to have an elegant lawyer to plead one's cause, than a strutting townsman that looseth himself in his tale, and doth nothing but make legs; so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman, to have his honour's story related, and his deeds emblazon'd by a Poet than a Citizen, * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myself; yet have I worn a gown in the university: but this I dare presume, that, if any Mecænas bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some sound liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any Poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but that I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which, I am persuaded, would enable me to work miracles. On the contrary side, if I be evil intreated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I will rail on him soundly: not for an hour or a day, while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages, of his beggarly parsimony and ignoble illiberality: and let him not (whatsoever he be) measure the weight of my words by this book, where I write *Quicquid in buccam veniret*, as fast as my hand can trot; but I have terms (if I be vext) laid in steep in aquafortis, and gunpowder, that shall

rattle through the skies, and make an earthquake in a peasant ears. Put case (since I am not yet out of the theme of wrath) that some tired jade belonging to the press, whom I never wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print (as I will not do him), and accused me of want of learning, upbraiding me for reviving in an epistle of mine the reverend memory of Sir Thomas Moore, Sir John Cheeke, Doctor Watson, Doctor Haddon, Doctor Carr, Master Ascham, as if they were no meat but for his mastership's mouth, but some such as the son of a ropemaker were worthy to mention them. To shew how I can rail, thus I would begin to rail on him.—Thou that hadst thy hood turned over thy ears when thou wert a Batchelor, for abusing of Aristotle, and setting him upon the school gates, painted with asses' ears on his head, is it any discredit for me, thou great baboon, thou pigmy braggart, thou pamphleter of nothing but Peans, to be censured by thee, that has scorned the prince of philosophers; thou, that in thy dialogues sold'st honey for a halfpenny, and the choicest writers extant for cues a piece; that cam'st to the logic schools when thou wert a fresh man, and writ'st phrases: off with thy gown and untruss! for I mean to lash thee mightily."

And so he goes on in a strain of vituperation and invective, of which few writers can furnish an example. This was the commencement of those bitter conflicts between Nash and Gabriel Harvey, with which the town was amused, and which, at length, attained such a pitch of violence and animosity, that the Archbishop of Canterbury issued

an order, "that all Nash's books, and Harvey's books, be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the said books be ever printed hereafter." These books have, in consequence, become exceeding rare. In this literary combat, Nash, with his fluent wit, his light and airy evolutions, and his caustic invective, had decidedly the advantage over the unwieldy pedantry, the clumsy but bitter abuse, and cynical hatred, of Harvey; and almost literally performed his boast, that if you "look on his head you shall find a grey hair for every line I have writ against him;" and he adds, "and you shall have all his beard white too by the time he hath read over this book."* Before his death, however, Nash, if we are to believe his Dedication of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, addressed to Lady Elizabeth Carey, grew weary of this employment. "A hundred unfortunate farewells," says he, "to fantastical satyrism, in whose veins heretofore I mispent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours. Nothing is there now so much in my vows as to be at peace with all men, and make submissive amends where I have most displeased."

This piquant satirist died, it is supposed, in 1600 or 1601, he having published a pamphlet in 1599, and being spoken of as dead in *The Return from Parnassus*, which is supposed to have been written in 1602, and was acted in 1606.

Nash enjoyed a great reputation amongst the wits of his time. Dr. Lodge calls him "the true English Aretine."

* Have with you to Saffron-Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, 1594.

Drayton says of him—

> "And surely, Nash, tho' he a proser were,
> A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear;
> Sharply satirick was he, and that way
> He went, since that his being, to this day,
> Few have attempted; and I surely think
> Those words shall hardly be set down in ink,
> Shall scorch and blast, so as his could, when he
> Would inflict vengeance."

And in the play of *The Return from Parnassus*, he is characterized as "a fellow that carried the deadly stock* in his pen, whose Muse was armed with a gag-tooth, and his pen possessed with Hercules' furies," which is succeeded by the following lines:—

> "Let all his faults sleep with his mournful chest,
> And then for ever with his ashes rest;
> His style was witty, though he had some gall;
> Something he might have mended; so may all:
> Yet this I say, that, for a mother wit,
> Few men have ever seen the like of it."

His dramatic productions consist of *Summer's last Will and Testament*, a Comedy, 4to., 1600; *The Isle of Dogs*, never printed; and *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a Tragedy, 4to., 1594, in which he was assisted by Marlowe.

Nash does not appear, from the specimens he has left us, to have possessed much dramatic talent: his *Summer's last Will and Testament* is more closely allied to satire than the drama; partakes more of invective than of passion; and *Dido*, of which he, probably, wrote the greater part,

* Stocco, a long rapier.

is little more than a narrative taken from Virgil, c
structed according to the form of a drama, but containi
little of the essence of that species of composition.

THE TRAGEDIE OF DIDO,

QUEEN OF CARTHAGE;

PLAYED BY THE CHILDREN OF HER MAIESTIE'S CHAPPELL.

WRITTEN BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, AND THOMAS NASH, GENT.

Actors.

JUPITER.	ASCANIUS.
GANIMEDE.	DIDO.
VENUS.	ANNA.
CUPID.	ACHATES.
JUNO.	ILIONEUS.
MERCURIE, OR HERMES.	IARBAS.
	CLOANTHES.
ÆNEAS.	SERGESTUS.

AT LONDON:

PRINTED, BY THE WIDDOWE ORWIN, FOR THOMAS WOODCOCKE,
AND ARE TO BE SOLDE AT HIS SHOP, IN PAULE'S CHURCH-YARD,
AT THE SIGNE OF THE BLACKE BEARE.

1594.

DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE,

Is included in this collection for two reasons: first, the early period at which it was written, (before 1592); and, secondly, the extreme rarity of it; there being, we believe, only two copies known to exist in England. Possessing very little intrinsic merit as a play, it is now reprinted chiefly for the purpose of illustrating the progress of dramatic art in this country, which forms part of the design of the present work.

DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Here the curtains draw:—there is discovered JUPITER *dandling* GANYMEDE *upon his knee, and* MERCURY *lying asleep.*

Jup. COME, gentle Ganymede, and play with me;
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.

Gan. I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows:
To-day, when as I fill'd into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance while you drank,
She reach'd me such a rap for that I spill'd,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.

Jup. What! dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By Saturn's soul, and this earth threat'ning air,
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,
To hang her, meteor-like, 'twixt heaven and earth,
And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,

As once I did for harming Hercules!

Gan. Might I but see that pretty sport a-foot,
O how would I with Helen's brother laugh,
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game.
Sweet Jupiter! if e'er I pleas'd thine eye,
Or seemed fair wall'd-in with eagle's wings,
Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

Jup. What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth?
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I, exhal'd with thy fire-darting beams,
Have oft driven back the horses of the night,
When as they would have hal'd thee from my sight.
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Controul proud fate, and cut the thread of time:
Why, are not all the gods at thy command,
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad;
From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face;
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
But as this one I'll tear them all from him,
Do thou but say, "their colour pleaseth me."
Hold here, my little love, these linked gems,
My Juno wore upon her marriage day,
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,

And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.

Gan. I would have a jewel for mine ear,
And a fine broach to put into my hat,
And then I'll hug with you a hundred times.

Jup. And shalt have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

Enter VENUS.

Ven. Aye, this is it; you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
While my Æneas wanders on the seas,
And rest a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,
Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas' brood,
Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels
Into the windy country of the clouds;
Where, finding Æolus intrench'd with storms,
And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charg'd him drown my son with all his train.
Then 'gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
And all Æolia to be up in arms;
Poor Troy must now be sack'd upon the sea,
And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;
Epeus' horse to Ætna's hill transform'd,
Prepared stands to wreck their wooden walls;
And Æolus, like Agamemnon, sounds
The surges, his fierce soldiers, to the spoil:
See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,
And intercepts the day as Dolon erst!

Ah, me! the stars surpris'd, like Rhesus' steeds,
Are drawn by darkness forth Astræa's tents.
What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy?
When as the waves do threat our crystal world,
And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,
Intends, ere long, to sport him in the sky.
False Jupiter! reward'st thou virtue so?
What! is not piety exempt from woe?
Then die, Æneas, in thy innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompence.

Jup. Content thee, Cytherea, in thy care,
Since thy Æneas' wand'ring fate is firm,
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
In those fair walls I promis'd him of yore:
But first in blood must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the lord of Turnus' town,
Or force her smile, that hitherto hath frown'd:
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war,
And, in the end, subdue them with his sword;
And full three summers likewise shall he waste,
In managing those fierce barbarian minds;
Which once perform'd, poor Troy, so long suppress'd,
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
And flourish once again, that erst was dead:
But bright Ascanius' beauties better work,
Who with the sun divides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers,
That earth-born Atlas, groaning, underprops:
No bounds, but heaven, shall bound his empery,
Whose azur'd gates, enchased with his name,

Shall make the morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
Thus, in stout Hector's race, three hundred years
The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,
Till that a princess, priest-conceiv'd by Mars,
Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
Who will eternise Troy in their attempts.

Ven. How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
When yet both sea and sand beset their ships,
And Phœbus, as in Stygian pools, refrains
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main?

Jup. I will take order for that presently:—
Hermes, awake! and haste to Neptune's realm;
Whereas the wind-god, warring now with fate,
Besiege the offspring of our kingly loins,
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace.
Venus, farewell! thy son shall be our care;
Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.

[*exeunt Jupiter and Ganymede.*

Ven. Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,
And court Æneas with your calmy cheer,
Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,
Had not the heavens, conceiv'd with hell-born clouds,
Veil'd his resplendent glory from your view;
For my sake, pity him, Oceanus,
That erst-while issued from thy wat'ry loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth:
Triton, I know, hath fill'd his trump with Troy,

And, therefore, will take pity on his toil,
And call both Thetis and Cymodoce,
To succour him in this extremity.

Enter ÆNEAS, ASCANIUS, ACHATES, *and one or two more.*

What! do I see my son now come on shore?
Venus, how art thou compass'd with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys:
Great Jupiter! still honour'd may'st thou be,
For this so friendly aid in time of need!
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whiles my Æneas spends himself in plaints,
And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

Æn. You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,
And Helen's rape doth haunt us at the heels.
How many dangers have we overpast?
Both barking Scylla, and the sounding rocks,
The Cyclops' shelves, and grim Ceraunia's seat,
Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive.
Pluck up your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And changing heavens may those good days return,
Which Pergama did vaunt in all her pride.

Acha. Brave Prince of Troy, thou only art our god,
That, by thy virtues, free'st us from annoy,
And mak'st our hopes survive to cunning joys!
Do thou but smile, and cloudy heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows:
Though we be now in extreme misery,
And rest the map of weather-beaten woe,

Yet shall the aged sun shed forth his air,
To make us live unto our former heat,
And every beast the forest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted food.

Asca. Father, I faint; good father, give me meat.

Æn. Alas! sweet boy, thou must be still awhile,
Till we have fire to dress the meat we kill'd;
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,
That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new found victuals on this shore.

Ven. See what strange arts necessity finds out;
How near, my sweet Æneas, art thou driven.

Æn. Hold; take this candle, and go light a fire;
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow
Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal:
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenched limbs,
While I with my Achates roam abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driv'n us on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.

Acha. The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For cities, and society's supports;
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

Ven. Now is the time for me to play my part: [*aside.*
Ho, young men! saw you, as you came,
Any of all my sisters wand'ring here,
Having a quiver girded to her side,
And clothed in a spotted leopard's skin?

Æn. I neither saw nor heard of any such;
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name?

Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
Nor speech bewrays ought human in thy birth;
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrow'd shape;
But whether thou the sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is call'd
On which, by tempests' fury, we are cast?
Tell us, O tell us, that are ignorant;
And this right hand shall make thy altars crack
With mountain heaps of milk-white sacrifice.

Ven. Such honour, stranger, do I not affect;
It is the use for Tyrian maids to wear
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort,
And suit themselves in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly o'er the lawns,
And overtake the tusked boar in chase.
But for the land whereof thou dost enquire,
It is the Punick kingdom, rich and strong,
Adjoining on Agenor's stately town,
The kingly seat of Southern Lybia,
Whereas Sidonian Dido rules as queen.
But what are you that ask of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you go?

Æn. Of Troy am I, Æneas is my name;
Who, driv'n by war from forth my native world,
Put sails to sea to seek out Italy;

And my divine descent from sceptr'd Jove:
With twice twelve Phrygian ships I plough'd the deep,
And made that way my mother Venus led;
But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
And they so wrack'd and welter'd by the waves,
As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;
And all of them, unburthen'd of their load,
Are ballasted with billows' wat'ry weight.
But hapless I, God wot! poor and unknown,
Do trace these Lybian deserts all despis'd,
Exil'd forth Europe and wide Asia both,
And have not any coverture but heaven.

Ven. Fortune hath favour'd thee, whate'er thou be,
In sending thee unto this courteous coast:
In God's name, on! and haste thee to the court,
Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;
And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,
Not one of them hath perish'd in the storm,
But are arrived safe, not far from hence;
And so I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,
Wishing good luck unto thy wand'ring steps. [*exit.*

Æn. Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;
I know her by the movings of her feet:
Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son;
Too cruel! why wilt thou forsake me thus?
Or in these shades deceiv'st mine eyes so oft?
Why talk we not together hand in hand,
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms?
But thou art gone, and leav'st me here alone,
To dull the air with my discoursive moan. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter IARBAS, *followed by* ILIONEUS, CLOANTHUS, *and* SERGESTUS.

Ilio. Follow, ye Trojans! follow this brave lord,
And 'plain to him the sum of your distress.
Iar. Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue?
Ilio. Wretches of Troy, envied of the winds,
That crave such favour at your honour's feet,
As poor distressed misery may plead:
Save, save, O save our ships from cruel fire,
That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,
And spare our lives, whom every spite pursues.
We come not, we, to wrong your Lybian gods,
Or steal your household lares from their shrines:
Our hands are not prepar'd to lawless spoil,
Nor armed to offend in any kind;
Such force is far from our unweapon'd thoughts,
Whose fading weal, of victory forsook,
Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.
Iar. But tell me, Trojans, Trojans if you be,
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound,
Before that Boreas buckled with your sails?
Cloan. There is a place, Hesperia term'd by us,
An ancient empire, famoused for arms,
And fertile in fair Ceres' furrow'd wealth,
Which now we call Italia, of his name
That in such peace long time did rule the same.
Thither made we;

When, suddenly, gloomy Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands;
Whereas the southern wind, with brackish breath,
Dispers'd them all amongst the wreckful rocks;
From thence a few of us escap'd to land;
The rest, we fear, are folded in the floods.

Iar. Brave men at arms, abandon fruitless fears,
Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.

Serg. Aye, but the barb'rous sort do threat our ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands;
In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.

Iar. Myself will see they shall not trouble ye.
Your men and you shall b .quet in our court,
And ev'ry Trojan be as welcome here,
As J.piter to silly Baucis' house.
Come in with me, I'll bring you to my queen,
Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

Serg. Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlook'd-for grace;
Might we but once more see Æneas' face,
Then would we hope to 'quite such friendly turns,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech. [*exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Æneas, Achates, *and* Ascanius.

Æn. Where am I now? these should be Carthage walls.

Acha. Why stands my sweet Æneas thus amaz'd?
Æn. O, my Achates! Theban Niobe,
Who, for her sons' death, wept out life and breath,
And, dry with grief, was turn'd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Methinks, that town there should be Troy, yon Ida's hill,
There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus,
And when I know it is not, then I die.
Acha. And in this humour is Achates too;
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees,
And kiss his hand; O, where is Hecuba?
Here she was wont to sit, but saving air
Is nothing here; and what is this but stone?
Æn. O, yet this stone doth make Æneas weep;
And, would my prayers (as Pygmalion's did)
Could give it life, that under his conduct
We might sail back to Troy, and be reveng'd
On these hard-hearted Grecians, which rejoice
That nothing now is left of Priamus!
Oh, Priamus is left, and this is he:
Come, come aboard; pursue the hateful Greeks.
Acha. What means Æneas?
Æn. Achates, though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus;
And when my grieved heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give Priam life:
O were I not at all, so thou might'st be!
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand;
He is alive; Troy is not overcome!
Acha. Thy mind, Æneas, that would have it so,

Deludes thy eye-sight; Priamus is dead.
Æn. Ah, Troy is sack'd, and Priamus is dead;
And why should poor Æneas be alive?
Asca. Sweet father, leave to weep, this is not he:
For were it Priam, he would smile on me.
Acha. Æneas, see, here come the citizens;
Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

Enter CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

Æn. Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them:
For we are strangers driv'n on this shore,
And scarcely know within what clime we are.
Ilio. I hear Æneas' voice, but see him not,
For none of these can be our general.
Acha. Like Ilioneus speaks this nobleman,
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.
Serg. You are Achates, or I deceiv'd.
Acha. Æneas, see Sergestus, or his ghost.
Ilio. He names Æneas; let us kiss his feet.
Cloan. It is our captain, see Ascanius.
Serg. Live long Æneas and Ascanius!
Æn. Achates, speak, for I am overjoy'd.
Acha. O, Ilioneus, art thou yet alive?
Ilio. Blest be the time I see Achates' face.
Cloan. Why turns Æneas from his trusty friends?
Æn. Sergestus, Ilioneus, and the rest,
Your sight amaz'd me: O, what destinies

Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
O, tell me, for I long to be resolv'd.

Ilio. Lovely Æneas, these are Carthage walls,
And here Queen Dido wears th' imperial crown;
Who, for Troy's sake, hath entertain'd us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
Oft hath she ask'd us under whom we serv'd,
And when we told her, she would weep for grief,
Thinking the sea had swallow'd up thy ships;
And now she sees thee, how will she rejoice.

Serg. See, where her servitors pass through the hall
Bearing a banquet; Dido is not far.

Ilio. Look where she comes: Æneas, view her well.

Æn. Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

Enter DIDO *and her Train.*

Dido. What stranger art thou, that dost eye me thus?

Æn. Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen:
But Troy is not;—what shall I say I am?

Ilio. Renowned Dido, 'tis our general, warlike Æneas.

Dido. Warlike Æneas! and in these base robes?
Go, fetch the garment which Sichæus wore:
Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me!
Both happy that Æneas is our guest:
Sit in this chair, and banquet with a queen;
Æneas is Æneas, were he clad
In weeds as bad as ever Irus wore.

Æn. This is no seat for one that's comfortless:
May it please your grace to let Æneas wait;
For though my birth be great, my fortune's mean,

Too mean to be companion to a queen.

Dido. Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth:
Sit down, Æneas, sit in Dido's place,
And if this be thy son, as I suppose,
Here let him sit; be merry, lovely child.

Æn. This place beseems me not; O, pardon me.

Dido. I'll have it so; Æneas, be content.

Asca. Madam, you shall be my mother.

Dido. And so I will, sweet child: be merry, man,
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars.

Æn. In all humility, I thank your grace.

Dido. Remember who thou art, speak like thyself;
Humility belongs to common grooms.

Æn. And who so miserable as Æneas is?

Dido. Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest?
Then be assur'd thou art not miserable.

Æn. O Priamus, O Troy, O Hecuba!

Dido. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?
For many tales go of that city's fall,
And scarcely do agree upon one point:
Some say Antenor did betray the town;
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury;
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,
And Priam dead; yet how, we hear no news.

Æn. A woeful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale death's stony mace,
Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.

Dido. What! faints Æneas to remember Troy,

In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Look up, and speak.

Æn. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue!
And Dido, and you Carthagenian peers,
Hear me! but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,
Daily inur'd to broils and massacres,
Lest you be mov'd too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers, tir'd with ten years' war,
Began to cry, "Let us unto our ships,
Troy is invincible, why stay we here?"
With whose outcries Atrides being appall'd,
Summon'd the captains to his princely tent;
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,
Seeing the number of their men decreas'd,
And the remainder weak, and out of heart,
Gave up their voices to dislodge the camp,
And so in troops all march'd to Tenedos;
Where, when they came, Ulysses on the sand
Assay'd with honey words to turn them back:
And as he spoke, to further his intent,
The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,
And heaven was darken'd with tempestuous clouds:
Then he alleg'd the gods would have them stay,
And prophecied Troy should be overcome:
And therewithal he call'd false Sinon forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose 'ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe,
To force a hundred watchful eyes to sleep:
And him, Epeus having made the horse,
With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,

Ulysses sent to our unhappy town,
Who, grov'ling in the mire of Zanthus' banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
Turn'd up to heaven, as one resolv'd to die,
Our Phrygian shepherds hal'd within the gates,
And brought unto the court of Priamus;
To whom he us'd action so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,
As therewithal the old man, overcome,
Kiss'd him, embrac'd him, and unloos'd his bands,
And then,—O Dido, pardon me.

Dido. Nay, leave not here; resolve me of the rest.

Æn. Oh! the enchanting words of that base slave,
Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse
A sacrifice t' appease Minerva's wrath;
The rather, for that one Laocoon,
Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
Was with two winged serpents stung to death.
Whereat, aghast, we were commanded straight,
With reverence, to draw it into Troy;
In which unhappy work was I employ'd:
These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge.
O, had it never enter'd, Troy had stood.
But Priamus, impatient of delay,
Enforc'd a wide breach in that rampir'd wall,
Which thousand battering rams could never pierce,
And so came in this fatal instrument:
At whose accursed feet, as overjoy'd,
We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,

Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.
Which Sinon viewing, caus'd the Greekish spies
To haste to Tenedos, and tell the camp:
Then he unlock'd the horse, and suddenly
From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shin'd the quenchless fire,
That after burnt the pride of Asia.
By this the camp was come unto the walls,
And through the breach did march into the streets,
Where, meeting with the rest, "kill! kill!" they cry'd.
Frighted with this confused noise, I rose,
And looking from a turret, might behold
Young infants swimming in their parents' blood!
Headless carcases piled up in heaps!
Virgins, half dead, dragg'd by their golden hair,
And with main force flung on a ring of pikes!
Old men with swords thrust through their aged sides,
Kneeling for mercy to a Greekish lad,
Who, with steel pole-axes, dash'd out their brains.
Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,
With ashy visage, blueish sulphur eyes,
His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrow'd with wound, and, that which made me weep,
Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,
Burst from the earth, crying, "Æneas, fly,
Troy is a-fire! the Grecians have the town!"

Dido. O, Hector! who weeps not to hear thy name?
Æn. Yet flung I forth, and, desp'rate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and, with this sword,
Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
And, after him, his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wild-fire in their murd'ring paws,
Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;
All which hemm'd me about, crying, This is he!
Dido. Ha! how could poor Æneas 'scape their hands?
Æn. My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
Convey'd me from their crooked nets and bands;
So I escap'd the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
Who then ran to the palace of the king,
And, at Jove's altar, finding Priamus,
About whose wither'd neck hung Hecuba,
Folding his hand in her's, and jointly both
Beating their breasts, and falling on the ground,
He with his faulchion's point rais'd up at once,
And with Megara's eyes star'd in their face,
Threat'ning a thousand deaths at every glance;
To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke:—
"Achilles' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turn'd!
King of this city, but my Troy is fir'd!
And now am neither father, lord, nor king!
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?

O, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
Not mov'd at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

Dido. O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.

Æn. At which the frantic queen leap'd on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
A little while prolong'd her husband's life.
At last, the soldiers pull'd her by the heels,
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
Whereat, he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
Which he, disdaining, whisk'd his sword about,
And with the wound thereof the king fell down;
Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripp'd old Priam, at whose latter gasp,
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,
As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.
Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughter'd men;
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.
By this, I got my father on my back,
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
Led fair Creusa, my beloved wife;
When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way

And we were round environ'd with the Greeks,
O there I lost my wife! and had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.
Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled;
And as we went unto our ships, thou know'st
We saw Cassandra sprawling in the streets,
Whom Ajax ravish'd in Diana's fane,
Her cheeks swoln with sighs, her hair all rent,
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships;
But suddenly the Grecians follow'd us,
And I, alas! was forc'd to let her lie.
Then got we to our ships, and, being aboard,
Polyxena cried out, Æneas! stay!
The Greeks pursue me! stay, and take me in!
Mov'd with her voice, I leap'd into the sea,
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,
For all our ships were launch'd into the deep,
And, as I swam, she, standing on the shore,
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surpris'd,
And after by that Pyrrhus sacrific'd.

Dido. I die with melting ruth; Æneas, leave!

Anna. O what became of aged Hecuba?

Iar. How got Æneas to the fleet again?

Dido. But how 'scaped Helen, she that caused this war?

Æn. Achates, speak, sorrow hath tir'd me quite.

Acha. What happen'd to the queen we cannot shew;
We hear they led her captive into Greece:
As for Æneas, he swam quickly back,
And Helena betray'd Deiphobus,
Her lover, after Alexander died,

And so was reconcil'd to Menelaus.

Dido. O, had that 'ticing strumpet ne'er been born!
Trojan, thy ruthful tale hath made me sad.
Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,
To rid me from these melancholy thoughts. [*exeunt omnes.*

Enter VENUS *and* CUPID, VENUS *takes* ASCANIUS *by the sleeve.*

Ven. Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting maid;
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.

Asc. Are you Queen Dido's son?

Cup. Aye, and my mother gave me this fine bow.

Asc. Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

Ven. Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,
Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat;
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing.
Now is he fast asleep, and in this grove,
Amongst green brakes I'll lay Ascanius,
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
Blushing roses, purple hyacinth:
These milk-white doves shall be his sentinels,
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to Cytherea's fist.
Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,
And go to Dido, who, instead of him,
Will set thee on her lap, and play with thee;
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,

That she may dote upon Æneas' love,
And by that means repair his broken ships,
Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
And he, at last, depart to Italy,
Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.

Cup. I will, fair mother, and so play my part
As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart

Ven. Sleep, my sweet nephew, in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmur of these running stream
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
Or whisking of these leaves; all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,
Till I return and take thee hence again. [*exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Now, Cupid, cause the Carthaginian queen
To be enamour'd of thy brother's looks.
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,
Lest she imagine thou art Venus' son;
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

Enter IÁRBAS, ANNA, *and* DIDO.

Iar. How long, fair Dido, shall I pine for thee?
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,

But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That love is childish which consists in words.

Dido. Iarbas, know, that thou, of all my wooers,
And yet have I had many mightier kings,
Hast had the greatest favours I could give.
I fear me, Dido hath been counted light,
In being too familiar with Iarbas;
Albeit the gods do know, no wanton thought
Had ever residence in Dido's breast.

Iar. But Dido is the favour I request.

Dido. Fear not, Iarbas, Dido may be thine.

Anna. Look, sister, how Æneas' little son
Plays with your garments and embraceth you.

Cup. No, Dido will not take me in her arms.
I shall not be her son, she loves me not.

Dido. Weep not, sweet boy, thou shalt be Dido's son;
Sit in my lap, and let me hear thee sing. [*Cupid sings.*
No more, my child, now talk another while,
And tell me where learn'st thou this pretty song.

Cup. My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.

Dido. How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!

Cup. Will Dido let me hang about her neck?

Dido. Aye, wag, and give thee leave to kiss her too.

Cup. What will you give me? Now, I'll have this fan.

Dido. Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.

Iar. Come, Dido, leave Ascanius, let us walk.

Dido. Go thou away, Ascanius shall stay.

Iar. Ungentle queen! is this thy love to me?

Dido. O stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee.

Cup. And if my mother go, I'll follow her.

Dido. Why stay'st thou here? thou art no love of mine!
Iar. Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee.
Dido. No; live Iarbas: what hast thou deserv'd,
That I should say thou art no love of mine?
Something thou hast deserv'd. Away, I say;
Depart from Carthage—come not in my sight.
Iar. Am I not king of rich Getulia?
Dido. Iarbas, pardon me, and stay awhile.
Cup. Mother, look here.
Dido. What tell'st thou me of rich Getulia?
Am not I queen of Lybia? then depart.
Iar. I go to feed the humour of my love,
Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.
Dido. Iarbas!
Iar. Doth Dido call me back?
Dido. No; but I charge thee never look on me.
Iar. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die.
[*exit Iarbas*
Anna. Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?
Dido. Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrin'd another Jove.
O Anna! didst thou know how sweet love were,
Full soon would'st thou abjure this single life.
Anna. Poor soul! I know too well the power of love.
O that Iarbas could but fancy me!
Dido. Is not Æneas fair and beautiful?
Anna. Yes, and Iarbas foul and favourless.
Dido. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?
Anna. Yes, and Iarbas rude and rustical
Dido. Name not Iarbas; but, sweet Anna, say,

Is not Æneas worthy Dido's love?

Anna. O sister! were you empress of the world,
Æneas well deserves to be your love.
So lovely is he, that, where'er he goes,
The people swarm to gaze him in the face.

Dido. But tell them, none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks.
Anna, good sister Anna, go for him,
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.

Anna. Then, sister, you'll abjure Iarbas' love?

Dido. Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?
Run for Æneas, or I'll fly to him. [*exit Anna.*

Cup. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

Dido. No, for thy sake, I'll love thy father well.
O dull-conceited Dido! that till now
Didst never think Æneas beautiful!
But now, for quittance of this oversight,
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glist'ring eyes shall be my looking-glass,
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands.
Instead of music I will hear him speak,—
His looks shall be my only library,—
And thou, Æneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth
Than twenty thousand Indias can afford.
O here he comes: Love, love, give Dido leave
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

Enter ÆNEAS, ACHATES, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS, *and* CLOANTHUS.

Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?

Acha. That will Æneas shew your majesty.

Dido. Æneas, art thou there?

Æn. I understand your highness sent for me.

Dido. No; but now thou art here, tell me in sooth
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.

Æn. So much have I receiv'd at Dido's hands,
As, without blushing, I can ask no more:
Yet, queen of Afric, are my ships unrigg'd,
My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My oars broken, and my tackling lost,
Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;
Nor stern nor anchor have our maimed fleet;
Our masts the furious winds struck overboard:
Which piteous wants if Dido will supply,
We will account her author of our lives.

Dido. Æneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let Achates sail to Italy:
I'll give thee tackling made of riveld gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight to play;
Thy anchors shall be hew'd from crystal rocks,
Which, if thou lose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
Hollow pyramids of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overthrow;

For ballast, empty Dido's treasury:
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas here.
Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth
Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck,
So that Æneas may but stay with me.

Æn. Wherefore would Dido have Æneas stay?

Dido. To war against my bordering enemies.
Æneas, think not Dido is in love;
For if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere Æneas came:
See where the pictures of my suitors hang;
And are not these as fair as fair may be?

Acha. I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was sack'd.

Æn. I this in Greece, when Paris stole fair Helen.

Ilio. This man and I were at Olympus' games.

Serg. I know this face; he is a Persian born:
I travell'd with him to Ætolia.

Cloan. And I in Athens, with this gentleman,
Unless I be deceiv'd, disputed once.

Dido. But speak, Æneas; know you none of these?

Æn. No, madam; but it seems that these are kings.

Dido. All these, and others which I never saw,
Have been most urgent suitors for my love;
Some came in person, others sent their legates,
Yet none obtain'd me: I am free from all;
And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.
This was an orator, and thought, by words,

To compass me; but yet he was deceiv'd:
And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild;
But his fantastic humours pleas'd not me:
This was Alcion, a musician;
But, play'd he ne'er so sweet, I let him go:
This was the wealthy king of Thessaly;
But I had gold enough, and cast him off:
This, Meleager's son, a warlike prince;
But weapons 'gree not with my tender years:
The rest are such as all the world well knows;
Yet here I swear, by heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love as they from hate.

Æn. O happy shall he be whom Dido loves!

Dido. Then never say that thou art miserable:
Because, it may be, thou shalt be my love:
Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,
And yet I hate thee not. Oh, if I speak
I shall betray myself: Æneas, speak;
We two will go a hunting in the woods;
But not so much for thee,—thou art but one,—
As for Achates, and his followers. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNO *to* ASCANIUS, *asleep.*

Juno. Here lies my hate, Æneas' cursed brat,
The boy wherein false destiny delights,
The heir of Fury, the favourite of the Fates,
That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,
And wrong my deity with high disgrace:
But I will take another order now,

And raze th' eternal register of time.
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth;
For here, in spite of heav'n, I'll murder him,
And feed infection with his let-out life:
Say, Paris, now shall Venus have the ball?
Say, vengeance, now shall her Ascanius die?
O no, God wot, I cannot watch my time,
Nor quit good turns with double fee down told.
Tut! I am simple without might to hurt,
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes;
But lustful Jove, and his adulterous child,
Shall find it written on confusion's front,
That only Juno rules in Rhamnus town.

Enter VENUS.

Ven. What should this mean? my doves are back return'd,
Who warn me of such danger prest at hand,
To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life.
Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?
Avaunt, old witch! and trouble not my wits.

Juno. Fie, Venus! that such causeless words of wrath,
Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine.
Are not we both sprung of celestial race,
And banquet, as two sisters, with the gods?
Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin,
Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?

Ven. Out, hateful hag! thou would'st have slain my son,

Had not my doves discover'd thy intent;
But I will tear thy eyes from forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy!

Juno. Is this, then, all the thanks that I shall have,
For saving him from snakes and serpents' stings,
That would have kill'd him, sleeping, as he lay?
What, though I was offended with thy son,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,
When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,
That was advanced by my Hebe's shame,
And Paris' judgment of the heavenly ball,
I muster'd all the winds unto his wreck,
And urg'd each element to his annoy:
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,
And wish that I had never wrong'd him so.
Bootless, I saw, it was to war with fate,
That hath so many unresisted friends:
Wherefore I change my counsel with the time,
And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

Ven. Sister of Jove! if that thy love be such
As these thy protestations do paint forth,
We two, as friends, one fortune will divide:
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,
And, to a sceptre, change his golden shafts;
Fancy and modesty shall live as mates;
And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch:
Love my Æneas, and desire is thine;
The day, the night, my swans, my sweets, are thine.

Juno. More than melodious are these words to me,

That overcloy my soul with their content:
Venus, sweet Venus! how may I deserve
Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?
But, that thou may'st more easily perceive
How highly I do prize this amity,
Hark to a motion of eternal league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy love.
Thy son, thou know'st, with Dido now remains,
And feeds his eyes with favours of her court;
She, likewise, in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk, nor think, of aught but him:
Why should not they then join in marriage,
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage town,
Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends?
And, Venus, let there be a match confirm'd
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike;
And both our deities, conjoin'd in one,
Shall chain felicity unto their throne.

Ven. Well could I like this reconcilement's means;
But, much I fear, my son will ne'er consent;
Whose armed soul, already on the sea,
Darts forth her light to Lavinia's shore.

Juno. Fair queen of love! I will divorce these doubts,
And find the way to weary such fond thoughts.
This day they both a hunting forth will ride
Into these woods, adjoining to these walls;
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
I'll make the clouds dissolve their wat'ry works,
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their showers;
Then, in one cave, the queen and he shall meet,

Ven. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles:
Be it as you will have it for this once.
Mean time, Ascanius shall be my charge;
Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,
And couch him in Adonis' purple down. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter DIDO, ÆNEAS, ANNA, IARBAS, ACHATES, *and Followers.*

Dido. Æneas, think not but I honour thee,
That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robes, thou see'st, are laid aside,
Whose glittering pomp Diana's shroud supplies.
All fellows now, dispos'd alike to sport;
The woods are wide, and we have store of game.
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow awhile,
Until I gird my quiver to my side:
Lords, go before; we two must talk alone.
Iar. Ungentle! can she wrong Iarbas so?
I'll die before a stranger have that grace.
We two will talk alone;—what words be these?
Dido. What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?
We would have gone without your company.
Æn. But love and duty led him on perhaps,
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.
Iar. Why, man of Troy, do I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou griev'd thy betters press so nigh?
Dido. How now, Gætulian! are ye grown so brave,
To challenge us with your comparisons?
Peasant! go seek companions like thyself,
And meddle not with any that I love:

Æneas, be not mov'd at what he says;
For, otherwhile, he will be out of joint.
Iar. Women may wrong, by privilege of love;
But, should that man of men, Dido except,
Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,
I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage.
Dido. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils apace,
And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?
Anna. Sister, see! see Ascanius in his pomp,
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand.
Dido. Yea, little son, are you so forward now?
Asc. Aye, mother; I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms;
Mean time, these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.
Dido. What! dar'st thou look a lion in the face?
Asc. Aye, and outface him too, do what he can.
Anna. How like his father speaketh he in all.
Æn. And might I live to see him sack rich Thebes,
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,
And dead to honour that hath brought me up.
Iar. And might I live to see thee shipp'd away,
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursued me so.
Æn. Stout friend Achates, do'st thou know this wood?
Acha. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That sav'd your famish'd soldiers' lives from death,

When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin like,
Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.

Æn. O how these irksome labours now delight
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape!
Who would not undergo all kind of toil,
To be well stor'd with such a winter's tale?

Dido. Æneas, leave these dumps, and let's away,
Some to the mountains, some unto the soil,
You to the vallies, thou unto the house.

[*exeunt all but Iarbas.*

Iar. Aye, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian, far set to the sea,
Prefer'd before a man of majesty.
O love! O hate! O cruel women's hearts,
That imitate the moon in every change!
And, like the planets, ever love to range:
What shall I do, thus wronged with disdain,
Revenge me on Æneas, or on her?
On her? fond man! that were to war 'gainst heaven,
And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts:
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire;
But Dido, that now holdeth him so dear,
Will die with very tidings of his death:
But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her mind unto new fancies' shapes.
O, God of heaven! turn the hand of fate
Unto that happy day of my delight;

And then,—what then?—Iarbas shall but love;
So doth he now, though not with equal gain,
That resteth in the rival of thy pain,
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain. [*exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Storm.—Enter ÆNEAS *and* DIDO *in the cave, at several times.*

Dido. Æneas!

Æn. Dido!

Dido. Tell me, dear love! how found you out this cave?

Æn. By chance, sweet queen! as Mars and Venus met.

Dido. Why, that was in a net, here we are loose;
And yet, I am not free; oh, would I were!

Æn. Why, what is that Dido may desire,
And not obtain, be it in human power?

Dido. The thing that I will die before I ask,
And yet desire to have before I die.

Æn. It is not aught Æneas may achieve?

Dido. Æneas, no; although his eyes do pierce.

Æn. What, hath Iarbas anger'd her in aught?
And will she be avenged on his life?

Dido. Not anger'd me, except in ang'ring thee.

Æn. Who then, of all so cruel, may he be,
That should detain thine eye in his defects?

Dido. The man that I do eye where'er I am;
Whose amorous face, like Pæan's, sparkles fire,
When as he butts his beams on Flora's bed.
Prometheus hath put on Cupid's shape,
And I must perish in his burning arms:

Æneas, O Æneas! quench these flames.

Æn. What ails my queen? Is she fall'n sick of late?

Dido. Not sick, my love, but sick: I must conceal
The torment that it boots me not reveal;
And yet I'll speak, and yet I'll hold my peace:
Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief:
Æneas, thou art he! what did I say?
Something it was that now I have forgot.

Æn. What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech?

Dido. Nay, nothing, but Æneas loves me not.

Æn. Æneas' thoughts dare not ascend so high
As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.

Dido. It was because I saw no king like thee,
Whose golden crown might balance my content;
But now, that I have found what to affect,
I follow one that loveth fame for me,
And rather had seen fair Sirens' eyes,
Than to the Carthage queen, that dies for him.

Æn. If that your majesty can look so low
As my despised worths, that shun all praise,
With this my hand I give to you my heart,
And vow, by all the gods of hospitality,
By heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,
By Paphos, Capys, and the purple sea,
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this sword, that saved me from the Greeks,
Never to leave these new upreared walls,
While Dido lives and rules in Juno's town,—
Never to like or love any but her.

Dido. What more than Delian music do I hear,

That calls my soul from forth his living seat
To move unto the measures of delight?
Kind clouds that sent forth such a courteous storm,
As made disdain to fly to fancy's lap:
Stout love, in mine arms make thy Italy,
Whose crown and kingdom rest at thy command:
Sichæus, not Æneas, be thou call'd;
The King of Carthage, not Anchises' son.
Hold; take these jewels at thy lover's hand,
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maid,
And be thou king of Lybia by my gift.

[*exeunt to the cave.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ACHATES, CUPID *as Ascanius*, IARBAS, *and* ANNA.

Acha. Did ever men see such a sudden storm?
Or day so clear, so suddenly o'ercast?
Iar. I think, some fell enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth when as she please,
And dive into black tempests' treasury,
When as she means to mask the world with clouds.
Anna. In all my life I never knew the like;
It hail'd, it snow'd, it lighten'd, all at once.
Acha. I think, it was the devil's rev'lling night,
There was such hurly-burly in the heavens:
Doubtless, Apollo's axle-tree is crack'd,
Or aged Atlas' shoulder out of joint,

The motion was so over violent.

Iar. In all this coil, where have ye left the queen?

Asca. Nay, where's my warlike father, can you tell?

Anna. Behold, where both of them come forth the cave.

Iar. Come forth the cave! can heaven endure the sight?

Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,
Whose flinty darts slept in Tiphœus' den,
While these adult'rers surfeited with sin:
Nature, why mad'st me not some pois'nous beast,
That, with the sharpness of my edged sting,
I might have stak'd them both unto the earth,
Whilst they were sporting in this darksome cave?

Enter ÆNEAS *and* DIDO.

Æn. The air is clear, and southern winds are whist;
Come, Dido, let us hasten to the town,
Since gloomy Æolus doth cease to frown.

Dido. Achates and Ascanius, well met.

Æn. Fair Anna! how escap'd you from the shower?

Anna. As others did,—by running to the wood.

Dido. But where were you, Iarbas, all this while?

Iar. Not with Æneas in the ugly cave.

Dido. I see, Æneas sticketh in your mind;
But I will soon put by that stumbling block,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter IARBAS, *to sacrifice.*

Iar. Come, servants, come; bring forth the sacrifice,

That I may pacify that gloomy Jove,
Whose empty altars have enlarg'd our ills.
Eternal Jove! great master of the clouds!
Father of gladness, and all frolic thoughts!
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,
When airy creatures war amongst themselves;
Hear, hear, O hear! Iarbas' plaining prayers,
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,
And all the woods Eliza to resound:
The woman that thou will'd us entertain,
Where, straying in our borders up and down,
She crav'd a hide of ground to build a town,
With whom we did divide both laws and land,
And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,
Scorning our loves and royal marriage rites,
Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed;
Who, having wrought her shame, is straight-way fled:
Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,
On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,
Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. How now, Iarbas; at your prayers so hard?
Iar. Aye, Anna: is there aught you would with me?
Anna. Nay, no such weighty business of import,
But may be slack'd until another time;
Yet, if you would partake with me the cause
Of this devotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankful for such courtesy.

Iar. Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,
Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love,
And dive into her heart by colour'd looks.
Anna. Alas, poor king! that labours so in vain,
For her that so delighteth in thy pain:
Be rul'd by me, and seek some other love,
Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.
Iar. Mine eye is fix'd where fancy cannot start:
O leave me! leave me to my silent thoughts,
That register the number of my ruth,
And I will either move the thoughtless flint,
Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,
Before my sorrow's tide has any stint.
Anna. I will not leave Iarbas, whom I love,
In this delight of dying pensiveness;
Away with Dido; Anna be thy song;
Anna, that doth admire thee more than heaven.
Iar. I may, nor will, list to such loathsome change,
That intercepts the course of my desire:
Servants, come, fetch these empty vessels here;
For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes. [*exit*
Anna. Iarbas, stay; loving Iarbas, stay,
For I have honey to present thee with.
Hard-hearted! wilt not deign to hear me speak?
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'ertheless,
And strew thy walks with my dishevell'd hair. [*exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æn. Carthage, my friendly host, adieu!
Since destiny doth call me from thy shore:
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,
Hath summon'd me to fruitful Italy;
Jove wills it so,—my mother wills it so:
Let my Phænissa grant, and then I go.
Grant she or no, Æneas must away;
Whose golden fortune, clogg'd with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to fame's immortal house,
Or banquet in bright honour's burnish'd hall,
'Till he hath furrow'd Neptune's glassy fields,
And cut a passage through his topless hills.
Achates, come forth; Sergestus, Ilioneus,
Cloanthus, haste away; Æneas calls.

Enter ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

Acha. What wills our lord, or wherefore did he call?
Æn. The dream, brave mates, that did beset my bed,
When sleep but newly had embrac'd the night,
Commands me leave these unrenowned beams,
Whereas nobility abhors to stay,
And none but base Æneas will abide.
Aboard! aboard! since fates do bid aboard,
And slice the sea with sable-colour'd ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait,
And follow them, as footmen, through the deep;

Yet Dido casts her eyes, like anchors, out,
To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay:
'Come back, come back,' I hear her cry a-far,
'And let me link my body to thy lips,
That, tied together by the striving tongues,
We may, as one, sail into Italy.'

Acha. Banish that 'ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your fore-seeing star in all:
This is no life for men at arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier's strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes
Effeminate our minds, inur'd to war.

Ilio. Why, let us build a city of our own,
And not stand ling'ring here for am'rous looks.
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave,
And build the town again the Greeks did burn?
No, no; she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have Æneas in her arms.

Clo. To Italy, sweet friends! to Italy!
We will not stay a minute longer here.

Æn. Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you:
I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back:
To leave her so, and not once say, farewell!
Were to transgress against all laws of love:
But, if I use such ceremonious thanks
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
Her silver arms will coil me round about,
And tears of pearl cry, 'stay, Æneas, stay;'
Each word she says will then contain a crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss:

I may not dure this female drudgery;
To sea, Æneas, find out Italy. [*exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Enter DIDO *and* ANNA.

Dido. O, Anna, run unto the water-side;
They say Æneas' men are going a-board;
It may be he will steal away with them:
Stay not to answer me; run, Anna, run.
O, foolish Trojans, that would steal from hence,
And not let Dido understand their drift:
I would have given Achates store of gold,
And Ilioneus gum and Lybian spice;
The common soldiers rich embroider'd coats,
And silver whistles to controul the winds,
Which Circe sent Sichæus when he liv'd:
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.
See, where they come, how might I do to chide?

Enter ANNA, *with* ÆNEAS, ACHATES, ILIONEUS, *and* SERGESTU

Anna. 'Twas time to run, Æneas had been gone;
The sails were hoisting up, and he aboard.
Dido. Is this thy love to me?
Æn. O, princely Dido, give me leave to speak;
I went to take my farewell of Achates.
Dido. How haps Achates bid me not farewell?
Acha. Because I fear'd your grace would keep me b
Dido. To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again;

I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.

Acha. Then let Æneas go aboard with us.

Dido. Get you aboard, Æneas means to stay.

Æn. The sea is rough, the wind blows to the shore.

Dido. O, false Æneas, now the sea is rough,
But when you were aboard 'twas calm enough;
Thou and Achates meant to sail away.

Æn. Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son?
Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here?

Dido. Æneas, pardon me, for I forgot
That young Ascanius lay with me this night;
Love made me jealous; but, to make amends,
Wear the imperial crown of Lybia,
Sway thou the Punick sceptre in my stead,
And punish me, Æneas, for this crime.

Æn. This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.

Dido. O, how a crown becomes Æneas' head!
Stay here, Æneas, and command as king.

Æn. How vain am I to wear this diadem,
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand!
[*Aside.*] A burgonet of steel, and not a crown,
A sword, and not a sceptre, fits Æneas.

Dido. O, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill:
Now looks Æneas like immortal Jove;
O, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,
And Mercury, to fly for what he calls?
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,
And fan it in Æneas' lovely face:
O, that the clouds were here wherein thou fleest,
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves;

Heaven, envious of our joys, is waxen pale;
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.

Æn. O, Dido, patroness of all our lives,
When I leave thee, death be my punishment;
Swell, raging seas! frown, wayward destinies!
Blow, winds! threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!
This is the harbour that Æneas seeks.
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.

Dido. Not all the world can take thee from mine arms —
Æneas may command as many Moors,
As in the sea are little water-drops.
And now, to make experience of my love,
Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth,
And, seated on my gennet, let him ride
As Dido's husband through the Punic streets;
And will my guard, with Mauritanian darts,
To wait upon him as their sov'reign lord.

Anna. What if the citizens repine thereat?

Dido. Those that dislike what Dido gives in charge,
Command my guard to slay for their offence.
Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?
The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,
The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives,
And I, the goddess of all these, command
Æneas ride as Carthaginian king.

Acha. Æneas, for his parentage, deserves
As large a kingdom as is Lybia.

Æn. Aye, and unless the destinies be false,

I shall be planted in as rich a land.

Dido. Speak of no other land; this land is thine,
Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee lord:
Do as I bid thee, sister; lead the way,
And from a turret I'll behold my love.

Æn. Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race,
And thou and I, Achates, for revenge,
For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,
Our kinsmen's loves and thousand guiltless souls,
Will lead a host against the hateful Greeks,
And fire proud Lacedemon o'er their heads. [*exit.*

Dido. Speaks not Æneas like a conqueror?
O, blessed tempests that did drive him in,
O, happy sand that made him run aground;
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage gods.
Aye, but it may be he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land, call'd Italy;
O, that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball;
Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail:
I must prevent him, wishing will not serve;
Go, bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
And bear him in the country to her house,
Æneas will not go without his son;
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.
What if I sink his ships? O, he will frown:
Better he frown, than I should die for grief.

I cannot see him frown, it may not be;
Armies of foes resolv'd to win this town,
Or impious traitors vow'd to have my life,
Affright me not, only Æneas' frown
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart;
Not bloody spears appearing in the air,
Presage the downfall of my empery,
Nor blazing comets threaten Dido's death;
It is Æneas' frown that ends my days:
If he forsake me not, I never die;
For in his looks I see eternity,
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius;
And here's Æneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

Dido. Are these the sails that, in despite of me,
Pack'd with the winds to bear Æneas hence?
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie;
Drive if you can my house to Italy:
I'll set the casement open, that the winds
May enter in, and once again conspire
Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen;
But though he go, he stays in Carthage still,
And let rich Carthage float upon the seas,
So I may have Æneas in mine arms.
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,
And would be toiling in the wat'ry billows,
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?
O, cursed tree, had'st thou but wit or sense,

ıeasure how I prize Æneas' love,
ı would'st have leap'd from out the sailor's hands,
told me that Æneas meant to go:
yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.
water, which our poets term a nymph,
did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?
water is an element, no nymph.
should I blame Æneas for his flight?
ido, blame not him, but break his oars;
e were the instruments that launch'd him forth;
e's not so much as this base tackling too,
dares to heap up sorrow to my heart.
it not you that hoisted up these sails?
burst you not, and they fell in the seas?
this will Dido tie ye full of knots,
shear ye all asunder with her hands;
serve to chastise shipboys for their faults,
hall no more offend the Carthage queen.
, let him hang my favours on his masts,
see if those will serve instead of sails;
tackling, let him take the chains of gold,
ch I bestow'd upon his followers;
ad of oars, let him use his hands,
swim to Italy, I'll keep these sure:
e, bear them in. [*exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the NURSE *with* CUPID, *as Ascanius.*

urse. My lord Ascanius, ye must go with me.

Cup. Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.

Nurse. No, thou shalt go with me unto my house.
I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown almonds, servises, ripe figs, and dates,
Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges;
A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sorts of flowers;
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,
Where thou shalt see the red-gill'd fishes leap,
White swans, and many lovely water-fowls;
Now speak, Ascanius, will ye go or no?

Cup. Come, come, I'll go; how far hence is your house?

Nurse. But hereby, child, we shall get thither straight.

Cup. Nurse, I am weary, will you carry me?

Nurse. Aye, so you'll dwell with me, and call me mother.

Cup. So you'll love me, I care not if I do.

Nurse. That I might live to see this boy a man!
How prettily he laughs. Go, ye wag,
You'll be a twigger when you come to age.
Say Dido what she will, I am not old;
I'll be no more a widow, I am young,
I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

Cup. A husband and no teeth!

Nurse. O, what mean I to have such foolish thoughts?
Foolish is love, a toy. O, sacred love!
If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love,
Especially in women of your years.
Blush, blush for shame, why should'st thou think of love?
A grave, and not a lover, fits thy age;
A grave! why? I may live a hundred years,

Fourscore is but a girl's age. Love is sweet:
My veins are wither'd, and my sinews dry;
Why do I think of love now I should die?

Cup. Come, nurse.

Nurse. Well, if he come a wooing he shall speed;
O, how unwise was I to say him nay! [*exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ÆNEAS, *with a paper in his hand, drawing the platform of the city: with him* ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

Æn. Triumph, my mates! our travels are at end:
Here will Æneas build a statelier Troy,
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.
Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more,
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clothe her in a crystal livery,
Wherein the day may evermore delight;
From golden India, Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers,
And triple-wise intrench her round about;
The sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,
Wherewith his burning beams, like lab'ring bees,
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey-spoils,
Shall here unburden their exhaled sweets,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.

Acha. What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?

Æn. Not past four thousand paces at the most.

Ilio. But what shall it be call'd? Troy, as before?

Æn. That have I not determin'd with myself.

Clo. Let it be term'd *Ænea*, by your name.

Serg. Rather *Ascania*, by your little son.

Æn. Nay, I will have it call'd *Anchisæon*,
Of my old father's name.

Enter HERMES *with* ASCANIUS.

Her. Æneas, stay! Jove's herald bids thee stay.

Æn. Whom do I see, Jove's winged messenger?
Welcome to Carthage new-erected town.

Her. Why, cousin, stand you building cities here,
And beautifying the empire of this queen,
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?
Too, too forgetful of thine own affairs,
Why wilt thou so betray thy son's good hap?
The king of gods sent me from highest heav'n,
To sound this angry message in thine ears:
Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?
Or with what thought sleep'st thou on Lybia's shore?
If that all glory hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts;
Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,
And young Iulus, more than thousand years,
Whom I have brought from Ida, where he slept,
And bore young Cupid unto Cypress isle.

Æn. This was my mother that beguil'd the queen,

And made me take my brother for my son;
No marvel, Dido, though thou be in love,
That daily dandlest Cupid in thy arms:
Welcome, sweet child! where hast thou been this long?
Asc. Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's maid,
Who ever since hath lull'd me in her arms.
Æn. Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest Dido, spying, keep him for a pledge.
Her. Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring?
I tell thee, thou must straight to Italy,
Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove.
Æn. How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails nor tackling for my ships?
What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?
Though she repair'd my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
And left me neither sail nor stern aboard.

Enter to them IARBAS.

Iar. How now, Æneas, sad! What mean these dumps?
Æn. Iarbas, I am clean beside myself;
Jove hath heap'd on me such a desp'rate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.
Iar. As how, I pray? May I entreat you, tell?
Æn. With speed he bids me sail to Italy;
Whereas I want both rigging for my fleet,
And also furniture for these my men.

Iar. If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies.
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st
Æn. Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid.
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
Whil'st I rest thankful for this courtesy.
[*exit Iarbas and Æneas's train.*
Now will I haste unto Lavinian shore,
And raise a new foundation to old Troy.
Witness the gods, and witness heaven and earth,
How loth I am to leave these Lybian bounds,
But that eternal Jupiter commands.

Enter DIDO.

Dido. I fear I saw Æneas' little son,
Led by Achates to the Trojan fleet:
If it be so, his father means to fly;
But here he is; now, Dido, try thy wit.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?
Why are thy ships new rigg'd? Or to what end
Launch'd from the haven, lie they in the road?
Pardon me, though I ask; love makes me ask.
Æn. O, pardon me, if I resolve thee why;
Æneas will not feign with his dear love;
I must from hence: this day, swift Mercury,
When I was laying a platform for these walls,
Sent from his father Jove, appear'd to me,

And in his name rebuk'd me bitterly,
For ling'ring here, neglecting Italy.
Dido. But yet Æneas will not leave his love.
Æn. I am commanded, by immortal Jove,
To leave this town, and pass to Italy,
And therefore must of force.
Dido. These words proceed not from Æneas' heart.
Æn. Not from my heart, for I can hardly go;
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell!
Dido. Farewell! is this the mends for Dido's love?
Do Trojans use to quit their lovers thus?
Fare well may Dido, so Æneas stay;
I die, if my Æneas say farewell!
Æn. Then let me go, and never say farewell.
Let me go; farewell! I must from hence.
Dido. These words are poison to poor Dido's soul:
O, speak like my Æneas, like my love.
Why look'st thou toward the sea? The time hath been
When Dido's beauty chang'd thine eye to her.
Am I less fair, than when thou saw'st me first?
O, then, Æneas, 'tis for grief of thee.
Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy queen,
And Dido's beauty will return again.
Æneas, say, how can'st thou take thy leave?
Wilt thou kiss Dido? O, thy lips have sworn
To stay with Dido: can'st thou take her hand?
Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith,
Therefore, unkind Æneas, must thou say,
Then let me go, and never say farewell.
Æn. O, Queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly black,

Æneas could not choose but hold thee dear :
Yet must he not gainsay the gods' behest.

Dido. The gods! what gods be those that seek my death ?
Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
That he should take Æneas from mine arms ?
O, no, the gods weigh not what lovers do ;
It is Æneas calls Æneas hence,
And woeful Dido, by these blubber'd cheeks,
By this right hand, and by our spousal rights,
Desires Æneas to remain with her ;
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domûs labentis : et istam
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.

Æn. Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis :
*Italiam non sponte sequor.**

Dido. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were up in arms, for making thee my love ?
How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,
And all the world call'd me a second Helen,
For being entangl'd by a stranger's looks ;
So thou would'st prove as true as Paris did,
Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sack'd,
And I be call'd a second Helena.
Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,
That I might see Æneas in his face :
Now if thou goest, what can'st thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe ?

Æn. In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath

* Virgil, lib. iv.

If words might move me, I were overcome.

Dido. And wilt thou not be mov'd with Dido's words?
Thy mother was no goddess, perjur'd man!
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.
Ah, foolish Dido! to forbear this long!
Wast thou not wreck'd upon this Lybian shore,
And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain?
Repair'd not I thy ships, made thee a king,
And all thy needy followers noblemen?
O serpent! that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harbour'd in my bosom;
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting,
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?
Go, go, and spare not; seek out Italy:
I hope, that that which love forbids me do,
The rocks and sea-gulls will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge:
Aye, traitor! and the waves shall cast thee up,
Where thou and false Achates first set foot;
Which, if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
And weep upon your lifeless carcases,
Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee:
For though thou hast the power to say, farewell!
I have not power to stay thee.—[*exit Æneas.*] Is he gone?

Aye, but he'll come again; he cannot go;
He loves me too, too well to serve me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be obdurate still:
By this is he got to the water-side;
And see, the sailors take him by the hand;
But he shrinks back; and now, rememb'ring me,
Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!
But where's Æneas? Ah! he's gone, he's gone!

Enter ANNA.

Anna. What means my sister, thus to rave and cry?
Dido. O Anna! my Æneas is aboard,
And, leaving me, will sail to Italy.
Once did'st thou go, and he came back again;
Now bring him back, and thou shalt be a queen,
And I will live a private life with him.
Anna. Wicked Æneas!
Dido. Call him not wicked, sister; speak him fair,
And look upon him with a mermaid's eye:
Tell him, I never vow'd at Aulis' gulf
The desolation of his native Troy,
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
Nor ever violated faith to him;
Request him gently, Anna, to return:
I crave but this,—he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently:
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.
Run, Anna, run! stay not to answer me.
Anna. I go, fair sister! heaven grant good success! [*exit.*

Enter the NURSE.

Nurse. O Dido! your little son Ascanius
Is gone! He lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stol'n from me:
I think, some fairies have beguil'd me.
Dido. O cursed hag and false dissembling wretch!
That slay'st me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
Thou, for some petty gift, hast let him go,
And I am thus deluded of my boy:
Away with her to prison presently!
Trait'ress too keen! and cursed sorceress!
Nurse. I know not what you mean by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours. [*exit.*
Dido. Away with her! Suffer her not to speak!
My sister comes; I like not her sad looks.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Before I came, Æneas was aboard,
And, spying me, hoist up the sails amain;
But I cry'd out, 'Æneas! false Æneas! stay!'
Then 'gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,
Made me suppose, he would have heard me speak;
Then 'gan they drive into the ocean;
Which, when I view'd, I cry'd, 'Æneas, stay!
Dido, fair Dido wills Æneas' stay!'
Yet he, whose heart's of adamant or flint,
My tears nor plaints could mollify a whit.
Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief;
Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,

They 'gan to move him to redress my ruth,
And stay awhile to hear what I could say;
But he, clapp'd under hatches, sail'd away.
Dido. O Anna! Anna! I will follow him.
Anna. How can ye go, when he hath all your fleet?
Dido. I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
And, o'er his ship, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms;
Or else, I'll make a prayer unto the waves,
That I may swim to him, like Triton's niece:
O Anna! fetch Orion's harp,
That I may 'tice a dolphin to the shore,
And ride upon his back unto my love!
Look, sister, look! lovely Æneas' ships;
See! see! the billows heave him up to heaven,
And now down fall the keels into the deep:
O sister, sister! take away the rocks;
They'll break his ships. O Proteus! Neptune! Jove!
Save, save Æneas; Dido's liefest love!
Now is he come on shore safe, without hurt;
But, see! Achates wills him put to sea,
And all the sailors merry make for joy;
But he, rememb'ring me, shrinks back again:
See where he comes; welcome! welcome, my love!
Anna. Ah, sister, leave these idle fantasies:
Sweet sister! cease; remember who you are.
Dido. Dido I am, unless I be deceiv'd;
And must I rave thus for a runagate?
Must I make ships for him to sail away?
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,

And he hath all my fleet. What shall I do,
But die in fury of this oversight?
Aye, I must be the murd'rer of myself;
No, but I am not; yet I will be straight.
Anna, be glad; now have I found a mean
To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy:
Not far from hence there is a woman famous'd for arts,
Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,
Who will'd me sacrifice his 'ticing reliques:
Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire. [*exit Anna.*

Enter IARBAS.

Iar. How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight,
That hath dishonour'd her and Carthage both?
How long shall I with grief consume my days,
And reap no guerdon for my truest love?
Dido. Iarbas, talk not of Æneas; let him go;
Lay to thy hands, and help me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger left;
For I intend a private sacrifice,
To cure my mind, that melts for unkind love.
Iar. But, afterwards, will Dido grant me love?
Dido. Aye, aye, Iarbas, after this is done,
None in the world shall have my love but thou;
So, leave me now; let none approach this place.
[*exit Iarbas.*
Now, Dido, with these reliques burn thyself,
And make Æneas famous through the world
For perjury and slaughter of a queen.
Here lies the sword that in the darksome cave

He drew, and swore by, to be true to me:
Thou shalt burn first; thy crime is worse than his.
Here lies the garment which cloth'd him in
When first he came on shore; perish thou too!
These letters, lines, and perjur'd papers, all
Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.
And now, ye gods, that guide the starry frame,
And order all things at your high dispose,
Grant, though the traitors land in Italy,
They may be still tormented with unrest;
And, from mine ashes, let a conqueror rise,
That may revenge this treason to a queen,
By ploughing up his countries with the sword.
Betwixt this land and that be never league,
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
*Imprecor: arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotes:**
Live, false Æneas! truest Dido dies!
Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. O help, Iarbas! Dido, in these flames,
Hath burnt herself! ah, me! unhappy me!

Enter IARBAS, *running.*

Iar. Cursed Iarbas! die to expiate
The grief that tires upon thine inward soul:
Dido, I come to thee. Ah, me, Æneas! [*kills himself.*

Anna. What can my tears or cries prevail me now?
Dido is dead, Iarbas slain; Iarbas, my dear love!

* Virgil.

veet Iarbas! Anna's sole delight;
it fatal destiny envies me thus,
ee my sweet Iarbas slay himself?
Anna now shall honour thee in death,
mix her blood with thine; this shall I do,
t gods and men may pity this my death,
rue our ends, senseless of life or breath:
, sweet Iarbas! stay! I come to thee. [*kills herself.*

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street.

THE LADY'S PRIVILEGE.

A COMEDY;

BY HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.,

90, CHEAPSIDE, AND 8, PALL MALL;

AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO., EDINBURGH.

MDCCCXXV.

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Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street.

THE LADY'S PRIVILEGE.

THIS is the latest and best of Glapthorne's plays;—it is more dramatic, and less extravagant, than "Albertus Wallenstein," although by no means free from the hyperbole and vicious redundancy of figure which distinguish the style of this author. "The Lady's Privilege" is, however, altogether an eloquent composition, and is written with more feeling than the author usually displays.

THE LADIES PRIVILEDGE.

AS IT WAS ACTED WITH GOOD ALLOWANCE, AT THE COCK PIT IN DRURY LANE, AND BEFORE THEIR MAIESTIES AT WHITE HALL, TWICE.

BY THEIR MAIESTIES SERVANTS.

THE AUTHOR, HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY J. OKES, FOR FRANCIS CONSTABLE;

AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOPS IN KING'S STREET, AT THE SIGNE OF THE GOAT, AND IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

1640.

TO THE

TRUE EXAMPLE OF HEROIC VIRTUE, AND FAVOURER OF ARTS,

SIR FREDERICK CORNWALLIS.

SIR,

YOU are so well acquainted with the justice of nobility, that your own fame is your own history: you are right in that, Sir. Nor need I study to express it in a larger character, since it is texted already in a volume, time (which is edax rerum) cannot exterminate. Think not, worthiest Sir, this can in me be flattery; your worth admits none: nor dare I sell myself to such a slavery, as to begin my service to you with that unmanly prostitution: you have always afforded me such transcendent favours, that I should descend to ingratitude, should not I study a retribution: which though I cannot reach at, accept, Sir, I beseech you, this essay of gratitude from

Your most obliged honourer,

HEN: GLAPTHORNE.

THE PROLOGUE.

'Tis worth my Fears, to see within this place,
Wit's most accomplish'd Senate; tis a grace
Transcending our desert, though not our fear,
Lest what our Author writes should not appear
Fit for this judging presence: all the ways
He knows that lead to the true throne of Plays
Are rough uneasy paths, such as to tread
Would fright an active able Muse; strike dead
A weak and timorous traveller: for some
Will give the play a piteous Martyrdom,
Ere it hath life; yet have, t' excite that flame,
Only distrust in the new Author's name.
Others, for shortness, force the Author run,
And end his Play, before his Plot be done.
Some in an humorous squeamishness will say,
They only come to hear, not see the Play;
Others to see it only; there have been
And are good store, that come but to be seen,
Not see nor hear the Play: How shall we then
Please the so various appetites of men?
It starts our Author's confidence, who, by me,
Tells you thus much t' excuse the Comedy:
You shall not here be feasted with the sight
Of antick shows; but actions, such as might
And have been real, and in such a phrase
As men should speak in: Ladies, if you praise,
At least allow his language and his plot
Your own just Privilege; his Muse hath got
So full a wreath, that, spite of Envy's frown,
Shall in his brow sit as a lasting crown.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TRIVULCI, *Duke of Genoa.*
DORIA, *Admiral of Genoa.*
VITELLI, *his Friend.*
ADORNI, *his Lieutenant.*
BONIVET, *a Kinsman to Trivulci.*
LACTANTIO, *a Genoese Lord.*
SABELLI, *Page to Doria.*
FRANGIPAN, *Nephew to Corimba.*
SENATORS, *Officers of State.*
CHRISEA, EURIONE, } *Nieces to Trivulci.*
CORIMBA, *a Court Matron.*

Priest, Executioner, Virgins, Attendants.

The Scene—GENOA.

THE LADY'S PRIVILEGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter BONIVET, LACTANTIO, *and* VITELLI.

Bon. Is the news certain he is arriv'd?
Vit. The Duke
Had sure intelligence that the whole fleet
Anchor'd last night without the bay, and now,
For confirmation of it, the thick breath
Of his saluting cannon hangs in clouds
Over the Citadel; and the glad noise
Of the applauding people gratulates
His entrance to the river.
Bon. The day rose
So cheerfully, as if it meant to guild,
With unaccustom'd light, his sails, swoln big
As pregnant mother, with the pleasing air
Of victory.

Lac. The rumour of the fleet
Has fill'd all Italy with wonder, how
So small a number should, in open fight,
Defeat the Turkish navy; and conclude
The General's skill and valour the main cause
Of the atchievement.

Vit. He has return'd as large
Assurance of his worth as when his force,
Back'd with successive fortune, (which attends
His mighty resolution) overthrew
The power of Venice in a fight which chang'd
The sea into a flame, and took me in't
His fortunate captive.

Bon. Sir, 'tis noble in you
To acknowledge that as good, which might have been
Your imminent ruin; stately buildings so
Rise out of ancient structures, which the rage
Of eating time or anger of the winds
Had totter'd from the ground-works. You may prove
As fairly happy in the General's love
As in the honour which your name or country
Conferr'd on your desert.

Vit. You speak the scope
Of my intention. A perfect friend
Includes both honour, country, family,
And all that's dear and holy: such a friend
As is my Doria; to whose spacious merit
Succession shall pay volumes; who was man
Ere, in the smooth field of his face, rough age
Display'd his hairy ensign; who has pull'd

Bright honour's wreath from her triumphant front,
In battles, when the trembling sea, being calm,
Did crowd, and thrust his waves into a storm,
To part the dreadful fury.

Lac. The report
Of his land services do stand on terms
Of competition with the multitude
Of his sea victories.

Vit. Yet must subscribe
To his naval triumphs, though the land
Has seen him conqueror, when the bodies slain
Buried the ground they died on, which did shake
To view itself entomb'd by them for whom
It was ordain'd a sepulchre; the drums
Were to his ears delightful as the lute;
Pikes, moving then in forest, seem'd as groves
Of lofty cedars, stirr'd by sportive winds;
And when war's choristers, the lofty fife,
And surly trumpet, sung an army dirge,
That fatal music rapp'd his sprightful sense
Like jovial hymns at nuptials.

Bon. You cannot exceed
His praise's duty, since his worth contains
Honour's most several attributes.

Enter FRANGIPAN.

Lac. Signor Frangipan!
What! riding post on foot! whither in such haste?

Fran. Very well met, gentlemen: I scarce have breath
utter a wise word yet.

Lac. We do believe you, Signor, and are in doubt
When you'll have leisure for't.

Fran. Hear you the news?
The General's arriv'd! farewell! He will not land
Till I have had the maiden-head of his hand. [*exit.*

Bon. 'Tis such another parrot,—he relates
Things by tradition, as dogs bark; his news
Still marches in the rear, yet he relates it
As confidently as if each tale he tells
Was to be straight inserted as an eighth
To the seven former wonders. But here comes one
Will cut off the fool's character:

Enter DORIA, ADORNI, *and* SABELLI.

renowned General.
Do us the gracious honour to permit us
Salute the hand has sav'd our country!

Do. Noble friends!
I am more victorious in your early loves
Than in the Turkish Conquest, though I remain
A captive to your kindness. My Vitelli,
The solid earth, or a continu'd rock,
May, by some strange eruptions of the wind,
Be rent and so divided, but true friends
Are adjuncts most inseparable. I have
Still worn thee here, Vitelli, as a jewel
Fit for no other cabinet. Gentlemen,
Your welcome hands; methinks, we should embrace,
So as the ships grapple in hot fight; nor part
Till our affectionate fury has discharg'd

Vollies of joyful courtesy.

Ador. This is fitter ceremony for them
Than to embrace an enemy, who will not part
On terms so easy: these gentlemen know better
To cut a caper than a cable,
Or board a pink in the burdels, than a pinnace at sea.
I marvel, my lord should know such milk-sops.

Vit. My lord,
You come t' instruct us courtship; you've taught
Your foes to fear your valour: you appear
As if this were your nuptial-day, on which
You were to wed bright triumph; but you can
As well court peace in silks as raging war
In burnish'd steel, and touch the ravishing strings
With as much cunning industry as if
Mars could, like Orpheus, strike the trembling harp.
Signor Adorni, welcome home! I hope
You've made a richer prize than when my ship
Struck to your mercy.

Ador. Yes, we are very like
To make good prize indeed, when all the profit
Goes to the State and heavy-headed Burgers,
That lie and snort at home, and eat what we
Sweat bloody drops for.

Do. Honest Adorni!
His bluntness must excuse him, gentlemen.
How harsh and rough soe'er he seems, his humour
Will quickly vary. When I have been tir'd
With toil of war, the observations which
His travels have afforded him of men,

Countries, and manners, lively set forth
By his expressive action, has begot
Mirth in my drowsy soul. When you're acquainted
With his conceit of carriage, you'll not affect
A jovialler companion.—See, the Duke!

[*he kneels to the Duke: flourish.*

Enter TRIVULCI, CHRISEA, EURIONE, *and* CORIMBA.

Tri. My noble warrior!
Peace now looks lovely on us, since we enjoy
The author of't in safety. Rise, my Doria;
Let me embrace those youthful limbs which clothe
War in Love's livery. Thy honour'd father,
When he return'd laden with Turkish spoils,
As trophies of his valour, from the slaughter
Of Haly Bassa, at Lepanto, where
The Christian name was hazarded, arriv'd not
More welcome to the State. Believe me, youth,
Had'st thou a mother living to be proud
Of thy nativity, unless she wept
For joy to see thee, could no way express
A more affectionate gladness. Chrisea,
Eurione, welcome him home who cannot
Receive an equal grace to the just value
Of his deservings!

Chri. Your grace prepares us for that
We did intend to offer.

Corim. Yes, truly, we did, Sir; this General is ill bred, I warrant him, to slight a gentlewoman of my demeanour.

Dor. My gracious lord!

To tender thanks where 'tis a debt, not duty,
Befits an equal; subjects ought to offer,
With the sincere devotion that our priests
Do prayers to heaven, their hands as sacrifices
To their deserving princes, whose sole favours
Do, as the quick'ning lustre of the sun,
Cherish inferior spirits. Yours have been
Shower'd down on me as elemental dew
On the parch'd earth, which drinks it up and cannot
Give heaven a retribution; yet, my duty
Shall speak my willing thankfulness; and while
These arms can wield victorious steel, no danger
Shall fright me from that service which I owe
My prince and country; since men are not born
For themselves only, but their life's a debt
To the commonwealth that bred 'em.

Tri. Gentle warrior!
Thy father's spirit swells thy soul—I read it
In thy submissive loyalty: let's in;
'Tis just that those who caus'd the wars to cease
Should have the early fruits of their own peace.

[*flourish; exeunt all but Corimba and Eurione.*

Euri. Corimba,
Have you employ'd a serious diligence yet,
In giving Lord Vitelli secret notice
Of my affection to him?

Corim. Truly, madam,
As I hope to have a husband yet
'Ere I be fifty, I have been so ta'en up
About my new device, I scarce have leisure

To say my prayers; sincerely, ladybird,
You look sprightly, ravishing; only this star
Was not well cut, nor well laid on; it wanted
A little of my learned art. Vitelli!
Doubt him not, Madam; he shall love you: so,
'Tis pretty neat now; I would not have a lady
That wears a glass about her, have the least
Pimple on her countenance discomposed; it does
Disgallant a whole beauty.

Euri. But, Corimba,
What's this to me? Thou may'st as well tell tales
Of love to one departing life: these toys
Relish with me as bitter pills with children.
Wilt thou effect my business?

Corim. I confess,
I have been very fortunate in bringing
Couples together, though I ne'er could couple
Myself with any. Your ladyship could not
Have chose a better agent.

Enter FRANGIPAN.

Fran. Save you, sweet lady! Save you, aunt! I have
Lost all my morning exercise at tennis
In seeking you, and yet was still in hazard
Whether I should meet you. I must request a little
Help from your art, good aunt; a patch or two
To make me appear more lovely, for my glass
Tells me I have a very scurvy face,
Without some ornament.

Corim. 'Tis a good innocent face; be not asham'd on't!

I'll cut out one instantly. Nay, I never
Go unprovided of materials. Let me see—
What form is best for thee. Thou'rt something timorous;
A heart, stuck neatly on thy face, will excite
Thy heart to more audacity. Good Madam,
Does't not become him prettily? Cousin, be sure,
You do commend this fashion to all gentlemen.
Wer't but as common among them as ladies,
My wit would be eternally made famous
For the invention.

Fran. Will't please you to despatch, aunt? I'm in haste;
I've a whole staple of news to vent.

Corim. Of what troe?
Aside.] I would have my kindred more ridiculous
To th' world than I am. [*aloud.*] Cousin, all your news
Is stale: invent me, rather, some choice story,
How true or false no matter, and declare't
For news, 'twill please far better, and endear
Your judgment i'the relation.

Enter DORIA, CHRISEA, *and* SABELLI.

Fran. Noble General, you're happily encounter'd.
Have you seen my aunt yet, Signor? here she is. I have
News to inform you, worth your knowledge.

Dor. Keep them,
Good Signor, till some other time. Eurione,
We must implore your absence; we'd be private.

Corim. Why, we have been trusted
With as good secrets; please your Lordship,
Accept this crescent; you see, my cousin

Is in the fashion; let me lay it on.
In sooth, your face is, for a soldier's,
Too smooth and polite; this device will shew
As't had a scar upon it, which is an honour
To faces military.

Dor. Good Madam gravity,
Keep your devices for your chamber-lords,
That dance to ladies' shadows! Pray, begone!
We need not your society—Sabelli,
Put to the door, and then begone!—

[*exeunt all but Chrisea and Doria.*

Chrisea!
The modest turtles, which,
In view of more lascivious birds,
Exchange their innocent loves in timorous sighs,
Do, when alone, most piteously convert
Their chirps to billing, and, with feather'd arms,
Encompass mutually their gawdy necks.

Chri. You would infer, that we
Should, in their imitation, spend this time,
Intended for a conference, which concerns us
Nearer than compliment.

Dor. Why, my Chrisea,
We may entwine as freely, since our loves
Are not at age to conceive a sin,
Thine being new born, and mine too young to speak
A lawless passion; for my services,
Pay me with priceless treasure of a kiss,
While, from the balmy fountains of thy lips,
Distils a moisture, precious as the dew,

The amorous bounty of the morn
Casts on the rose's cheek: what wary distance
Do you observe? Speak, and enrich my ears
With accents more harmonious than the lark's,
When she sings hymns to harvest.

Chri. Sure, my lord,
You've studied compliment; I thought the war
Had taught men resolution, and not language.

Dor. Oh! you instruct me justly: I should rather
Have ta'en the modest privilege of your lip,
And then endeavour'd to repay the grace
With my extremest eloquence.

Chri. You mistake me.

Dor. Remit my ignorance, and let me read
The mystery of thy language in thy looks,
In which are lively characters of love,
Writ in the polish'd tablets of thy cheeks,
Which seem to vary colours like the clouds
When they presage a storm; and those bright eyes
Dart unaccustom'd beams, which shine as anger
Flash'd from their fiery motion.

Chri. You misconstrue
The intention of my looks. I am not angry
Though much distemper'd.

Dor. At what? by whom?
Lives there a creature so extremely bad,
Dares discompose your patience? Speak: reveal
The monster to me. Were he fenced with flames,
Or lock'd in bulwarks of congealed ice,
And all the fiends stood sentinels to guard

The passage, I would enforce it to his heart;
Through which, the mounting violence of my rage
Should pierce like lightning.

Chri. I believe,
That, in some trivial quarrel to redeem
My fame, should scandal touch it, you would fight,
Perhaps, to shew your valour; but I have
A task t' enjoin you which my fears possess me
You dare not venture to accept.

Dor. By truth,
You wrong my faith and courage, to suspect me
Of so extreme a cowardice. Have I stood the heat
Of battles till, upon the mountainous piles
Of slaughter'd carcases, the souls which left 'em
Seem'd to ascend to heaven, that your suspicion
Should taint my honour with this base revolt?
This is not noble in you.

Chri. Do not rage.
When you shall hear it, you will then confess
Your confident error.

Dor. My loyalty will not
Permit that strong rebellion in my breast
To doubt the meanest falsehood in a word
Her voice can utter, which should charm the world
To a belief some cherubim has left
Its room in heaven to carol to the earth
Celestial anthems, and I now begin
To question my own frailty; but, by all
Which we call good or holy, be't your will
I should invade inevitable death

In its most ugly horror, my obedience
Shall, like a careless pilot, cast this bark
On that pale rock of ruin.

Chri. Will you swear this?

Dor. Yes: invent
A form of oath so binding that no law
Or power can dispense with, and I'll seal't
With my best blood. Pray, madam, tell me what
The imposition is you judge so easily
Will stagger my just truth, that I may fly,
On love's light wings, to act it.

Chri. Hear it, then; and do not,
As you respect your oath or love, request
The cause of what I shall command.

Dor. Still suspicious!
My honour be my witness, which no action
Shall violate, I will not.

Chri. Enough: that vow
Cannot but be material; receive it:—
I must no longer love you.

Dor. That's no command; what did you say, Chrisea?

Chri. I must no longer love you: and command you,
Leave your affection to me.

Dor. You're very pleasant, lady.

Chri. You'll find me very serious; nay, more;
I love another; and I do enjoin you,
Since 'tis a man you may o'er-rule, t' assist me
In my obtaining him, without whose love
I'm resolute to perish!

Dor. Sure I dream,

Or some strange sudden death has changed this frame
To immortality; for, were I flesh,
And should hear this, certain my violent rage
Would pull me to some desp'rate act beyond
The reach of fury: these are words would infect
Rose-colour'd Patience' clear and lovely front
With loathsome leprosy, change flames to tears,
And, with unusual harshness of the sound,
Deafen the genius of the world.

Chri. Where's now
The strength of soul you boasted? Does the noise
Of the death-speaking cannon not affright
Your settled resolution, and the voice
Of a weak woman shake your youthful blood
Into an ague? since you so ill bear this,
When you shall hear the man whose love has stol'n
Your interest, you will rage more than unlimited fire
In populous cities.

Dor. Sure, 'tis she who speaks:
I do enjoy, yet, sound untainted sense:
Each faculty does, with a peaceful harmony, retain
Its proper organ; yet she did rehearse,
She must no longer love me. Oh! that word
Transforms the soul of quiet into rage,
Above distracted madness. Madam! tell me—
What place is this? for you have led me
Into a subtle labyrinth, where I never
Shall have fruition of my former freedom,
But, like an humble anchorite, that digs
With his own nails his grave, must live confin'd

To the sad maze for ever.

Chri. Sir, you cannot
By most submissive and continued prayers,
Reclaim my affection, which stands as fix'd as fate
Upon your friend Vitelli.

Dor. My friend Vitelli!

Chri. Sir, I not use
To jest my life away; Vitelli is
The person to obtain whose precious love
I do conjure you by all ties of honour
T' employ your utmost diligence.

Dor. Can I be
So tame o' the sudden? has the feeble spirit
Of some degenerate coward frighted hence
My resolution, which has given a law
To fate itself, that I now become
The stale to my own ruin? O Chrisea!
Who wert so good, that virtue would have sigh'd
At the unwelcome spectacle, had you
Appear'd but woman in a passion,
Though of the slightest consequence; oh, do not
Abjure that saint-like temper; it will be
A change hereafter burd'nous to your soul,
As sin to one who, all his life-time blest
With peace of conscience, at his dying minute
Falls into mortal enmity with heaven,
And perishes eternally.

Chri. My will guides my determination, and you must
In honour act your promise.

Dor. Yes, I will,

Since you can urge it, tho' but two
Things precious to me, and one cruel word
Robs me of both my friend and her. Chrisea,
I have not left another sigh to move,
Nor tear to beg your pity.

Chri. They are but vain:
You may as easily think to kiss the stars
'Cause they shine on you, as recall my vows,
Which I will urge no further, but wish you
Regard your honour. But farewell! I must
Be cruel ere to my own love unjust. [*exit.*

Dor. She's gone! What vapour, which the flattering sun
Attracts to heaven, as to create a star,
And throw it a fading meteor to the earth,
Has fall'n like me? I am not yet grown ripe
For perfect sorrow; but, as a bubbling brook,
That sports and curls within its flow'ry banks
Till the vast sea devour it, only falling
Into the abyss of mischief; passions surround
My intellectual powers; only my heart,
Like to a rocky island, does advance
Above the foamy violence of the flood
Its unmov'd head: love be my careful guide!
Who sails 'gainst danger both of wind and tide.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BONIVET, LACTANTIO, *and* ADORNI.

Bon. Thanks, good Adorni; we are much endear'd
To your relation. This rich Corsic wine
Erected our dull spirits, and you shall
Command our service in as high and jocund
A nature.

Ador. Sir, although I am
One that affects not the nice phrase of Court,
Having been nurs'd in war, yet I can frame
Myself to imitation of what humour
Shall there, or anywhere, appear to be
Worthy my laughter.

Bon. You have explain'd your knowledge. We, who breathe
Only the air of Genoa, and ne'er tasted
Foreign behaviour, covet nothing more
Than certain knowledge of it, as 'tis proper to
Complexions intellectual to delight
In novelties: your Spaniard, as you say,
Is of a staid, serious, and haughty garb;
Acts all his words with shrugs and gestures; kisses
His hand away in kindness; is of diet
Sparing, will pick his teeth as formally
After an orange, or a clove of garlick,
(Which is his ordinary morsel) as he'd fed
On partridges or pheasants.

Ador. 'Tis his grace
After his dinner, Sir; and to confirm
Their most officious gravity, a Castilian
Was, for some crime in Paris, to be whipt
In triumph through the streets, and, being admonished
To be more swift of foot, [and] so avoid
The dreadful lash the sooner, in scorn answer'd,
He rather would be flay'd alive than bate
A tittle of his gravity.

Lac. Much good
Do it his patient shoulders: but, Adorni,
What think you of the French?

Ador. Very airy people, who participate
More fire than earth; yet, generally, good,
And nobly disposition'd; something inclining
To over-weening fancy.—

Enter CORIMBA.

This lady
Tells my remembrance of a comic scene
I once saw in their theatre.

Bon. Add it to
Your former courtesies, and express it.

Ador. Your entreaty
Is a command, if this grave lady please
To act the Lady I must court.

Corim. Why, do you think I cannot play the woman? I have play'd a woman's part about twenty years ago in a Court masque; and, tho' I say't, as well as some o' them, and have been courted too. But it is truth, I have a fool-

ish quality,—as many more women are guilty of besides myself,—I always love them best which slight me most, and scorn those that do court me. Look you, Signor, if 't be a Lover's part you are to act, take a black spot or two. I can furnish you; 'twill make your face more amorous, and appear more gracious in your mistress' eyes.

Ador. Stand fair, lady.

Corim. 'Tis your part to stand fair, Sir, doubt not my carriage. [*Adorni acts furiously.*] O, most rare man! sincerely, I shall love the French the better while I live, for this. Nay, pray, Sir! Gentlemen, entreat the man to pacify his wrath! Tell him, I'll love him, rather than see him rage thus.

Bon. He would have just reason to be mad, indeed, then;
But now the mode is alter'd. [*Adorni acts again.*

Corim. Excellently ravishing! this is of force to make the hardest-hearted lady love him. Can I entreat him but to teach my cousin some of his French, he will for ever be engallanted.

Enter EURIONE *and* FRANGIPAN.

Bon. Beauteous cousin!
You've miss'd the quaintest sport! Honest Adorni!
You would endear this lady to you, would you
Please to re-act it.

Ador. Nay, if you make me common once, farewell!
I am not for your company.

Corim. Pray, Sir, a word or two: here is a gentleman,—
Nay, nephew, though I say't, a toward young man,—
Vouchsafe him your acquaintance.

Ador. Will he fight? Is he a soldier?
Corim. No truly, Sir, nor shall he be:
I would be loth to have my only cousin
Heated about the heart with lead; he's dull
Enough already. Frangipan, come hither.
This gentleman will, for my sake, teach thee French.
Ador. For your sake, reverend Madam, I shall do't.
Sir, please you walk, we will confer on rudiments.
Corim. Come with him, coz. Sir, an you have occasion
To use me in a pleasure stands within
The ability of my performance, pray, command;
You shall not be deny'd.
Ador. Come, Signors, will you walk?
[*exeunt all but Eurione, Bonivet, and Corimba.*
Euri. Cousin Bonivet,
I should be glad, after some minutes, to
Enjoy your company.
Bon. I shall attend your ladyship.
Euri. Corimba, what answer from Vitelli? do I live?
Or, in the killing rigour of his scorn,
Must I die wretched?
Corim. Sincerely, madam,
You are too timorous of your own deserts,
Or else you durst not doubt that he, or any,
You being so neat yourself, and drest as neatly
As any lady in the Court, should hazard
The reputation of his wit by slighting
Such an accomplish'd beauty.
Euri. You talk,
And play the cunning flatterer, to excuse

Your negligence; but know, affection's fire
Once kindled by desire, and blown by thought
Into a heat, expires a thousand sighs,
Which, as love's smoke, like incense, fly to heaven:
While the light fire with nimble wings doth soar
To its own sphere, true lovers' hearts, who cherish
The flame till they to ashes burn, and perish.

Corim. Why, ladybird, are you so passionate? The gentleman
Is a kind gentleman, has all that may
Set forth a man; for when I told him how,
Like a hurt deer, you wounded were with love,
'Life! how he leapt for joy! as if the self-
Same arrow which struck you, had glanc'd on him;
And, as a token of his love, he sent you
A bleeding heart in a cornelion, which,
Beshrew me, most unfortunately I lost.

Enter CHRISEA.

Chri. Corimba, see
If General Doria be within! Eurione, [*exit Corimba.*
I have been seeking thee. How dost thou, sister?
I must demand a question that concerns
The safety of your fame.

Euri. I rest
Secure in mine own innocence, and no malice
Can forge an accusation which can blemish
My meanest thought with scandal.

Chri. I believe; but know, Eurione, I am inform'd
You do affect Vitelli, and conjure you,

By the dear memory of our mother, tell me
If the report be certain.
Euri. Should I deny't,
My love would muster thousand blushes up
T' invade my guilty cheeks. I must confess,
I love him so as modesty and truth
Afford me warrant.
Chri. Tis ill done, and childishly, so easily to impart
The treasure of your liberty to keeping
Of a neglected stranger.
Euri. His own worth
Deserves as noble knowledge here as many
Who borrow titular glory from the dust
Of their forgotten ancestors.
Chri. You defend him
Like a brave championess, as if you meant
T' engage your dearest pawn of life and honour
In his protection.
Euri. Say I did, the even'st,
Though most strict justice, would allow, as lawful,
My honourable purpose.
Chri. Fie! you are led on too wildly by your fancy, sister.
It ill befits the greatness of your blood
To seek to mix its pure stream with a poor
Regardless river.
Euri. He appears to me
Broad in his own dimensions as the sea;
Clear as a brook, whose crystal lips salute
Only the freshest meadows; such a creature,

That were some cunning painter to express
An Angel cloth'd in human shape, he might
From his derive a pattern.

Chri. But suppose, my fancy
Should oversway my judgment to affect
Vitelli, sure, your manners will allow me,
By willing resignation of your choice,
The privilege of my birth-right.

Euri. Would you urge
A claim so justly mine, because you view'd
The light two years before me? No, Chrisea;
Love 's an unlimited passion, that admits
No ceremon'ous difference. This prerogative,
Should Queens endeavour, their unvalued dowries
Are not of worth to purchase; and though here,
As it befits me, I observe the distance
Due to your birth, yet, in love's sacred Court,
My place is high as yours, and there we may
Walk hand in hand together.

Chri. Do not flatter
Your fancy with this vain conceit. Vitelli
Must be no more your's. Know, I have enjoin'd
The General Doria to engage his friend
T' embrace my proffer'd love to him.

Euri. You strive,
Because you think my young and timorous flame
Unapt t'encounter brave Vitelli's heat,
As cunning nurses do with froward babes,
Fright them into an appetite; but say,
All this were real, think you, Doria would

So easily be persuaded to renounce
His proper interest, and enthral his friend
To an unwilling slavery?

Chri. By truth, he has impawn'd his honour to endeavour
What I have utter'd. Gentle girl, consider
Love's unresisted violence, and believe
I would not have a rival to usurp
A corner in the kingdom of that heart
Of which I'm sovereign: so farewell, dear soul!
Consider on't. [*exit.*

Euri. Consider on't! why, this is such an act,
Done by a cruel sister, that shall taint
That holy name with such a black reproach,
That should a thousand pious virgins weep
Rivers of tears, their most immaculate drops
Would not wash white her scandal. Hapless girl,
That in love's tempests wert but lately tost,
And now, recover'd, in a calm art lost.

Enter LACTANTIO.

Lac. Madam, the Duke intreats your instant company.

Euri. I shall attend his pleasure: good Lactantio!
If you can meet my cousin Bonivet,
Desire him visit me. [*exit.*

Enter DORIA.

Dor. Noble Lactantio,
You 're happily encounter'd. I expected
My friend Vitelli here: this is his hour;
I wonder he is tardy.

Lac. Your lordship prevents the time with speed, or else
Vitelli
Has some impediment by business.

Enter VITELLI.

Sir,
You're opportunely welcome, to deliver
Your own excuse. I was about to stretch
My invention for you.
Vit. Noble friend, your enemy, had you engag'd your faith
To any personal meeting, could expect you
But at the minute; reason may dispense,
'Twixt us, with such a nicety.
Lac. Now your friend 's
Arriv'd, I must beg licence to depart;
I have some urgent business.
Dor. Good Lactantio, your time's your own.
Lac. I kiss your lordship's hand. [*exit.*
Vit. Friend, now we're alone, I safely may
Speak my conjecture; I have read your looks,
And, in their pensive characters, find secret
Strange signs of sadness.
Dor. I am sad, indeed,
When my remembrance tells me I have only
Verbal assurance of your friendship.
Vit. Try me by any attempt, whose danger does surpass
The common path of daring; be't to snatch
A fiery bolt, when it from heaven comes wrapp'd
In sheets of lightning, to afford true proof
Of my affection, and with eager haste,

Such as inspires a husband to enjoy
His spouse's virgin purity, I'll run
To the achievement.

Dor. These are but protests,
Such as, begot by ceremony, proceed
Not from intensive zeal; yet, I'll experience
The truth of your affection, by a trial,
Of such a noble and effective weight,
Which, if you bravely do support, you'll stand
As some tall pyramid, or column, for
Your own memorial, to tell after-times
The power and strength of friendship.

Vit. Pray, name 't:
An 'twere a burden would oppress the earth,
I'll be the able Atlas to sustain
Heaven on my willing shoulders.

Dor. There is a lady,
In whose each eye sits fire; and, on her cheek,
Victorious beauty, captive to her smiles,
Dances in lovely triumph; one who emblems
The glory of mortality in each look;
Contracts the orb of lustre to a glance;
Brandishes beams, whose purity dispense
Light more immaculate than the gorgeous east
Wears, when the prostrate Indian does adore
Its rising brightness: yet this wonder doats
On you, with such inevitable fervour,
That I, in pity of her sufferings, come
T' entreat you love her.

Vit. Whom, my lord?

Dor. You cannot appear so strangely stupid, not t' acknowledge
Creation's miracle, when I point out
Her very figure: you as well may seem,
When the bleak north does, with congealing blasts,
Bind up the crystal streams in chains of ice,
Not to know winter; ignorant of her,
Who, had she liv'd when superstitious mists
Shaded the world, more groves of gums had flam'd
To her divinest beauty, than to all
The race of idle deities: 'tis Chrisea,
The fair Chrisea, loves you!
Vit. The fair Chrisea? your lordship's merry
Dor. Do you slight
What I deliver'd with that unfeign'd zeal
That penitents do their prayers? I say, Chrisea;
A name whose every accent sweetlier sounds
Than choirs of syrens' sense-bereaving notes:
Chrisea loves you, infinitely above
Expressive terms, the orators should strive
To paint her masculine fancy; and I'm bound
To pay this homage to her best content,
As to conjure you, by all sacred ties
Of honour, amity, and what else may serve
T' enforce th' endearment, with your noblest love
To gratify her fancy.
Vit. No persuasion
Can make me think this serious. Good, my lord,
Do you not love Chrisea?
Dor. More than a babe does the kind nurse that feeds it with her blood;

More than I do my quiet, or the joys
Of aught but blest eternity. Vitelli,
No other argument can more convince
Suspicion, should it doubt my love, but this—
That, to procure her peace, I have confin'd
The greatness of my passion, and give up
To thy dispose a jewel, which the earth
And sea, should both unlade their hidden wealth,
Should not have purchas'd from me.

Vit. These are arts to puzzle my conceits, my lord.
I'm no such puny in the craft of love,
That I want brain to find this drift, which is
As obvious to me as your eyes; now you
Are home return'd victorious, big with praise,
Laden with titles that sit heavier on you
Than your steel corslet in hot fight, contemn
Affinity with me, to whom you've heard,
The fair Eurione has resign'd her heart,
And by this circumvention, should I court
At your entreaties her sister, might pretend
A righteous cause for an unjust revolt;
For were it otherwise, your temper could not
Brook your Chrisea's change without a start
Into a sudden fury.

Dor. This language I understand not: by my honour, friend,
This iteration may disperse your doubt;
I do again conjure you, by all right
Friendship can challenge in you, to affect
Chrisea nobly!—Shall I have your answer?

Vit. Nay, then, my lord,

Since you are serious, freely I resume
The privilege of my liberty; this body,
I do confess your captive, and 't has suffer'd
An honourable thraldom, but my mind
Remains unbounded as the air or fire
Are from their spheres: Eurione has won
By the subduing valour of her looks,
That in a field of fancy, not of blood:
And ere another shall usurp her right,
In the defence I'll die her willing martyr.

Dor. I judg'd what serious value,
Your boasted friendship would retain i'the test.
Draw your bright weapon; know, that I do hate
Baseness as much as cowardice, and since
You slight a lady for whose priceless love
Kings might resign their crowns and humbly fall
Like bare-foot pilgrims, prostrate at the shrine
Of such a beauty; sure, if in this sword
Death has a residence, your life shall find it,
And not survive to boast the cruel triumph of her refusal.

Vit. Sir, your sword cannot excite a trembling in my blood:
The glist'ring splendour cherishes my sight
Like polish'd crystal: henceforth name of friend
Be no more known betwixt us than a dream!
Thus I expire it:—I may now regain
My honour forfeited in the general cause,
By this particular combat.

Dor. Should my fate yield me the conquest, yet his death would not

Beget Chrisea's quiet, but augment
Her grief and hate against me [*aside.*] :—stay, forbear!—
I feel a palsy in my veins, and cannot
Manage this little instrument of death.
My sinews put on infancy again,
And have no vigour in them. Oh! Vitelli,
I am so full of passion, I have scarce
Room left to vent a sigh: a mine of lead
Hangs on my heart, and with its weight has crack'd
The feeble courage.

Vit. Noble soul! his grief
Works more compunction in me than his sword
Did sudden anger [*aside.*] Could I grant what you
Request, no brand-mark'd slave should fulfil
Sooner his master's most severe command
Than I would yours; but this abrogates all laws
Of friendship's duty. If you've vow'd this act,
You may as safely disannul the oath
As should you in some desp'rate fury swear
To be your father's murderer.

Dor. Bid me first renounce
My allegiance to my honour, sell the faith
I owe my native country; my Vitelli,
I feel a humour in my brain which strives
For passage at mine eyes: wilt see me weep?
Consider, friend, denying my request,
Thou do'st undo a lady who may claim
The privilege of all hearts;—depriv'st the world
Of such a gem, that should old nature strive
To frame her second, it would quite exhaust

Her glorious treasury;—then in her ruin
My life and honour's forfeited : think this;
And were thy heart obdurate as a rock
Of adamant, this thought, join'd with my tears,
Would, sooner than the blood of goats, dissolve it
To gentle softness.

Vit. Your eyes are moving advocates; they speak
Such an o'er-flowing language, that my love,
Then in its own cause a most partial judge,
Allows my mercy freedom to pronounce
Sentence on your side: you have prevail'd;
I'll serve Chrisea as her pleasure shall
Dispose my will, and fortune.

Dor. I begin to feel my spirits quicken, and my blood
Receive its noble temper; dear Vitelli!
Thy nobleness do'st prompt thee to an act
Shall write thy friendship higher in the lists
Of sacred amity, than mothers' loves.
Go to my blest Chrisea; she expects
To know by thee the truth of my success;
Tell her, I am more happy in her bliss
Than if I had enjoy'd her constant love.
So leave me, friend; I may, perhaps, transgress
Manhood again; and should'st thou see me weep
Twice, thou would'st judge my former flood of tears
A feigned passion.

Vit. Your genius guard you! Thus I apply
Balm to his wounds, while I do bleeding die. [*exit.*

Enter BONIVET.

Bon. Noble General, I come to gratulate the happy choice
You've made in fair Chrisea; she's a lady,
That, though she were a stranger to my blood,
My judgment would allow as rich a virtue
As ever glorify'd the sex.

Dor. 'Twould be a sacrilegious error not t' admit
Your character for truth; but, in our loves,
A thousand hidden causes do produce
Alternate changes; my return has settled
My thoughts on new resolves, and I must suit
My affections to them.

Bon. How? Perhaps, because
You are return'd triumphant with your bays
Growing upon your brow, you do reject
The love before you su'd for; 'tis not noble
So to abase a lady whose bright fame,
Although untainted as a crystal rock,
Must pass a popular censure, if you, who
Did with such earnestness pretend her match,
Should, on the sudden, scorn it.

Dor. I'm not bound
To give you reasons why; but know, my mind
(Which your contesting cannot alter,) 's fix'd
On what I have related.

Bon. I must then tell you
You do defame the opinion of that worth
The world does credit in you; this affront,

Should all her other friends sit idle gazers
On her disgrace, should stir me to attempt
An ample satisfaction from your heart,
Though you had multitudes of greater glories
Heap'd on your head; or were defenc'd with legions
T' affright me from the adventure.

Dor. Sir, your courage is juster than your quarrel.
Do you think
I wear a sword only for ornament;
And though our years declare us equals, yet
My education was i'the trade of war:
'Tis my profession to infranchise souls
From prisons of their flesh, and would be loath,
'Cause you have interest in Chrisea's blood,
Your passion should betray you to the fury
Of my incensed wrath.

Bon. All discourse is tedious to me: sure, the world 's abus'd
With report of your valour. Men who commit
Affronts they dare not answer, use excuse
In moderation of them. I expected
I should have met an adversary in you,
Of temper hot as lightning, and as bold
As lions vex'd with hunger; and I find you
A tame degenerate coward.

Dor. All respect of love and pity hence! [*they fight.*
Bear up! my steel
Has prick'd your breast—I would not have you dye
Chrisea's Martyr.

Bon. I've pull'd untimely ruin on me. I'm hurt,

I fear, to mortal danger: noble General,
See me conducted to Lactantio's house!
There I shall get a surgeon.
Dor. Noble young man!
Muster thy strongest spirits up. I am one
Of Fortune's pastimes: yesterday, return'd,
Advanc'd to heaven by the people's breath;
To day, hurl'd down into the abyss of death. [*exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CHRISEA *and* CORIMBA.

Chri. Came none yet from the General?
Cor. No, insooth, Madam: I protest your sister,
If she continue in these sudden fits,
Will so undo her face that all my art
Can never rectify 't: she weeps as if
She might as easily be supplied with eyes
As with new dressings. I'll be sworn, I took
As hearty pains to cut a handsome heart,
(And, though I say't, it was a pretty one
As e'er was made of taffety,) to grace her cheek,
And, never trust me if I lye to you,
Her tears have wash'd her heart away.
Chri. Thou'rt still
In these impertinent discourses. What's the cause
My sister is so prodigal of her grief
To let thee see her vent it?

Cor. Why, Madam, I have seen a lady weep
Besides your sister, and have wept myself too.
I never shall forget the time—I could
E'en cry again, to think on't: 'twas at the death
Of your fine little Jewel; never lady
Nurst such a dainty puppy; but he's gone,
And farewell he! I will not give a rush
For any woman cannot use her eyes
With as much liberty as her tongue: these fools,
These loving idiots, men, for three forc'd drops
Will mollify like wax, and be made apt
For any impression.

Enter VITELLI.

Chri. Vitelli, you are welcome! I suppose
Your business has been urgent. We expected
Your presence sooner: howsoever, now
'Tis grateful hither.
Cor. My young lady shall
Have notice of 's arrival; so perhaps his sight
Will cheer her drooping spirits.
Vit. Madam, my friend
The General does by me tender his best
And truest service to you: he has sent me
Prompt to fulfil the nicest point of duty
Your pleasure casts upon me.
Chri. Sir, the General is so just in his proceeding,
I must ever esteem him truly noble,
Though I should banish him my affection.
Vit. I could wish

The sweetness of your virtue would vouchsafe
To lay a reclamation of your love:
Had you but seen with what ambitious haste,
With what extreme persuasions, he endeavour'd
The satisfaction of your will, you could not
Fancy a change from one so worthy.

Chri. No? not to enjoy yourself?

Vit. Me—Madam!
No equal eye can parallel my poor
Regardless merit with the glorious worth
Which does as far transcend mine in desert,
As 't does in eminence of fortune.

Chri. Sir, your modesty
Extenuates your own worthiness to bestow
A large addition on your friend's: my judgment
Has balanc'd both, and has concluded which
Ought to be held most noble: I do honour
True constancy in men. Pray tell me, Sir,
For it concerns me nearly, did you ever
Fervently love my sister?

Vit. To include
All strength of human zeal, as Doria does adore
Your excellent beauty; with a heat
Holy as souls in deepest fancy,
Their sainted fellows.

Chri. And can you extinguish
So great a flame so easily? Can entreats
So soon subdue your temper? If your truth
Be of this wavering quality, how shall I
Receive assurance of it?

Vit. The vow
I made my friend secures it. Think not, Madam,
That both my parents with persuasive prayers
Could have enforc'd me violate my faith
To fair Eurione; but when my friend,
My honour'd friend, to whom I owe my life
As tenant to his bounty, did in tears,
A soldier's tears, whose every drop prevails
More than a captive princess, plead the loss
Of his own life, my gratitude did vanquish
Passion, and forc'd me tear even from my soul
Eurione's affection.

Chri. You are just
In your determination.

Enter EURIONE.

Vit. Bless me, friendship!
And with thy white wings overshade my heart!
Or here descends a Saint will dispossess thee
Of the accustom'd shrine: a bark enclos'd
'Twixt two encount'ring tides is not more toss'd
Than I 'twixt striving passions; while a friend,
I cannot be a lover.

Eur. Vitelli, am I in your opinion lost? my sister
Relates so sad a wonder that, if truth,
I am undone for ever.

Vit. Hark! she speaks too
A tempting language. Such was our first mother's voice
While she was innocent: dear ladies, would
I could divide myself; for, being one,

I cannot, on the theatre of my mind,
Act both a friend and lover. That two names
Of so intire affinity should occasion
So manifest a dissension in a soul
That would be true, yet is enforc'd, though loath,
To forfeit one or to be false to both!

Chri. My expectation did not
Presage this softness in you; I had thought
You had come furnish'd with a full resolve
To act your friend's request.

Vit. Yet I must needs
Speak in a cause so moving: Madam, think
How much more noble 'tis in you to save
Than to destroy! Behold three bleeding hearts
Imploring pity from you! mine, your sister's,
And your adorer Doria's, which one word
Of yours would ransom from approaching death.
Oh, be not sparing of that breath! 'twill sound
In the just ears of heaven more sweet than prayers
Offer'd by cloister'd virgins. O, resume
Your native charity, and fulfil my suit!
And in requital of that sacred grant,
Time shall depend like summer on your brow,
And your whole life be one continued youth:
Such were the springs in Paradise, and when
You pass to be a sharer in heaven's bliss,
Virgins and innocent lovers' spotless tears,
Harden'd to pearl by the strong heat of sighs,
Shall be your monument.

Chri. This whole discourse,

Should you enlarge it to a volume, cannot
Alter my meanest thought; I only wish you,
As you are noble, to respect your honour;—
That's all my answer. [*exit.*

Eur. But do you mean,
Vitelli, to perform what Doria has enjoin'd you?

Vit. I shall melt
Into a willing pity, if the flame
Of friendship did not, with its effectual heat,
Dry up love's moisture. Dear Madam! he
That has commanded me this dreadful task
Claims such a lawful interest in my life,
That, spite of my affection, I must yield
To his resistless will: yet I will love you
So far as honour gives me warrant, and
Wish you, the best of women, the best joys
Happiness can impart to you. Farewell!
'Tis a befitting gratitude to give
That life a being by whose gift I live. [*exit.*

Eur. Sorrows flow high, grief unto grief succeeds,
Wounds are more dangerous which do inward bleed. [*exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter ADORNI *and* FRANGIPAN.

Ador. Come, let not this dishearten you; your French
Is a thing easily gotten, and, when you have it,
As hard to shake it off, runs in your blood
As 'twere your mother language; but there is

An observation far more necessary,
T' improve your judgment; still let your discourse
Concern the foreign business, and be sure
T' applaud outlandish fashions and take off from
What is native; as if you shall hear
Any commend the Genoa garb or state,
Answer in France, in Naples, or in Spain,
No matter where so it be far enough
From hence, they are more politic, more witty,
Every way more deserving; this will speak
Infinitely judicious, when, to praise
Our own domestic manners, is as if
A man should praise himself and be accounted
A self-conceited gull for't.

Fran. Very good!
This is a rule I'll put in practice; I,
Thanks to my inclination, can speak ill
Of my own Father, Signor.

Ador. Signor! still you betray your ignorance; why Signor?
Monsieur has a far more airy and harmonious sound;
There's music in the letters: still polish your phrase
With particles of language, which, 'till I have taught you
Perfectly, answer with a shrug or nod,
Or any foreign gesture; such a silence
Will be esteem'd for gravity, and become you better
Than volubility of speech does some
Whose tongues are gentlemen-ushers to their wits,
Still going before it; and when you do speak,
Let it not be as now you do of news

Abroach ten days before, and quite drunk off,
But what affairs are acted then in France;
What in the English Court; and still remember
T' extol 'em infinitely; and if any answer
Comparatively with our own, a serious laughter
Will not become you ill, to shew how much
You slight their error.

Fran. Better still;—I like
This slighting humour infinitely;—but how,
If they should talk of our Italian dames;
I'm bound to be their Champion, for I've heard
Strangers report, and I hold their opinion,
Our curtesans excel all other nations.

Ador. That shew'd those strangers' judgments, and confirm'd
What I would have you understand: in England,
Where public houses are prohibited,
There are the bravest lasses; here, some Donsella
That was, the last night, yours, shall, for two ducats,
To-morrow be a sailor's; when there,
Your citizens' wives, girls fresh as air and wholesome
As precious Candy-wines, will meet their gamesters
At a convenient tavern, rob their husbands
Without a scruple, and supply their friends,
While the good innocent cuckolds pay a price
For their own horning.

Fran. Excellent, excellent!
Genoa, I do defy thy costive girls!
I'll, henceforth, love these English sparks of gold;
Would I were there; it should go hard, but I

Would graft on their Aldermen's cockscombs—

Ador. They're grafted fast already, Sir; besides,
They ne'er get children, but their hench-boys on
Their serjeants' wives after some city feast,
When the provoking spirit of white broth, and
Custard, enflames their blood: what Genoa Burgess
Dares be so boldly courag'd? I'll tell you;
And mark how base and sordid it appears
To have our cellars stuff'd with Corsic wines!
Yet, for this foolish sin call'd Temperance,
Tantalize and ne'er taste it, while your Dutch,
Your noble-spirited German, will carouse
A score of goblets to provoke his stomach
To 's bread and butter; do nothing but by discreet
Counsel of drink; not match his daughter to
A man he sees not drunk first; scarce say 's prayers
Till he be full of liquor, which enflames
The mind to generous actions.

Fran. I commend 'em, and will be glad to imitate.

Ador. Your English
Deserves as large applause, who, to say truth,
Out-drinks the Dutch; as, in the common proverb,
The Dutchman drinks his buttons off,—the English
Doublet and all away. Then mark their carriage:
If two fall out, and strike, and be by company
Parted, though one wears in his face the badge
Of his dishonour, which excites him to
As brave revenge, naught daunts him, for he'll straight
Call out his enemy to a single duel,
Scorning his life, contemning the land's laws,

Which do forbid those combats, and ne'er part
Till one be slain, and the survivor sure
As death to hang for't.

Fran. Excellent! I love a man that cares not for hanging.

Ador. Then, to their further glory, which takes off
All the disgrace of halter, they are sure,
'Ere they be scarce cold, to be chronicled
In excellent new ballads, which, being sung
I'th' streets, 'mong boys and girls, colliers and carmen,
Are bought as great memorials of their fames,
Which, to perpetuate, they are commonly stuck up
With as great triumph in the tippling houses,
As they were 'scutcheons.

Fran. Better yet. I'd give
A hundred ducats to be chronicled
In such a historical canto. Who composes them?

Ador. They have their special poets for that purpose;
Such as still drink small beer, and are so apt
To spit out lamentable stuff. Then, for their cloathes,
They have a cut domestic, but imitate
The French precisely: gallants wear their long
Parisian breeches with five points at knees,
Whose tags concurring with their harmonious spurs,
Afford rare music: then have they doublets
So short i'th' waist, they seem as 'twere begot
Upon their doublets by their cloaks, which, to save stuff,
Are but a year's growth longer than their skirts;
And all this magazine of device is furnish'd
By your French taylor. What country man is yours?

Fran. A Genoese.

Ador. Fie! change him, Monsieur.
You have heard a Spanish Count's
Lately arriv'd without any advice. How 'd you salute him?

Fran. Thus, Sir, after our Italian fashion.

Ador. That's too vulgar:
You must accost him thus, with a state face,
As if your beard had been turn'd up that morning
By advice of all the barbers in the city;
As you had dress'd you in a looking glass,
Proper to none but the Duke's privy counsellors;
Pronounce your *Beso los manos* with a grace
As if you were the son and heir apparent
To th' Adelantado of Castile.

Enter LACTANTIO.

Lac. Adorni, this is no time for mirth:
Your noble General has slain Lord Bonivet,
And for the act is a prisoner.

Ador. Dares the State bereave him of his liberty,
Without whose most unwearied valour
It had been betray'd to slavery?

Lac. You know Lord Bonivet's alliance to the Duke?

Ador. Alliance! death! a thousand Bonivets
And Dukes and States weigh not
A scruple, pois'd with his full worth!

Lac. He's to be tried i'th' morning, without noise,
For fear of mutiny; and, 'tis suppos'd,
That if some virgin lady do not claim

Her privilege, and beg his life, he'll suffer.

Fran. If the maid that begs must be above fifteen, 'tis shrewdly doubted where she'll be found.

Ador. All our virgins ought, if they have virtue, to contend for such a glory; but if all be squeamish, may all the daughters of our best burghers run away with soldiers, and become sutlers' wives!

Fran. Or else, when they have a masculine itch upon 'em, and would taste man, may they be wed to eunuchs!

Lac. Else be forc'd to keep their maidenheads till they be musty, and not merchantable to younger brothers, with additions of wealthy portions!

Fran. May they, when they would strive to mend their faces to allure a suitor, want paint and black patches, to stop the crannies of their cheeks! May their pomatum be mix'd with hogs' grease, that they may be abominable even in the nose of Jews! May the green sickness reign in their bloods: and may they be debarr'd of oat-meal and clay wall, and fall to ratsbane!

Ador. May their parents turn most precise precisians, and forbid e'en the sight of plays, or may they never dance, unless it be to a bag-pipe or a crowd!

Fran. May they want silks for gowns; and if they seek supply from Naples, let them, instead, be furnish'd with their disease! may milliners break, and feather-men! may my aunt die suddenly, and bury with her all her devices! may there be no earth found to make looking glasses, that they come to use of kitchen wenches, dress their heads by the reflection of a pail of water, or in a pewter chamber vessel!

Ador. Lactantio, let's go wait the General
In prison; 't would be base should we neglect him in
His extremity. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter DORIA *and* SABELLI.

Dor. Is it confirm'd, he's dead?
Sab. The general voice
Divulges so i'th' city, and the Duke
Has sent an order, which commands you forth
I'th' morning to your trial. My dear lord,
I hope the service you have done the State
Abroad, will, here at home, secure your life
From the law's violent rigour.
Dor. Yes, poor boy,
If thou might'st be thy master's judge. Sabelli,
I am at the period of my fate, and would not
Have thee a sad spectator of my fall
At home, whom thou so oft hast waited on,
Abroad, in triumph; therefore, gentle heart,
Return home to thy mother, and survive
To serve a happier master
Sab. My noble lord,
Have I so often follow'd you when death
Attended on each step, when every hurt
That scar'd your noble body I have wish'd
Imprinted on my flesh, and with my tears

Even drown'd the purple deluge of your wounds,
That, as my truth and loyalty's reward,
I must be turn'd away unkindly, when
My last and justest service might declare
My zeal to you, my master. Oh, Sir,
You more afflict my innocence with these words
Than if sad truth had brought me the report
Of my own mother's funeral: and should you
Enforce me leave you, the succeeding care
And labour of my life should be consum'd
In a perpetual weeping.

Dor. Good Sabelli!
Cease this afflicting language, lest I grow as
Childish as thyself, and burst into tears,
To bear thee company.

Sab. Besides, my lord,
When your blest soul does on immortal wings
Arrive at heaven, who shall attend it there? The
Saints and angels will esteem themselves
Worthy to be your fellows, while my poor
And humble ghost would reckon it a bliss
To wait on you as carefully as when
We liv'd on earth together. Dear my lord,
Let me dye with you; death and I have been
Play-fellows these many years, he'll only bring me
To rest as pleasing to my sense as sleep
After a tedious watching.

Dor. This kind passion shakes my
Most masculine temper. Sabelli,

Accept this gold, these jewels, as the last
Gift of thy perishing lord. Thou shalt accept 'em.
If the law do not pass upon my life
I'll send for thee again. I pr'ythee, leave me;
I would be private; and thy presence does
Disturb my serious thoughts.

Sab. Nay, then, 'tis for
Me, the wretched'st soul on earth, to take
My lasting farewell of you. All the joys
Of blest eternity, instead of my
Desertless service, wait upon your life;
You ne'er shall view your boy again; for sure, if your
Light be extinguish'd, my weak flame
Cannot continue burning. Give me licence
To kiss your honour'd hand, and to let fall
A parting drop or two;—and now, farewell
For ever, noble lord! that grief appears most true
That's writ in blood as well as tears. [*exit.*

Dor. Poor boy! I have not yet deserv'd so ill,
But my untimely fate excites some pity.

Enter ADORNI, LACTANTIO, *and* FRANGIPAN.

Adorni, thou art come to see the last
And greatest of thy General's actions,
Which, like a cunning and well manag'd scene,
Not till the period will disclose the plot
Of my life's tragedy.

Ador. Your life, my lord!
Death dare not venture to invade it; and

The State as soon will call the enemy
Into their city, as pretend the least
Danger to their supporting column, which,
Should it but shake, it might dismantle their
Best bulwarks, burn their navy, and surrender
Themselves to present slavery.

Lac. The Duke,
Though he did hold his kinsman dear, will value
The public good before his private ruin.

Fran. Let the Duke do his worst, and all the State
Stand on punctilios. I can fetch a lady
Of excellent quality, shall beg your lordship:
I'll make her do't.

Ador. Nay, should all fail you, sir;
Should the State's anger and the Duke's partial sentence,
The peoples' malice bandy to surprise
The treasure of your life, know, you have friends
Would fix the heads of half the town upon
Their lances' points, 'ere your least drop of blood
Should be diminished.

Dor. Gentlemen, I thank you [for]
All your loves; but know, the shape of death
Is not [so] ugly to me, but if justice
Contract me to the monster, I shall court it
As 'twere some beauteous bride, and thank the axe,
That, like the priest, unites me to a spouse
That will not play the woman, and revolt.
Come, gentlemen, let's in: brave souls do hate
To be dejected by the force of fate. [*exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CHRISEA, EURIONE, *and* VITELLI.

Chri. I am very sorry that his fate has cast
Such a disastrous chance upon his life;
But his desert will blunt the edge of justice,
And mitigate the severity which would
Question the safety of his life.

Vit. 'Tis in your mercy
To dash the law's proceedings, gracious madam!
The privilege that our country gives your sex
Can hope for no employment that will raise
A greater trophy to your fame than this,—
To ransom him whose constancy and truth
Exceeds all boast of stories.

Eur. You'll redeem
The opinion of your piety, which scandal,
Should you omit this just and righteous task,
Would blast with blackest infamy.

Chri. You plead in your own cause, not his. 'T does not beseem
My modesty to interpose myself
In that which nought concerns me.

Vit. Is his life
Of such a trivial value in your thoughts,
That you esteem't not worthy your intreats
To save't from killing ruin? Sacred love!
Thou miracle of nature, and delight

Of all who know humanity, with some
Religious arrow pierce her flinty breast!
Some pious shaft, on whose subduing point
Pity and amorous softness gently sit,
Reduce this straying schismatic to the first
Unspotted pureness of her constant faith,
And we will pay a thousand clouds of sighs
As incense to thy altars.

Eur. Offer up
Myriads of virgin vows, and, with our tears,
Extinguish all irregular flames that taint
Thy holy fires!

Vit. Oh, Madam!
What heart so barbarous does not, at love's smiles,
Put off its native fierceness: beasts with beasts
Observe his laws; the lion, whose big breath
Affrights the trembling people of the woods,
Were his hoarse accents to be understood,
They would appear to be affection's groans.
The nightingale, that on lascivious wings
Flies from the poplar to the trembling beech,
And on each bough chaunts melancholy notes,
Had he a human utterance, would proclaim
Those pensive strains the music of his love.
And can ye be less sensible of a power,
That is so great, than creatures barr'd the use
Of sacred reason and discourse?

Chri. This is to seek to pacify the sea
With tears. Vitelli, you mistake; your friend
Values not at so dear a rate his life

As to receive a being tributary
To my unask'd intreats: besides, I should
Envy the State's prerogative, whose mercy
Is, in remitting his unwilling fault,
But a becoming thankfulness; and should
Be censur'd as too partial to my own
Affection, should I strive to be his wife,
Whose hand is purpled with the innocent blood
Of my late murder'd kinsman.

Eur. This concerns
As nearly me as you, but by just truth,
Though I'm engaged by my particular choice
To my Vitelli, were I sure the General
Would not contemn my offer, and so blast
My future fame, I would disclaim all ties
Of former fancy and implore his safety.

Vit. This is a sweetness
Which I could wish you. What has begot
This strange desertion of your faith? True love,
Being once receiv'd into the soul, converts
Into its very essence,—does become
The same eternal substance;—can you, then,
Tear from the tender cabinet of your breast
Your very heart? This cruelty exceeds
The depth of tyranny: but rest assur'd,
If Doria suffer by your proud contempt
I'm freed then from my promise, and will sooner
Warm an empoisoning scorpion in my arms
Than yield my meanest thought to you, who are,
By evident circumstance, though not by fact,

My friend the General's murd'ress.

Chri. This, Vitelli,
Is not a means to win me to your friend,
But more avert me from him: it inflames
My mind with holier fire to court your love.
There is an evident beauty in your soul,
Equal to truest honour. I will cherish
This bravery in you. If your masculine fancy
Engages you thus constant to a friend,
You'll be a loyal husband. Fare you well!
Be still thus noble, and be happy! [*exit.*

Eur. My sister
Has lost all sense of pity. Dear Vitelli!
There is no wretchedness oppressing earth
Equal to ours. Love thus the tyrant plays,
Afflicting innocence by unusual ways. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter DORIA, *as a prisoner*, LACTANTIO, *and* ADORNI; *to them*, TRIVULCI, SENATORS, OFFICERS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Ador. Tis like yourself, my noble lord; but see,
The Duke approaching. Let your soul expect
An equal hearing.

Offi. Bear back! room for the Duke and Senate! What cuckold 's that would have his coxcomb broke? bear back there!

Triv. Cite in the prisoner!

Offi. He's here, my lord.

Tri. I'm sorry that
You, for whose head the gratitude of the State
Decreed triumphant bays, should be enforc'd
To stand here a delinquent; but the law
Must, as a straight and uncorrupted stream,
Enjoy its usual freedom. My lords,
We are not met here to arraign a prisoner
Whose guilt does speak his sentence, but a person,
Not only most unblemish'd in his fame,
But one to whom our country owes its life;
Who, with his dearest blood, has balm'd the wounds
Which mischief's giant-offspring, razing war,
Cut in the bosom of the common-wealth.

Sen. We all confess his worth.

Tri. Yet this brave youth—
This patron of our liberty; all his honours,
His blood and titles, his defensive bays,
That would have guarded his victorious front
From blasts of lightning, laid aside; is come
To tender satisfaction to the laws
He has offended; and since judgment is
Th' immediate act of justice, it must pass,
To save impartial censure, on his life,
As on the wretch'dst malefactor's; for
His former merits cannot take away
His present fault; for whoe'er is guilty
Undoes the privilege of his desert and blood.
For if great men, offending, pass unpunish'd,
The common people, who do use to sin
By their example, fearless will run on

Into licentious wickedness.

Sen. Your grace delivers
The intention of the State; no oracle
Could have explain'd the meaning of our laws
With more integrity.

Tri. Yet, my good lords,
I speak not this, that my particular vengeance,
Because he slew my kinsman, has the least
Aim at his life, which I would strive to cherish,
As my own health, or as the city's peace;
For magistrates ought to behold their crimes,
Not the committers, as the poets feign,
Of wise Tiresias, to want eyes and only
Have seeing understanding; for a judge
Is guilty of the fault he does not punish.
And if reward and triumphs do adorn
Deserts, 'tis just that shame and punishments
Should wait on vices; and, how much more worthy
The person is, that acts them, so far sharper
Should be the penalty inflicted on him.

Sen. And when the law
Uses its utmost rigour, 'tis the crime
And not the man it sentences.

Tri. In brief,
We must decline his merit and forget
Our gratitude: and since his hand is dipt
In civil blood, his life must expiate what
His arm unfortunately committed.

Dor. My lords,
The services which I have done the State

Were but my natural duty; I atchieved 'em
To gain me fame and glory, and you safety; and
Should esteem them traitors to honour, if their intercession
Be a protection for my crimes: I mean not
To plead to save a dis-respected life,
'Cause I fear death: a sea-incompass'd rock
Is not less timorous of th' assaulting waves,
Than I of the grim monster; but there is
A fame surviving which I would be loath
Should tell posterity I tamely yiedled
My head to the axe, and died, because my spirit
Durst not desire to live: to quit this scandal,
I hope, what I can urge in my defence
Shall have indifferent hearing.

Tri. Speak freely,

Dor. Know then, my intention
Is not by excuse to extenuate my fact,
Which I confess most horrid, and would pay
A thousand showers of sorrow could this hand
Re-edify that goodly frame of flesh
Which it demolish'd; but my priceless fame,
In whose dear cause, I slew him, will to justice
Boldly proclaim, I did no more than what,
The truth I owe my reputation tells me,
Was right in point of honour.

Tri. But the law
Does disallow it, as unjust, and that
Must be your judge; and not that idle breath
Which you abusively term honour.

Dor. Your laws cannot, without partiality, pronounce
Judgment against me, for they do acquit
That man of guilt that, to defend his life,
Is forc'd to slay his enemy; my act
Carries the same condition: since my fame,
Whose safety urg'd me to kill him, is my life,
My immortal life, as far transcending this
As the soul does the body; for the sword
Returns that to its primitive matter, dust;
And there it rests, forgotten; but a wound
Struck upon reputation leaves a brand,
(So self-diffusive is dishonour's guilt,)
Even to posterity, and does revive
After 't has suffer'd martyrdom.

Sen. Yet, this
Cannot excuse your fact; for civil reason
Allows a reparation for the loss
Of fame, but gives no man a lawful licence
To snatch the privilege from the hands of justice,
Which would dispose it equally.

Dor. This strictness destroys all
Right of manhood, since a coward
May, fearlessly relying on this suffrage
Of law, affront even valour's self: consider
That the most cunning pilot cannot steer man's
Brittle vessel 'twixt these dangerous rocks
Of law and honour safely; sail by this,
But on that suffer shipwreck: for, suppose
I had with patience borne this scandalous name
Of a degenerate coward, I not only had

Nipp'd the budding valour of my youth,
As with a killing frost, but left a shame inherent
To our family; disgraced
My noble father's memory; defamed,
Nay, cowarded my ancestors, whose dust
Would have broke through the marble, to revenge
On me this fatal infamy.

Ador. Well urg'd; and resolutely.

Dor. Nay, more: yourselves,
That hate the deed being done, would have detested
The doer worse had it not been perform'd;
Withdrawn my charge in the army, as from one,
Protested for a coward; I might then
Have abjur'd the trade of war, in which I have been nurs'd.
Yet, for preserving this unvalued gem
Of precious honour, that hangs on my soul
Like a well-polish'd jewel in the ear
Of the exactest beauty, must I suffer
The laws' stern rigour.

Tri. Sir, I could refute,
With circumstance, your wrong opinion; but, in brief,
Religious conscience utterly disclaims
An act so barbarous: to take man's life
Is to destroy Heaven's image; and if those
Are held as traitors, and the law inflicts
Severest tortures on them who deface
The stamps of princes on their coin, can they appear
As guiltless, whose rude hands disgrace
The great Creator's image, and commit

Treason 'gainst awful Nature. Oh! my lord,
Collect your serious temper, and put off
The over-weaning fantasies of youth;
Consider what a vain deluding breath
Is reputation, if compar'd with life:
Think, that an idle or detracting word
May, by a fair submission, which our laws
Of honour do require and will enforce,
Be wash'd away; but the red guilt of blood
Sticks, as a black infection, to the soul,
That, like an Æthiop, cannot be wash'd white:
Think upon this, and know, I must, with grief,
Pronounce your fatal sentence.

A shout within. Enter CORIMBA *and* FRANGIPAN.

Fran. Do you hear, General? I'll tell you news: you were in jeopardy to have had your little weason slit, but I pronounce the happy word; be safe!
This piece of beauty,
By my persuasions, does intend to take
The edge of law off, and become your wife
True and inseparable.

Cor. With reverence to this presence, my good lords,
Know, that I come not urg'd by heat of youth.

Fran. Tis true; I'll bear her witness.

Cor. Or any wanton or unchaste desire,
To beg this gentleman for my husband; neither
To raise myself a fortune by the match;
But, mov'd in charity, and provok'd in mind,
With pity, to behold a man so proper,

Brought to an end untimely, by a death
So scandalous to honour as the axe,
I come to crave our privilege, and desire him
For my most lawful husband.

Tri. Gentle maid,
Your piety does prompt you to an act
That shall engage your country to erect
A statue to your memory. Though I could not
Dispense with justice, yet, since there's a means
Without the law's infringement, to preserve him,
I do rejoice as much as if my son
Had scap'd apparent danger: go on, and prosper
In your design.

Dor. Do you think, because I pleaded
For my honour's life,
I doat so much upon this idle breath
As to preserve 't with infamy? Dispose
This womanish privilege to submissive slaves!
Know, that I hate a being that depends
Upon another's bounty more than death,
At which my soul does, like an eagle, stretch its
Silver wings, and, o'er the monster's head,
Will make flight at heaven: pray, sir, proceed
To judgment suddenly; delay begets
More tortures in me than your sentence.

Cor. What do you mean, sir? pray, let me understand you better: look upon me; I am no woman to be slighted.

Fran. She's not asham'd to shew her face; marry her, uncle, that I may call you so.

Sen. To wed this figure, is a far greater punishment than Death.

Ador. Ne'er stand on terms, but marry her, and free yourself: and trust to me, you shall not want a mistress that has better colours in her face.

Dor. Corimba,
I'm much engag'd to your officious haste,
And pay you many thanks: conceive not that
I do contemn your person, or dislike
The meanness of your match; for were your beauty
Created for a miracle, and adorn'd
With the addition of a fortune ampler
Than that perfection, I should crave a licence
To tell your modesty, I am prepared
Rather for death than nuptials; and no strength
Of prayers and beauty shall have power to tempt me
From my fix'd resolution.

Tri. This is madness, not courage, Doria.

Cor. Sir, I must tell you, you know not how to use a woman rightly:
Perhaps 'tis bashfulness; take courage, sir:
I have reserv'd my dear virginity
This fifty years for such a pious purpose,
And should you slight me now I should forswear
Good purposes hereafter. Gentlemen, persuade him:
Sure he cannot chuse but melt
At your entreaties.

Tri. Will you then pull your ruin on, that seeks
Thus easily to fly from you? Justice calls

On me to give your sentence:—

Recorders;—enter VITELLI, *and* SABELLI *as a Lady*, VIRGINS, *&c.*

new interruptions!
It is the voice of music, and presages
An omen as harmonious as its notes.
Approach, fair troop of Virgins! here's a subject
Fit for your maiden pity.

Cor. Tis time for me to take my farewell: these may be beauties; perhaps my lady may be one. Adieu, sir; you may be offer'd worse. [*ex. Corimba and Frangipan.*

Sab. My honour'd lord,
The charity I owe my native country,
That, in the ruin of this brave young man,
Would suffer infinitely, has forc'd us strive,
With early zeal, first to present our duties
For his redemption, 'mong ten thousand virgins
That would attempt it; and my true affection
Has won this favour from my fellows, that
To me they yield their interest, which I claim
As my desir'd prerogative.

Tri. 'Tis an act the State will thank you for: unveil yourself,
That we may know to whom we owe our gratitude.
A most excelling beauty! such an eye
Would tempt religious coldness to a flame,
Thaw age's chilly frost: at such a cheek,
The Spring might take a pattern to create
A most accomplish'd freshness; in her looks
Are modest signs of innocence, such as saints

Wear in their liveliest counterfeits. Doria, hear—
A lady begs you; whom, if you refuse,
The times would black you with the hateful title
Of your own wilful murd'rer: take her to you,
And live a fortunate husband.

Dor. Noble maid! my misery is so extreme a sin,
It cannot meet your bounty without breach
Of vows, which, should I violate, would pull
Eternal torments on me: keep your beauty
For one whose soul, free as the air he breathes,
Can yield a mutual fancy to your flame,
And not destroy his honour for your goodness;
Since my expir'd date cannot yield you thanks
Worthy the boundless merit of your love,
If there can be a gratitude after death
Express'd by prayers, my soul in heav'n shall pay it
To your kind charity.

Sab. O, my lord!
I did expect this answer; my poor worth
Cannot deserve your value; yet there is
A constant purity in my thoughts, that intend you
So much of bliss, that had your safety no
Dependence on my suit, it would be deem'd
Most cruel to contemn me. I have lov'd you
These many years; wish'd you as many glories
As I have number'd days; have vow'd I never
Will marry any man but your blest self, my lord:
Should you neglect the justness of my request,
Besides the danger waiting on your life,
A thousand virgins, whose unspotted prayers,

Like hosts of guardian angels, would have borne
You on their wings to heaven, will, for my sake,
Convert their zeal to curses, and, in tears
Of anguish, drown your memory.

Vit. Why, friend, this is
Such an o'er-weening passion as does question
The soundness of your judgment, fills the world
With a conceit you die, because your fears
Dare not accept of life. Besides, your mistress,
To whom you would so strictly keep your faith,
Does so much scorn your constancy, that no
Entreats could move her pity undertake
This honourable employment.

Tri. Do it with speedy diligence.

Dor. Her causeless frailty
Shall more confirm my truth.
My noble lord, pronounce
My happy sentence; 'twill be welcome to me

Enter PRIEST *and* EXECUTIONER.

As charming harmony, and swell my breast
With more than human pleasure.

Tri. Are you come? approach:
Behold this executioner, and this priest!
This is to wed you to destruction—that,
To this rich mine of purity; your choice
May accept either. If you fix on this,
Besides your own redemption, you enjoy
A lady who may claim as many hearts
As she has virtuous thoughts; but lean to that,

Your spring returns unpitied to the rude
Arms of perpetual winter, that will freeze you
To a ne'er-melting icicle: be sudden,
And wise, in your election.

Dor. 'Tis but vain: a saint may sooner be o'ercome to sell
His native piety. Come, thou grim man;
Thou art to me more lovely than the face of perfect
Beauty. Do thy office; it will free me
From these perplexities.

Sab. Well, my lord,
Since I'm unworthy to enjoy in life
Your fair society, my soul shall haste
To wait on you to death; there is no bliss
Without your presence: since you will not have
Mercy on your own life, by your example
I'll be as harsh to mine. I'll go
Before you to the other world,
And be your lov'd ghost's harbinger.

[*Sabelli attempts to stab himself.*

Tri. Hold, hold the lady!

Sab. Let no hand presume to seize me;
For the meanest touch that shall
Endeavour to prevent my will,
Shall urge my speedier ruin. Good, my lord,
Shall I have answer? I would fain be going
On my long journey.

Dor. I'm confounded
In my imagination. I must yield.
You have enforc'd a benefit upon me, I

Can hardly thank you for: yet I will try
To love you as my wife.—That I were lost
In clouds of black forgetfulness!

Tri. My lord,
Your pardon's seal'd as soon as by the priest
You are conjoin'd in marriage:
I'll not leave you
Till 't be solemniz'd. Hymen, light thy pine;
Death's tapers fade at the clear flame of thine! [*exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter TRIVULCI, DORIA, SABELLI, ADORNI, PRIEST, *and* VIRGINS.

Tri. Is the priest prepar'd
For his hymn after nuptials, and the virgins
Ready to gratulate the bride and bridegroom
With the appointed dance?

Ador. The priest, I think,
Has the song perfect; but it is a question
Among the wisest, whether in the city
There be seven virgins to be found, to furnish
The dance as 't should be; but you must accept them
With all their faults. This music speaks their entrance.

Recorders.—Enter VIRGINS.

Song.

Triumph appear! Hymen invites
Thee to wait upon his feast:

Mix thy joys with his delights,
'Tis the General is chief guest.
Bid the drum not leave to teach
The soldier's fainting heart to beat:
Nor war's loud music, cannon, cease
Breasts with deathful fire to heat.
Thy waving ensigns in the air display!
The General lives, 'tis triumph's holiday!
Come, bright virtues, that reside
In heav'n as in your proper sphere:
Though all contain'd in the fair bride,
Chastity, do thou first appear
With Temperance and innocent Grace!
Rose-colour'd Modesty and Truth
Dance harmless measures in this place,
With health and a perpetual youth,
And all your virgin trophies bring away
To grace these nuptials! Triumph's holiday!

A dance.

Tri. You have our hearty thanks, and we shall study
To give you fair requital. Come, my lord!
Erect your drowsy spirits; let your soul
Dance airy measures in your jocund breast.
This is a day on which each bridegroom ought
To wear no earth about him: air and fire
Are Hymen's proper elements. Your mirth
Ought to infuse into your frolic guests
An humour apt for revelling and sport;
Your disposition is more dull than if
You were to be chief mourner at a corpse:

For shame! shake off this sadness!

Ador. It becomes you, to say truth, scurvily.
I do not like it:
You look as if you'd lost some victory,
Of which your hope had an assurance.
Shall I tell your lordship
A very pleasant story?

Enter VITELLI.

Dor. It must be, if it be delightful to me, a discourse
Of some quick means to free me from this cruel
Oppressive weight of flesh, which does entomb
My martyr'd soul, that, like to sulphury fire,
Hid in a mountain's entrails, strives to burst
The prison, and fly upwards. It must needs
Be a sad wedding, when the bridegroom wears
His nuptial livery on his eyes, in tears.

Vit. Friend, this is
A passion too effeminate for a heart
Endued with manly courage: things past help
Should be past thought: your sadness casts a cloud
Upon the lustre of this lady's looks;
You make her dim the brightness of her eyes
With unbecoming tears, if you continue
This strange distraction.

Sab. Alas, my lord!
Let me participate your cause of sorrow,
And be a willing partner in your grief,
Which, like a violent current that o'erflows
The neighbouring fields and meadows in its rage,

Into two streams divided, smoothly runs,
Kissing, with calm lips, the imprisoning banks,
Would, though too mighty for you, when my soul
Should vent a part of it, be mild, and pass
Away without disturbance of your peace;
Which, to procure, I would even burst my heart,
With sighs devoted to your quiet, and
Become a loving fountain by my tears
I shed without intermission.

Dor. Gentle lady,
I am at such an enmity with fate
Makes me incapable of ought but grief;
But I shall study to declare how much
I am indebted to your care.

Enter EURIONE, CHRISEA, CORIMBA, *and* LACTANTIO.

Good heaven!
Send down some angel to protect my heart,
Or my religion will scarce stay my hand
For acting wilful violence on my life!
I have suck'd poison from her eyes, that will,
Like to juice of hemlock, drown my soul
In a forgetful lethargy, or oppress
My temperate faculties with madness.

Tri. Cousin, you're welcome! Know this virtuous lady
Who has redeem'd the General.

Chri. Sir, I'm come to gratulate your beauteous bride,
And wish you joys immortal.

Sab. I hope, madam, my innocence has giv'n you no offence,

That you refuse me, being a stranger to you,
The ceremonious wishes which pertain
To new-made brides, and only do confer them
Upon my lord.

Chri. Your happiness already
Is so superlative, I cannot think
A new addition to it. You enjoy
The very sum of fortune, in your match
To such a noble and illustrious husband;—
I no longer can hold my passion in;
These walls of flesh are not of
Strength sufficient to contain
My big swoln heart. My lords, behold a creature
So infinitely wetched, I deserve not
The meanest show of pity, who have, like
A silly merchant, trifled away a gem,
The darling of the quarry, lost a love
By my too foolish niceness, to regain
Whose forfeiture I would lay down my life:
But he is gone for ever, and I left
A piteous spectacle for the reproach
And scorn of wiser women.

Eur. Is this possible?
Was all her passion to Vitelli feign'd?
My hopes recover life again.

Tri. Why, Chrisea,
Whence springs this passionate fury?

Chri. Oh! my lord,
When you shall hear it, you will sigh for me,
And shed a charitable tear, at thought

Of my unkind disaster: Sir, [*To Doria.*] my justice
Cannot accuse your constancy, which stood,
In the first trial of your love, as fast
And spotless as an alabaster rock,
That had it but persisted in that height
Of honourable loyalty, your glory
Had been advanc'd to heaven as the fix'd star
To guide all lovers through the rough
Seas of affection.

Vit. This taxation
Cannot be just from you, who did enforce
The sad revolt upon him.

Dor. Is there in heaven no friendly
Bolt left, that will strike this frame into
The centre, and set free a wretch
So overgrown with misery from life,
That death would be a comfort above health,
Or any worldly blessing. May time blot my name out
Of his book, that such a prodigy
May not affright succession, nor strike,
Like an o'erspreading leprosy, upon
The beauteous face of manhood!

Chri. Oh, my lord! each grief of which
You're sensible, is mine, and not your
Torment: every sigh you breathe is an
Afflicting motion, expir'd by my vex'd
Spirit; and if you could weep, each drop
Would be my blood, who am the spring
Of the whole flood of sorrow. O forgive
The two exceeding honour of my love! I would

Have had you for your perfect truth so glorious,
Your loyalty should not, for
Preservation of your fame, have needed
To adopt a statue for its heir, or builded a
Monumental pyramid—but love
Is oft-times love's undoing.

Tri. This is such a cunning labyrinth of
Sorrow, that no clew can lead them out of.

Dor. It would be
A great affront to misery, should there live
A person half so wretched to out-dare
The strength of my affliction. Methinks,
I'm like some aged mountain, that has stood,
In the sea's watery bosom, thousand shocks
Of threat'ning tempests; yet, by the flattering waves,
That cling and curl about his stony limbs,
Is undermin'd and ruin'd. I have 'scap'd
War's killing dangers, and, by peaceful love,
Suffer a strange subversion. Oh, Chrisea!
While I have reason left that can distinguish
Things with a cool and undistracted sense,
Let's argue mildly th' unhappy cause
Of our undoing.

Eur. Truly, sister,
'Twas a suspicious rashness I could wish
You never had attempted.

Chri. My lord,
Human condition always censures things
By their event: my aims have had success
So strangely hapless, that will blast the truth

Of their intention's purity; I never
Harbour'd the least suspicion of your faith,
Which I did strive to perfect by the test,
As richest gold refin'd and purg'd
From dross of other baser metals; and besides
The trial of your constancy, I meant
To sound Vitelli's depth, upon whose love
My sister doted so, that I was loth
To see her cast the treasure of her heart
Upon a stranger, of whose constancy
She had too small assurance.

Tri. Gentle cousin,
Your good intents encounter'd bad success;
But I admire, since you must needs have notice
Of his disaster, that the law would pass
Upon his life, you did not, to prevent
All other virgin intercessors, haste
To pay the early tribute of your love.

Chri. My wretched fate,
With a too quick prevention, has o'erthrown
The justness of my purpose.
I relied so much upon his nobleness; I thought
The ugly horror of a thousand deaths
Could not have mov'd his temper; and besides,
Knowing his mighty courage, I permitted
The law proceed upon him, that, hereafter,
He might be sure no merit can appease
Offended justice; otherwise I could
Easily have stopped this mischief.

Tri. How, Chrisea? I understand you not.

Chri. Lady, to quit all scruple that I do wish
Yours and your lord's succeeding happiness, I'll offer
Something as an oblation that shall add
Peace to your nuptial garland; see, my lord,
My cousin Bonivet lives!

Enter BONIVET.

Tri. Lives! Lactantio, did not you inform us
That he was dead, and you had caus'd his body
To be prepar'd for funeral? which occasioned
The General's sudden trial, because, our custom
Does not permit the corpse to be entomb'd
Before the murderer have his sentence. Sir, you shall know
What 'tis to mock the State thus.

Lac. Good, my lord,
Hear but my just excuse! I am so much the fair
Chrisea's beauty's [servant]; by such ties,
Oblig'd to serve her, that I chose to hazard
The anger of the State, 'ere her displeasure;
And do submit me to your gracious censure.

Chri. I must confirm't.
Sir! it was I who caus'd him to conceal
My cousin Bonivet, for the causes which
I did declare before; and now, myself
Having receiv'd a satisfying proof
Of his affection, came resolv'd to clear
These misty errors, but my cruel fate
Has, like a sudden storm, which has beat down
A goodly field of standing corn, even ripe
For the laborious sickle, crush'd my hopes,

In one sad minute, into nothing.

Sab. My lord, I owe
Such an obedient duty to your peace,
That, though my heart does wish to wait on yours
For ever, since I see betwixt this lady
And you such firm appearances of love,
If the law please to allow it, I resign
My interest to her, and be fortunate
To see you two live happy.

Vit. Since the marriage
Has not arriv'd to consummating act,
I do believe this may be done.

Tri. Do not delude
Your favour with vain hopes; the law cannot
Dispense with the strict canon; 'tis impossible
You should be separated!

Dor. This happiness
Was too extremely good to be confirm'd
To such a wretch as I am: I am like
One that did dream of a huge mass of wealth,
And catching at it, grasp'd the fleeting air,
And, waking, grieves at the delusion.

Sab. Sir, resume your antient quiet; the formal
Love shall not oppose your peace. I'll disannul
The marriage easily; and, most noble lord,
Pardon your humble servant!

[*Sabelli throws off his disguise.*

Dor. Sure, this is
Some apparition to confirm my faith!
Speak! art thou my Sabelli?

Vit. Yes, tis he; fate would not suffer two such
Noble souls to be so disunited. Gentle boy!
Thy duty to thy master will continue
Thy name in story as the great example
Of loyalty in servants.

Sab. 'Twas the zeal I ought in duty to my master's life
Hath put me on the attempt; which, if he pardon,
I'm fully satisfied.

Dor. My joys do with a sudden extacy oppress
My frail mortality, and I should sink,
Wer't not for my supporters. My Sabelli,
Thou hast restor'd two lovers to their bliss,
Whose gratitude shall pay to thy desert
The tribute of their hearts. Dear madam, now
I hope your scrupulous doubts will remain free
From any new suspicion.

Chri. Since I have 'scap'd the danger past, believe [it],
I'll avoid
The like hereafter. My lord, please you confirm
My choice, and let my sister be dispos'd
To good Vitelli; he deserves her.

Tri. Your wishes are fulfill'd:
Cousin Bonivet, welcome to life again!
You and the General must be friends.

Dor. Your goodness will pardon my misfortune.

Bon. And desire to be esteem'd your servant.

Enter FRANGIPAN.

Fran. With your leave, gentlemen! Madam, I have such news to tell you, as will tickle your understanding to be-

lieve :—the General is married ; and more, Signor Doria, Lord Bonivet lives—That's lucky news for you.

Dor. He's here, good Signior Frangipan.

Fran. My news has ever the worst luck—I must resolve to leave it off.

Ador. But, sir, I have some sudden news to tell you: the thousand ducats you contracted to pay me when you could understand the French as perfectly as myself, by all these lords' indifferent judgment is due on this very minute.

Fran. This is news indeed; you do not mean to make a gull of me: a figo for a thousand ducats. As I am a gentleman, I know not French for any thing, not for an ass: good, your grace, let me not be abus'd.

Cor. 'Twas I, my lord, who made the bargain with him:
The money is not due until my cousin
Have French as perfect as himself.

Dor. He has; I'll bear him witness; for Adorni
Speaks not one true French word.

Fran. How! not one true French word?

Ador. No, not a word; you must disburse.

Fran. Tutor, I'll tell you news;
You made a fool of me;
I could abuse him horribly,
If I durst for fear of beating. [*aside.*

Ador. My lord,
If he will undertake wars,
I'll quit my bargain.

Fran. I'll pay it treble first: the name of war
Has brought an ague on me.

Tri. You two agree that: cousins, I rejoice
To see this happy period of your loves.
Let's back unto the temple, that the priest
May, by his sacred power, unite your hearts.
Lead to the temple! [*exeunt.*

THE END.

THE EPILOGUE.

FRANGIPAN.

Gentlemen, I'll tell you news ; the Play is done;
And he that writ it, betwixt hope and fear,
Stands pensive in the tyring-house to hear
Your censures of his Play. Good Gentlemen,
Let it be kind ! or, otherwise, his pen
Will write but dully, for he needs must lack,
If you dispraise 't, the quick'ning spirit of sack
To inflame his genius, which you'll ever find
Devoted to you, if your votes be kind.

VARIATIONS FROM THE OLD EDITION.

page.	line.	
5	27	*humour* is substituted for *honour* in the old edition.
17	9	ditto ditto
33	21	*in you* ... ... *of you*
42	20	*I* introduced
43	1	*contemning* ... ... *concerning*
49	25	*thank* ... ... *think*
51	15	*the* ... ... *its*
57	23	*fearlessly* ... ... *fearfully*
—	28	*but* ... ... *and*
58	7	*on* ... ... *to*
59	8	*and* ... ... *it*

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